

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

June, 1929

Ten Cents a Copy



THIS ISSUE

E. G. Bayne

Russell Davenport

Evah McKowan

Robert Watson

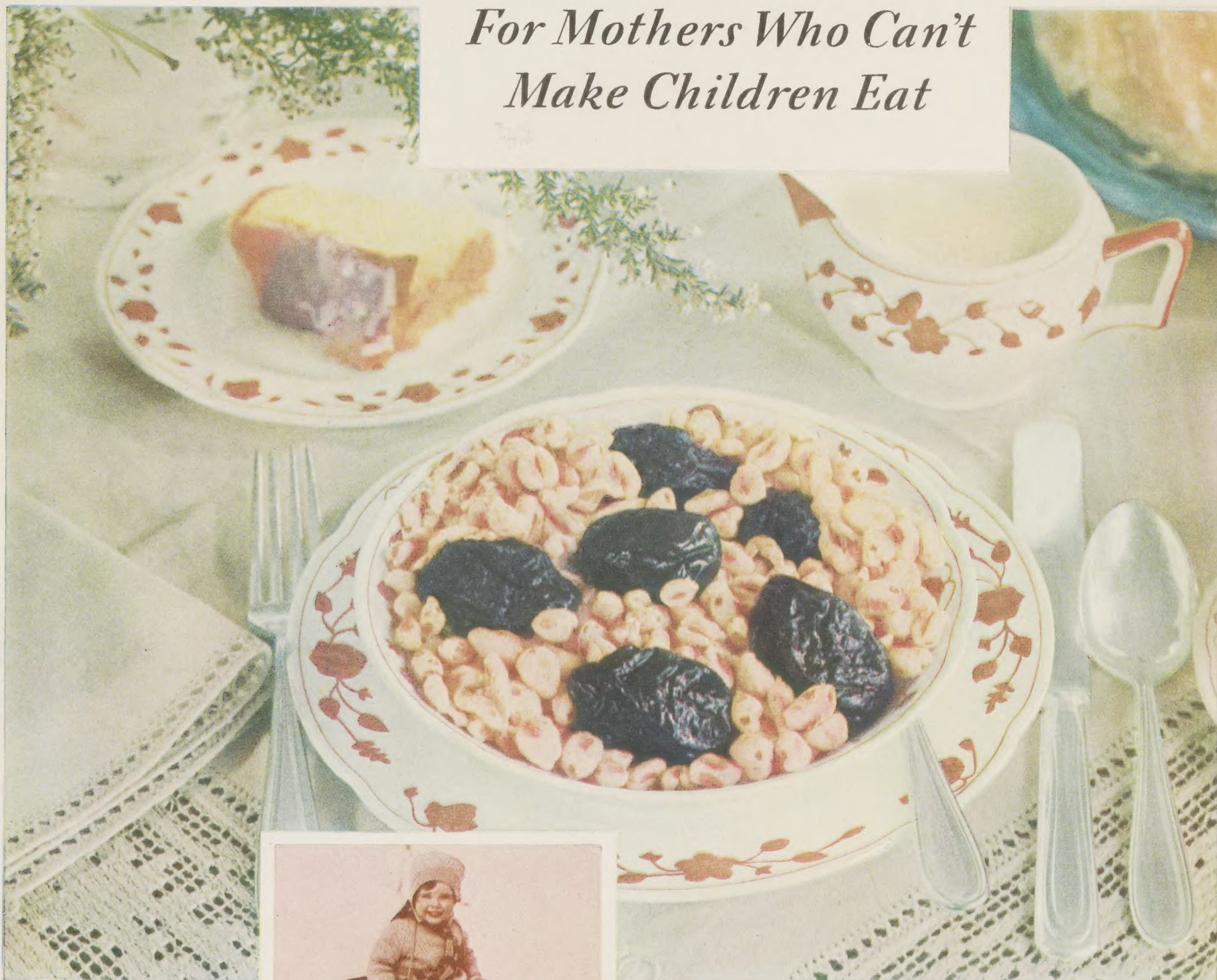
Nellie L. McClung

Beverley Struan

G. Macaulay Sutton

A Breakfast Discovery

*For Mothers Who Can't
Make Children Eat*



Puffed Wheat makes prunes delicious and enticing



His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.

These delicious Puffed Grains, as energy-giving as hot cereals, were first choice with children in a recent nation-wide survey

DIETICIANS have made an important discovery for the many mothers of children who "don't want any cereal today." They need that cereal, they need its energy content, its mineral, its bran! And here is a way to give them what they need in a form they like best.

A recent home survey shows that children, when allowed to choose, will ask for Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, so toothsome, so crunchy, so delicate in flavor. And, though many mothers don't know it, these delightful cereals conceal amazingly rich

wheat, essential food elements of this rich grain are provided in Puffed Wheat in a delightful way.

There are the precious body-building minerals, energy-making carbohydrates, and tissue-building proteins. Added to this is 20% of bran that supplies the necessary roughage.

Quaker Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of the ready energy of fine white rice. It tempts millions of lagging appetites to better breakfasts. Puffing these

nourishment. With half-and-half they offer practically the same amount of actual nourishment as a serving of the favorite hot cereal.

Needed food elements

Made from whole

grains is a unique process that explodes the 125 million tiny food cells of each grain by turning their moisture into steam. This opens up the cells, releases the proteins, carbohydrates and minerals for easy assimilation. And making each grain eight times normal size gives a delicious nut-like texture that children love.

Serve in many delightful ways

Keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat handy on the pantry shelf. Grownups like them, too, served as a between-meal tidbit as well as for breakfast, luncheon or supper. With fruit or berries, with jams or jellies—with rich milk, half-and-half or cream, these cereals offer the charm of endless variety. At all grocers.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, PETERBOROUGH and SASKATOON



Unmistakably — Chrysler in Quality yet Low in Price

PLYMOUTH

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED
FULL-SIZE CAR



In Plymouth, as in all Chrysler Motors cars, full consideration has been given to all those things that women of today cherish most in the motor cars they own and drive.

Here is a car that proves conclusively you need no longer be content with a small car, even though you would pay only a small-car price.

From the standpoints of comfort, of style, of easy handling and of genuine capability for any motoring task, Plymouth offers the advantages that customarily are found only in cars of considerably higher price.

Feature after feature, pioneered and perfected originally for the higher-priced Chrysler creations, is embodied in the Plymouth—giving it the character and the distinctiveness of costlier cars. It has refinement. It has poise. There is a certain air of chic and

charm about it that makes you proud to own and drive it.

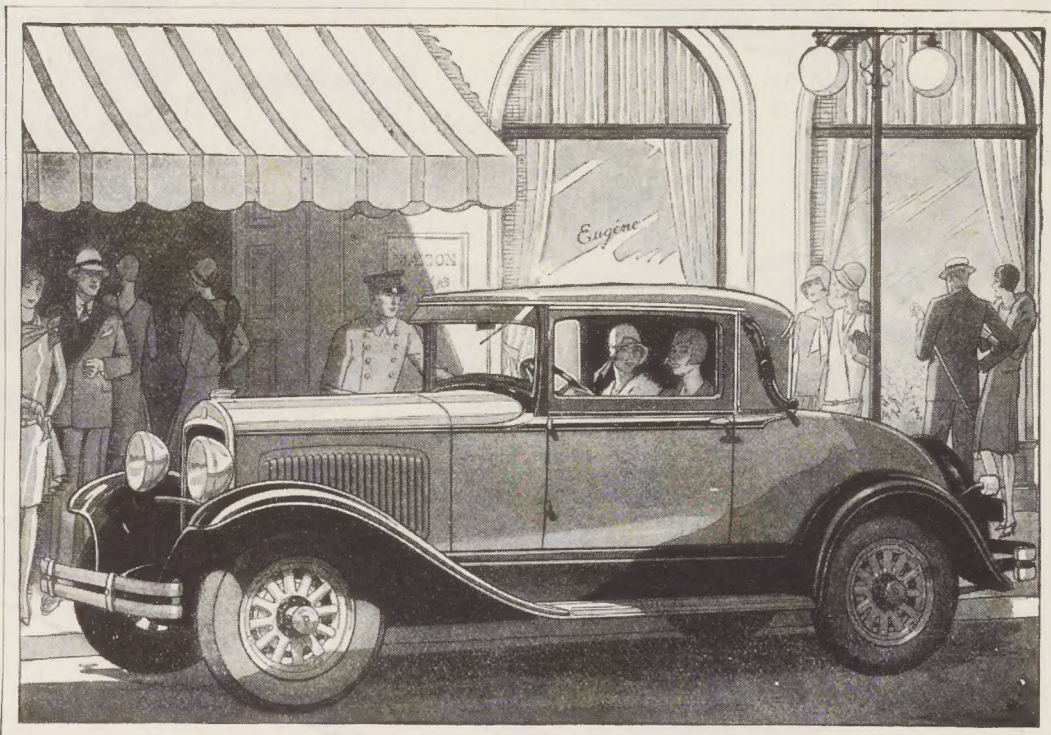
And in action, you experience the fleetness and flexibility, the smoothness and silence, the safety and freedom from mechanical worry that are the inherent marks of a quality car.

Yet with all its *full-sized* roominess, its charming symmetry, its facile operation, its dependability and

efficiency, Plymouth has every small car advantage of economy, both in first cost and upkeep—a factor of greatest appeal to the feminine instinct of thrift even in the maintenance of a motor car.

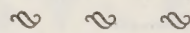
Thus, it is only logical that women in increasing numbers should realize that,

\$820
and upwards
f. o. b. Windsor



De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$870

when buying Plymouth, a moderate investment does not mean the sacrifice of spaciousness, beauty, fine quality or quiet, dependable performance.



Coupe, \$820; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$850; 2-Door Sedan, \$860; Touring, \$870; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$870; 4-Door Sedan, \$890. All prices f.o.b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).



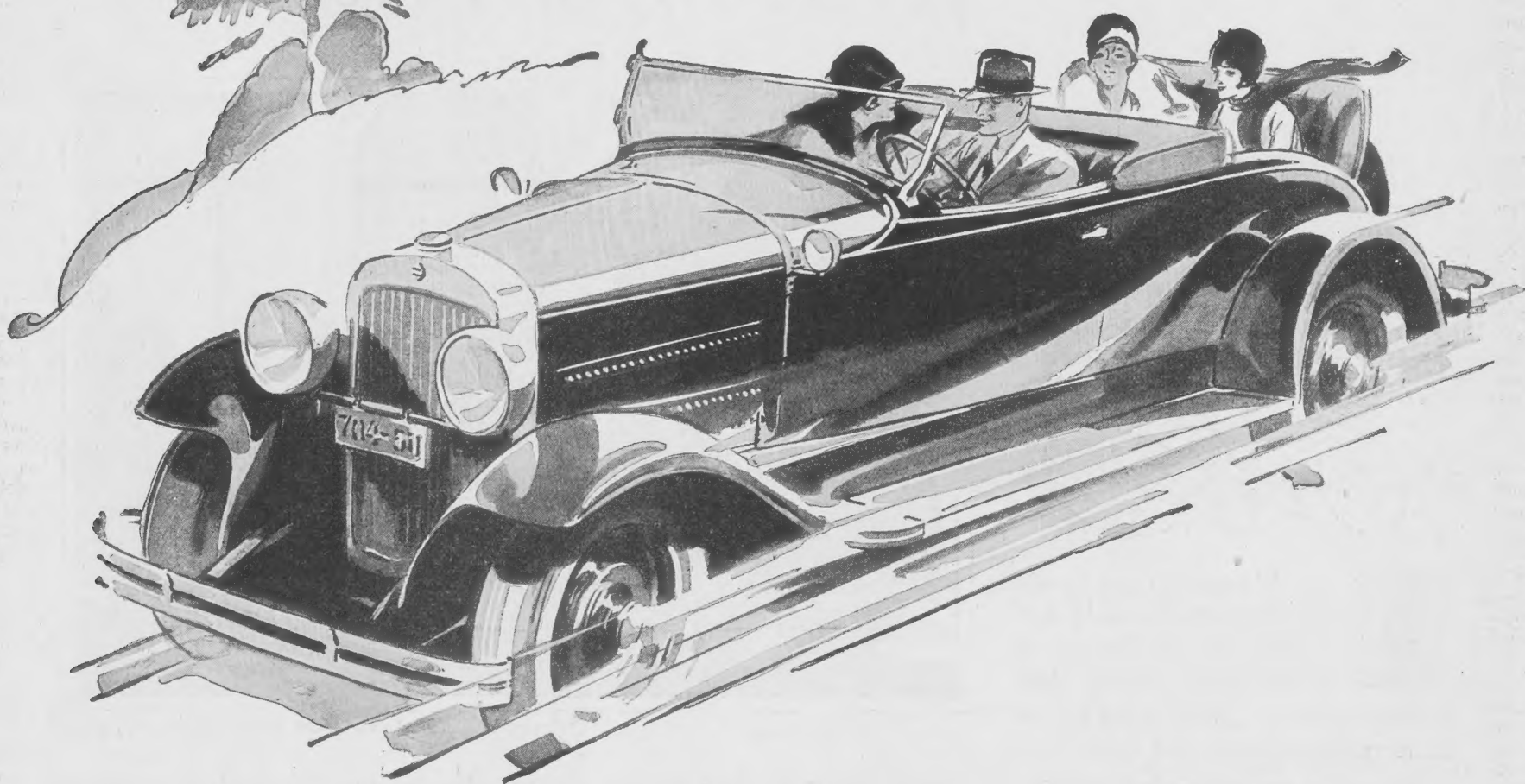
PLYMOUTH — product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship—has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that stalwart band of British people who braved the vast Atlantic three hundred years ago in their pursuit of new high ideals.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER



No Evading *this Challenge*

Here is a challenge that rings with fulfilment. Its bid is to all who would own the best, and no car is excepted.

In Fast Getaway—against the champions of any price class. In Speed—anything the road offers up to 70 miles an hour. In Endurance—60 miles an hour all day long is being proved by thousands. In Hill-climbing—give it the hardest task you know. In Size and Roominess—match with big cars of large passenger capacity.

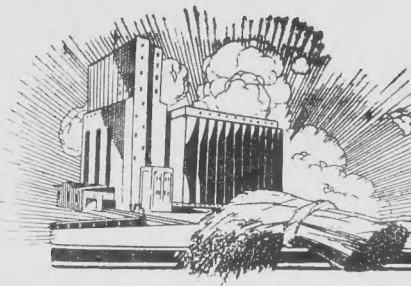
Standard Equipment includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gauge for gas and oil—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—glare proof rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.

In Appearance and Smartness—compare it with the costly cars, in which high price is paid for just those things. In Economy—against small cars, in which the chief appeal is economical operation, and which do not contend for performance distinction.

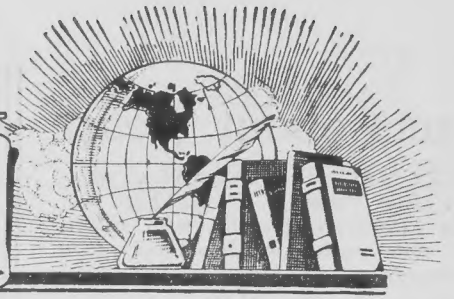
By tens of thousands motorists are accepting the Essex challenge in demonstration tests that decisively prove fulfilment.

\$840 AND UP

All prices f. o b. Windsor, taxes extra



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 6

Loneliness

MAN is by nature a social animal. He likes to mingle with his kind. Alone he soon becomes morose and sullen, and if he is normal he becomes desperately lonely. Among the lonely dwellers in this world were the pioneers on the great plains of the West—those men who kept bachelors' quarters in the sod-covered shacks, whose daily companion was the faithful hound and whose evening solace was the fragrant weed. More lonely still were the wives of the early settlers. Husbands worked in the fields and occasionally drove to market, or to a neighbor's home, but the wives had to remain behind. When the settlers were foreign-born, the men picked up a few words and phrases through association with their fellows, but women had to learn English at second-hand. Often they had no communication with others of their kind for months, and their lot was cheerless indeed.

Now the telephone, the radio, the automobile have made intercommunication possible and in many cases the opposite extreme to loneliness is experienced. When one's circle of acquaintances is small he makes friends; When he is in touch with the people of a continent he is a friend to nobody. If loneliness is hard to endure it at least developed in people such virtues as independence, courage and thoughtfulness, whereas in a world that has conquered time and space men and women become unbalanced, dependent upon others for direction and entertainment. On the whole one must think more of the silent men and women of the earlier days than the jazz-driven, motor-driven, sport-driven young people of the present.

Still there are, in out-of-the-way places and in the great cities many lonely hearts that should be cheered, not by empty entertainment but by the warmth of true friendship. This is particularly true in this land of mixed races. To all such lonely people there is a principle of action enunciated long ago by one who knew how to make a virtue out of misery. "The way for a lonely heart to forget its loneliness is to minister to a life that is lonelier still." The tired mother forgets her pain in soothing the anguish of her child; the missionary gets new power and renewed motive in conveying his message to those in darkness. It is the old story of the Son of Man at the well, or on the mountain-side with the hungry people, or in Gethsemane with the sleeping disciples. The way to find life is to lose it.

In Western Canada there are districts in which sympathetic co-operation has replaced aloofness and self-interest; where race, religion and social standing have been forgotten as men have learned the art of living together as friends and neighbors. There are other places, not chiefly the outlying districts, but the great cities, where people are waiting for the touch of a hand, the warmth of a gracious smile, the recognition that a stranger expects from those who are at home, or that the unfortunate might hope for at the hands of the more blessed. The only way to build up a nation is for all to unite in the common task. The communism that everybody can endorse is not founded on force and does not come through bloodshed. It is voluntary and finds its support from those who have learned in thought, feeling and deed to love their neighbors as themselves.

Punishment and Crime

THE sedulous care with which the American criminal usually avoids Canadian territory is a mystifying matter to those criminologists who believe that the prompt and drastic punishment of crime has no deterrent effect. There are about one-twentieth as many grave crimes committed in Canada per capita as in the United States." This from the *Saturday Review of Literature*, may be consoling to Canadians, but perhaps they should interpret facts in a different way. It may not be the failure of punishment, but a failure in education that leads to the increase in criminals. If education in home and school were of the

highest type, punishment would scarcely be necessary, and crime would be exceedingly rare. In both American and Canadian homes and schools there is much parent and teacher dictation and direction, and but little self-government on the part of the children. The result is that when adolescence approaches there is a mad rush for freedom. "Youths are as boats without rudders tossed on an uncharted sea." It may be that the American parent is more bent on fortune-hunting than the Canadian and therefore more neglectful of home duties. If so, he is paying dearly for his neglect. Surely Canadians need not boast of their own accomplishment in this respect.

Warfare

IN THE *London Spectator* F. Yeats-Brown has something to say regarding war:

"The whole negative attitude towards war is wrong. Men and women must and should fight, not necessarily each other, but something. Conflict there must be. The big question today is, what shall we fight?"

"Absolute peace is not meant for earthly creatures. Here and now every healthy man, woman and child enjoys a good fight. We want relative peace, so that we can wage war on something more exciting than our own kind, who are never convinced by being killed, and who are so capable nowadays of retaliating with a hideous *tu quoque*. Might it not be possible (I know it would be hard, but if we are to have peace propaganda it should be of the kind that will stand the clear-eyed criticism of another couple of generations; much of the present pap of pacifists will not) to infuse the glamor of a crusade into the advancement of knowledge and to invest the march of science with the "same sudden and collective intoxication" that sent us trenchwards to the strains of "Tipperary"?"

Experience justifies the conclusion arrived at. The only way to escape fighting is to get into a fight of a higher order. Tennyson realized this in "Maud," when he sends his hero abroad to forget his private miseries in national warfare.

An old saying is to the effect that gypsies fight until a stranger visits the camp, and then they turn on him. Men everywhere seek to forget their worries by entering upon new ventures. The Christian ideal of peace and good-will still recognizes the necessity of fighting or striving. Fight the good fight; emulate one another in good deeds. We war against wickedness in high places.

A man is never more of a man than when he brings all his energies to bear upon uprooting evil. A nation is never greater than when it uses its power to overcome wrong at home and abroad.

The Congestion of Grain

WHEN the spring rush of grain reached Montreal there was no place where it could be stored. Immediately there was widespread alarm and a fall in price. Though normal conditions will be restored quickly, the incident has its lessons for grain growers in the West. The man who raises wheat for profit must think in terms of production, distribution and sale. Production is limited to two months; fall shipment by way of the Great Lakes is limited to three months; spring shipments are possible for another three months; but the sale extends over the whole year, since purchasers in Europe will buy only from month to month.

The great problem, which must continue, even if the Hudson Bay line is opened, and the St. Lawrence route developed, is in providing storage facilities for the great quantities of grain that must be held until it is the good pleasure of Europeans to buy. The storage facilities must be either here in the West or at the Atlantic Seaboard. If the elevators on the Atlantic Seaboard had unlimited storage capacity, the fall movement of grain could be expedited and the spring rush averted, but as there is little hope for greatly increased accommodation in the East, it is obvious that dependence must be placed on the farmers' bins, the local elevators, and the elevators at the lake-head.

Now suppose the St. Lawrence were deepened and that ocean vessels could and would come to Fort William. Would that help matters? Not very much, because the purchasing power of Europe determines movement. There is not much difference between having full vessels at Montreal and full vessels at Liverpool. The real problem that farmers face is holding for twelve months what is produced in two months. The solution is either enlarged storage capacity at Montreal or else the finding of new markets.

Higher Education

THIS is the season that Universities send forth their product. Over ten thousand young people in Western Canada have been under instruction in college halls during this last year. Just what does this mean?

All benevolent education aims at lifting people from a lower to a higher level—in thought, in feeling, in action. The University is the most pretentious of all the institutions that systematically aim to educate. Its influence can scarcely be exaggerated.

In the early days the University gave itself over to the study of philosophy. It was easy to join with this the study of theology. Later medicine and law received recognition. Naturally Latin was the chief medium of instruction. Later, the study of Greek was found necessary. By slow degrees additions were made to the curriculum. Instruction in the vernacular and the study of mathematics became possible. In later years history, science, political science made claim for recognition. Now the bars have been thrown down and there is nothing in higher culture that a University will not attempt. It has entered the field of action and trains engineers, architects, farmers, doctors, teachers, salesmen, journalists, and the end is not yet. Its one object is to put thought in charge of the affairs of life. This is the scientific age.

There is one field, however, in which there is a failure to realize opportunity. The University almost ignores the cultivation of the aesthetic in its higher forms. Painting, sculpture, music, dancing, dramatics, oratory—these are neglected.

Yet no nation can attain eminence that does not pursue beauty to make it its own. It is beauty in design that sells market wares; it is beauty in speech and dress and manner that sells personality; it is beauty in music that lifts the souls of men from earth to heaven. Strange it is that Canadian Universities are content to limit their efforts to the studies of the beauties of literature, and here often the effect is to produce in the minds of the student body, not admiration, but disgust. This is the great weakness in Canadian University education. There seems to be a fear that real musical, artistic and literary appreciation are unworthy of a great people. Perhaps young Universities are afraid to break away from tradition. Some day, however, they will do so, and then they will wonder why they were so abominably slow.

In the meantime, our country must be thankful for the leadership that is provided in so many lines, and there will be no disposition to withhold the support that is necessary in order that the Universities will continue to function effectively and extend their usefulness.

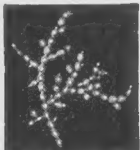
There are, outside of the University, many educational agencies that are equally deserving of notice, and there will shortly be a demand for higher trade schools, and technical schools. Without these our nation cannot make proper advancement.

Growth of Tree-Planting

IN CONNECTION with the distribution of trees to prairie farmers in Canada which is made annually by the Tree Planting Division of the Forest Service, Department of the Interior, it is interesting to note that each spring nearly 8,000,000 young trees are sent out; shipment of these trees requires 2½ carloads of moss and nearly 10 miles of 45-inch burlap. Before many years are gone, the "treeless prairie" will be a thing of the past.

Facts about Yeast

EVERY MAIL brings letters asking questions about Yeast for Health. Last year alone 42,305 people wrote such letters. Each writer received a personal reply, from our Health Research Department . . . What would you like to know? For complete information, send for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. S-12, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



Yeast plants greatly magnified

TO THE SCIENTIST, peering through his microscope, yeast plants are as familiar as trees are to us. There are 140 billion plants in every cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—alive and capable of living as they pass through your intestinal tract. There they help prevent the formation of harmful poisons, and keep the entire tract clean and active. Your whole system, purified, glows with new energy and health.



Doctors of two continents recommend fresh yeast

FIRST IN EUROPE and later in America, the world's leading scientists and medical men have studied the effect of yeast on health. Their findings have been published in hundreds of articles in medical magazines. In a recent survey in America, half the doctors reporting said they recommended fresh yeast.



A Yeast for Health Enthusiast

RECENT INVESTIGATIONS show that from 35 to 40 per cent of the population have eaten yeast—an average of one out of every three people! Thousands write us every month about their benefits.



The simple way to health—recommended by famous doctors

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. To get the best results, you must eat yeast regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

Made in Canada by Canadians



DR. LEONARD L. B. WILLIAMS of London

“LESS FEASTING... MORE YEASTING!”

The physician of a great insurance company advises those “who have forgotten what it is to feel well”



90% of our ills start here, as poisons spread from clogging food wastes. Keep this tract clean with Fleischmann's Yeast.

NEARLY a hundred thousand policyholders of the great Legal and General Assurance Society of London are healthier and happier today because of Dr. Leonard Williams.

He taught them to undergo an “annual overhaul” or physical check-up. His sound health advice in many books and articles has made him known and loved throughout the British Isles. In a recent interview he said:

“A large number of persons have forgotten what it is to feel well. They are not ill, but they ail. They are below concert pitch. For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting . . . Yeast is more than a medicament. It possesses a power of physical purification superior to all known purgatives.”

Wretchedness or happiness, failure or

success hinge on the difference between “not being sick” and being really vigorous and well. “Yeast,” Dr. Williams says, “rouses the body to full efficiency.”

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, just as fresh as crisp young celery or tender leaves of lettuce. The millions of living active yeast plants in each cake stimulate sluggish intestines to throw off the poison-bearing wastes. Your whole system responds to this great purifying force. Appetite quickens, digestion rights itself, bad breath and headaches disappear. Your complexion clears. You are glad to be alive!

Decide now to find out what three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast will do for you. Get it from your grocer, or at restaurants or soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply and start today!

The Weak Spot in Women's Organizations?

BEFORE we raise one feeble hand of protest against anything that women's organizations have ever done, or failed to do, let us state that they have come into being, as an expression of women's inherent desire to make life easier for someone, and the world a better place to live in.

When the pioneer woman hurried through her own work, and then walked across the snowy field, with three loaves of bread and her last jar of preserves, to minister to her sick neighbor, and stayed to clean the house, wash the children, and cook a meal, she laid the foundation for the Victorian Order of Nurses, and the Women's Institute. When she went over to the school to hearten the teacher who was young and homesick, and talked over with her the problem of the Zink family whose big boy Bill would neither work in school, nor let anyone else work, she was laying the corner-stone of the great parent-teachers association. And when she gathered two other neighbor women and together they pieced a quilt for the new preacher's rapidly-increasing family, she became the forerunner of the great and powerful Ladies Aid and Missionary Societies whose splendid activities, each year, would fill many volumes.

All women's organizations, in the beginning, at least, were service clubs. The members worked for nothing and paid dues for the privilege, and considering their dependent financial condition it is marvellous to read of their success at money-raising. In the records of missionary giving, there is mention of one Sally Thomas who never earned more than fifty cents a week, and who contributed three hundred and forty-two dollars to missions.

Men's clubs have had an entirely different history. The Club was a place, a gorgeous structure of stone and marble, with obsequious attendants, and stores of food and drink, easy chairs, daily papers. The Club was a place a man could always be at when he wasn't at home. The Club was an alibi—a Good Reason—a Way of Escape.

And it is a clear compliment to women's organizations, that the new men's clubs are patterned so closely along their lines. The service clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Gyro, Kinsmen, Knights of the Round Table, and others less well known, have departments of social and charitable work and child welfare. They raise their money, too, by tag-days, public entertainments, and have even been known to hold White Elephant teas and Rummage sales. The autograph quilt birthday tea, and home cooking sale field have not yet been invaded.

One sort of woman's club, which has caused much merriment to the masculine world, has been the Woman's Literary and Self-improvement Club. What a boon it has been for the columnist! and how apologetically have the gentlemen visitors spoken to these gatherings, spending much time at the outset of their speeches explaining how shy, how overcome and nervous they were facing so many women! An eminent speaker from the East, who visited one of our Western cities a few years ago, was filled with alarm when he found it was the Women's Canadian Club he was billed to address, instead of the men's. He said he could not address the women. He had no address that they could understand. The president tried to reassure him by telling him it was surprising how much the women would be able to get, if he would speak slowly!

But the women have gone on with their programs, unperturbed by criticism. There is a Literary Club in Calgary that meets for one hour a week, and has not missed a meeting in twenty years, nor have they ever had a social meeting. With intense seriousness they give themselves to the subject for study, whether it be the art of Paul Kane or Thomas Hardy's Dynasts. In an upper room at the Public Library they gather, meeting as the clock strikes three, and dispersing at the stroke of four. And there is a charm in this austere regularity and high-minded seriousness that makes membership in this club greatly desired.

THE attitude of the public mind toward women's organizations is interesting. It was illustrated again a month ago, when I went to speak to a Parent-Teacher's Association. The meeting was in a school, after four o'clock, and the worn door-step, polished by many little feet, brought me back to the time, some years ago, when I, too, went in and out every day. Methods of teaching have changed, but the red, yellow

By Nellie L. McClung

low and green stencilled border on the blackboard, the pressed grasses mounted on yellow cardboard, the uneven rows of books supporting each other on Teacher's table, the ink-veined desks, and the smoke-gray, splintery floor, and the mark on the ceiling, reminiscent of careless work upstairs, are the same. The mottoes on walls are the same: "The man who works is the man who wins." The verse of "O Canada," written on the board, varies a little with the years, but that's all.

I knew before I went in what my audience would be like. We know now not to expect many of the smartly-dressed young women, mothers of one. They had passed me, as I came, in their cars on the way to the Tea Dansant at the hotel. They have not thought

free, unconcerned. The "one child" had come home at four to find an empty house, or a totally unconcerned maid, and had wandered out into the street again to find his own pleasure.

The little grey man had no reproach on his lips nor in his heart for these mothers who were so frankly taking their pleasure. No one bothers rebuking the wind for blowing where it listeth. No one criticizes the people who do not care whether you criticize them or not.

The women, who pursue their own way, taking no responsibility for anything but their own amusement, slip through life very easily. Their husbands are usually proud of their gorgeous indolence, their smart dressing, their sparkling cynicism, their social prestige; proud, too, and just a little boastful of their free spending.

But any woman who attempts to improve any department of life, is fair game for the critics.

FORWARD!

By Mary Matheson

*When one achievement's ended there's another just ahead,
For every task we finish brings another in its stead,
And every time the prize we win
New doors fling wide to enter in,
And we find another triumph up to which our souls are led.*

*The glory of adventure is not in what we've done,
But in the satisfaction of another task begun;
For every day brings richer gains
If we but aim at higher planes—
Why cling to past achievements when there's greater to be won?*

of joining a P.T.A., just as they have not thought of joining a Plumber's Union. It simply does not interest them. The women who attended that afternoon were serious-minded, kindly, motherly women, middle aged, mostly church women driven by a sense of duty. They enjoy the work, too, in a sort of high-minded detached way.

They believe it is their duty to welcome the stranger, and see to it that the school nurse has a good supply of underwear and mittens to dispense when the weather turns cold, and they are quite willing to cook for the Home-Sale to raise money to buy pictures for the school-rooms, believing in a vague way that a good picture may influence the impressionable child, and turn his young feet into the path of virtue. They are somewhat bewildered with present-day conditions, the thirst for thrills, the moral laxness, but they still somehow hope that good will be the final goal of ill! and having always worked for the good of the community, they keep on working . . . Many an afternoon when they finish the dishes, they would like to have a sleep, for they find now they grow more easily tired than they did a few years ago, but they grow stern with themselves, and resolutely work on the pillow-covers for the Bazaar.

After I had spoken there was the customary vote of thanks, and then the Principal spoke. He was a gray little man, in tweeds, with a scholarly stoop, and thick glasses. He liked what I said. But there was one fear in his mind. Women's organizations were being overdone. The home was the thing! and it was being neglected. The deeply-set grey eyes, behind the thick glasses, foresaw dangers—late meals, milk bottles, not set out at night, clocks not wound, salt-cellar not filled, slippers not warmed and placed, empty houses and wandering women. Didn't he see the results every day? He had one girl in his room whose mother belonged to too many organizations. Women were forgetting the function for which they were created . . . Let the home come first!

I meekly replied that I thought more homes were being neglected for social affairs than for organizations, for these meet only once a month.

The gray little man shook his head, and I could see many of the women were distressed by his words, and wondered if, after all, they should have stayed home and made tidies for the living-room chairs.

I thought of the dazzling, silk-lined company who were dancing the afternoon away at the hotel, care-

WOMEN'S organizations have some vulnerable spots in their armor. No one knows it better than those of us who have belonged. There is the idle woman who, having nothing to do, has lost her sense of time value. She talks too much, repeats, turns a sentence inside out and back again; thinks of another way of saying the same thing, and says it again, abounds in personal recollections and cannot see that people are being bored with her. There is no human remedy. The prayers of the congregation may be requested.

Then there is the woman who will take any office, in any society, at any time. Offices are no burden to her; why should they be? She never answers a letter, nor keeps an engagement. She floats into the meeting twenty minutes late—takes the next ten to tell what delayed her, and insists on knowing what happened before she arrived. If she has money she presents a more acute problem, for she will involve the society in many obligations, and answers all objections by threatening to pay all bills herself. She usually has quite a following, for her entertainments are many and lavish. It is because of her that the phrase: "She means well," has fallen so low in the scale of complimentary phrases. And it is because of her that wise societies have a carefully prepared slate of officers before each election, which may not be a democratic proceeding, but is something better. It is a Safety-First device. I am not hopeful, though, even at that. She will always be president of something.

Another weakness in women's organizations is that the meetings are too long. All afternoon meetings should be over at five o'clock, and tea should not be served. This will allow the members to get home in time to get the six-o'clock dinner without delay. Late dinners on the day "mother goes to her meeting" have done much to put women's meetings into disfavor. Let us never forget that potatoes are stubborn things. They will have their twenty minutes. And that cup of tea, pimento sandwich and two pieces of swan's-down cake are quite enough to make any woman an indifferent cook for the succeeding meal.

Fourthly, women must learn to abide by the decision of the majority, and let it go at that. Let them say what they like in the meeting, but let not their tongues loosen when the meeting has closed. Minority reports in the corridor, and post-mortems on the stairs are things of evil import, and have sent many promising societies on the rocks.

Let there be less concern about honor and glory. There could be more work done, and with less effort, if no one cared who got the credit. And a great source of mischief would be closed off if everyone's telephone could providentially go out of order on the day following the contentious meeting.

Families might be more favorable to women's meetings if they did not have to listen to one end of the telephone conversations which run like this:

"I suppose you heard . . . It was all cut and dried . . . It required notice of motion . . . Her type would, yes indeed! . . . After all I had done for her . . . when they moved . . . Three children for over two weeks . . . and the baby had croup . . . It was entirely out of order . . . and should have had a two-thirds vote . . . No, I won't stand again . . . Life's too short . . . She

Continued on page 38

The Gentleman King

~

By
Russell Davenport

~

Illustrated by
J. Matanio

~

(FOURTH INSTALMENT)



The Duchess looked up suddenly from her dais. Renee looked up. They saw a man of medium feverish eyes sunk deeply in their

IT WAS an afternoon in March. In the clearing of a woods near the French town of Ardres, ten miles from Calais, two mounted knights faced each other with levelled spears. They stood a hundred yards apart, fully armed, with visors drawn over their faces. They regarded each other with no expression save that of the weird movements of their hands and arms. Presently one of them called out: "Ready—charge"! whereat they set spurs to their horses and rode at each other, leaning forward across their spears. There was a crash; a grunting of men and horses. One of the knights was lifted cleanly from his saddle, was poised in the air grotesquely, fell clattering to the ground. The other rode by, drawing rein. The knight on the ground rolled over and sat up. You could hear laughter behind the helmet. Presently his hand went to his visor, which he lifted. He peered out and grinned toward the other knight. It was Peter.

"By heaven, George," he cried, "this game is more easily imagined than played!"

Sir George had turned around. He too lifted his visor. "It was a good fall," he said. "Like a frog from his rock into the water."

"Rather I fell like a tadpole," said Peter, endeavoring to rise. Just then a young squire with reddish-golden hair ran from the woods to assist his lordship—Sir George's young cousin, who had become squire to Peter. Sandy stood at the edge of the clearing, leaning over his staff, chuckling to himself.

About two months had passed since that dawn when Peter was led out to his execution. It had not taken the French ambassador long to act, once he had assured himself that Peter's confession was a bit of clever drama carried on before the eyes of the guard—a bit of acting calculated to give the French a claim for his arrest. With his characteristic impetuosity, the Sieur de Beaumont rushed to the governor's house. He had his lordship aroused from sleep. The

Sieur de Beaumont then told the governor that one of his servants, meaning one of his spies, had got wind of the trial of a man named Peter Clos. What the man was being tried for made no difference to the Sieur de Beaumont—the spy had not been able to discover. Suffice it that Peter Clos was wanted in France for complicity with brigands and to answer for the murder of an influential French nobleman. That he, the ambassador, had visited the cell and verified this in the presence of Master John Gates; that Peter Clos, whoever he was, would be put on the rack in France and made to confess the whereabouts of the Thousand Devils, to which he had belonged; that His Majesty of France was impatient for his capture; that the Sieur de Beaumont understood that Peter Clos was being executed this morning for some other crime; that this simply could not be—could not be allowed! The governor must turn him over to the French, at least temporarily, for examination. The Sieur de Beaumont regretted having to awake his lordship at this hour of the morning but the very impropriety proved the importance of his request. The ambassador then shoved papers under the astonished governor's nose—forgeries which, he said, had arrived yesterday morning, and demanding that he seek out this Peter Clos and send him to Paris for torture.

All the governor could do, if he was to preserve his good relations with the ambassador, was to dispatch a courier at full speed to the citadel, to delay Peter's execution. And, all that Cardinal Wolsey could do, in order to obtain satisfactory terms for his treaty with France, was to turn Peter over to the French ambassador, making the ambassador sign a statement that Peter Clos would be sent back in two months. But the ambassador had never admitted that he knew Peter to be recognized as Peter Lord Pole; and the Cardinal Wolsey had to inform him of this, knowing that Peter would disclose it to the French king as soon as he reached France. And the Sieur de Beau-

mont pretended to be shocked, alarmed, injured, by the Cardinal's reticence on this subject. To think that his lordship had dared to execute a Pole without at least informing the government of France. All of which, though it made no difference in the Cardinal's decision to execute Peter some time, put that proud churchman at a strategic disadvantage. He had to yield up Peter, extracting only a promise from the Sieur de Beaumont that Peter would be returned to the English if acquitted by the French—a promise which the Cardinal hardly expected to be fulfilled. He raged, and demanded favorable terms for his treaty.

Behold, therefore, the Sieur de Beaumont rubbing his hands excitedly, dictating a letter to His Majesty of France, announcing that he, the Sieur de Beaumont, had found and rescued from the clutches of the English, at a little political sacrifice, Peter Lord Pole, the successor to the White Rose, Duke of Suffolk and pretender to the throne of England; that the rescue had produced certain charges and implications concerning the past life of the White Rose, which the White Rose would settle with the king in person.

"Ah, *voilà*!" cried the Sieur de Beaumont. "I am already in London or Rome! What ambassador this side of Turkey is my equal? Holy Virgin, I am a genius!" Sir George, who was helping him to frame the letter, laughed at his boyish expression of triumph.

But the new White Rose did not wish to be seen at the Court of France just yet. He wanted to prepare himself, to learn all those qualities of knighthood which his peers had been taught as children. Accordingly he wrote His Majesty of France a cordial and humble letter, thanking him for his ambassador's assistance, bestowing infinite praise upon the Sieur de Beaumont; offering his own services, in the name of his gallant father, for the future; and requesting that King Francis allow him six months of seclusion "with my friends to prepare myself to serve your Majesty,



height. His face was triangular—a high brow, a small pointed beardless chin—blue, almost sockets—prominent cheek bones.

and to gather the facts of my life in a concise form to be presented to your Majesty." It was a vivacious and pleasant letter, in a tone that suited Francis' temperament. The King granted his lordship's request to remain secluded for six months and sent him in addition the promise of a large pension.

Thus Peter began his study of knighthood, concealed in the little French town of Ardres. Sir George Pentley, whom the French ambassador cleared of any suspicion that Wolsey may have entertained against him, used to meet Peter at Ardres whenever he could leave Calais inconspicuously. Sir George was as happy as a boy to see Peter at liberty.

On the days when Sir George could not come to Ardres, Peter took instructions from an old soldier, a master-at-arms, as grizzled and as terrible as Le Maître la George, but much more respectful. After a couple of months of this, and of listening to Sandy attentively, Peter was able to piece together a great deal concerning the noble profession of arms in that warlike sixteenth century. And still he was not a knight. Nor had he learned enough to satisfy his own ambition.

THE treaty upon which Wolsey had set his heart was still negotiating when the news of the sack of Rome by Charles Bourbon, the rebel Prince of France, at the head of a body of famished Spanish troops, struck the Christian world with horror. Immediately the Cardinal's treaty gave place to a more pressing one, in which England and France joined forces to rescue the Pope from captivity. Bourbon had been killed in that attack and the Holy City was in the hands of outlaws. Since the King of England had few men to spare, it was agreed that he would supply most of the money and that King Francis would furnish most of the troops.

A few hours after the announcement of this treaty Sir George Pentley was busily gathering all the unem-

ployed soldiers that he could find, declaring that he would march them across France and petition Francis to give him the command of a full company. Sir George, who prided himself on nothing but his qualities as a soldier, was jubilant, unreasonably happy. Peter suggested, then, that he should join Sir George's company as the knight's lieutenant, thus to learn the art of warfare at first hand. Sir George demurred, saying that he would not like to take a position as Peter's superior. But Peter urged it. In fact, as Peter argued, the French always gave precedence in war to military rank over the ranking of blood. And so it was agreed.

But still the new Lord Pole did not wish to visit the French court. He did not yet feel capable of making the dramatic entry which his heart longed for. He wanted military glory first. In fact Peter had not learned his lesson. He was still hankering for power. There was that English throne always ahead of him. The absurdity of this new ambition was wearing off, he was growing accustomed to it, he was becoming a king gradually. A king!

And it was about this time that Peter began to reach out for the great idea of his life; the idea which had dominated him after the excitement of his youth had subsided—the idea of what a king should be. Peter had seen and heard of a great many men upon thrones who were not kings. It seemed to Peter that the head of a nation ought to be pre-eminently the gentleman; what, in the middle ages, would have been called the knight. Stimulated by the renaissance, Peter's mind was reaching through the platitudes and assumptions of his age concerning royalty, and in his diaries one finds hints of the ideas which gave body to the French Revolution. He was willing to serve Francis I. He would have been more than willing, had he lived long enough, to add to the glory of the great King Louis XIV. But deep in his heart he craved the principles of democracy, which had been

lying dormant in human nature ever since the days of Greece. Peter was an individualist. He was a gentleman—he was a royal gentleman. His heart was his throne.

But he was also an incurable actor, and his first entrance to the French court must be a dramatic one. He must dramaticise his royalty—there was no other way to have it recognized. He decided to remain hidden under his bushel during the coming campaign, and after that to shine forth, if the fortunes of war should favor him.

Sir George marched to Paris while Peter set out with a few men for Lyons, the gateway to Italy. He rode leisurely. He made a detour around Paris, and another detour to the inn where Renée's diamond ring was still in the possession of the consumptive landlord. After he had paid the landlord a hundred pounds, borrowed from Sir George for this purpose, and after he had delivered himself of several flourishes, he pocketed the ring and continued his march to Lyons, there to await his captain and the company which Francis was sure to grant.

At last, one sunny morning, Sir George arrived with a singing, laughing company of nondescripts. For days the French army, led by the Mareschal de Lautrec, had been filing through Lyons on their way to rescue the Pope. And thus Peter, travelling *incognito*, joined a vast trek of all nations, crossed the Alps, marched over the rich plains of Lombardy, southward, toward Rome. He was gay and happy learning this greatest of all sixteenth century professions; descending into Italy with all the luxury of an Italian spring-time around him.

And yet what a pang would have crossed his heart as he marched past Savona, had he known that Renée was there, alone, surrounded by the dark mysteries of an Italian court, accompanied only by a brother who was forever hostile to her! Peter passed within ten miles of Savona, on his way to Rome; and Renée stood upon the town walls to watch those distant armies go by!

Peter has left no clear record of that Italian campaign. It is difficult to find out what he did; but that he learned a great deal, and became more mature, is evident from his actions when we next meet him. With the crossing of the Alps his character seems to have changed and to have attained, once for all, that quality of royalty, of poise, of keen humorous insight, for which he was ever afterward famed.

RENEE was looking across the many-canded ducal salon, her ears numbed by the incessant sound of human tongues and courtly laughter. Nearby sat the Duchess of Savona, a lady of sixty dressed in deep blue and raised upon a dais above the Italian and French gallants, above the ladies in silks and brocades. Here, in the ducal palace of Savona, was to be found all the glory of the Italian renaissance in miniature. For at this time Savona was an independent state, perched upon the blue gulf of Genoa, feared by the Genoese lest Frances I should make of it a maritime city surpassing their own.

Though Renée had been in Savona but two months, she had become the most popular of the Duchess' ladies. She led the salon by her beauty and her wit. The courtiers gathered around her nightly, exchanged pleasantries, sought to receive those small favors of glance and glove which a great beauty has at her disposal. Backed by the court of France and by the wealth that she and Philippe had inherited from their father, Renée found in Savona countless opportunities for brilliant marriage as well as delightful flirtations.

Renée could listen by the hour to tales of fascinating Italian wars and intrigues, so clever and inhuman that she could not really believe them. She listened excitedly to the latest gossip from the French and English troops now invading Italy—France and England side by side at last!—and could even see the armies filing by in the distance, marching toward Rome! By day she wandered among the flowers, fountains, and statues of the ducal gardens; by night she listened to clever witticisms and flatteries. It was all a dream, all lovely.

And yet, in spite of such beauty, the dream had the character of a nightmare.

For Renée and Philippe had been in Savona but two weeks when the Italians made a secret attempt to assassinate Philippe. The perpetrators of this plot were certainly neither the wise Duchess, who loved Renée, nor the fat Duke, who hated politics. The identity of the assassins was so entirely concealed that Renée was seized with terror—a terror like that of nightmares, and she set about trying to discover some means by which her brother's life and the interests of France could be protected at Savona.

The chancellor of the ducal government was an old man who had grown gray in Italian politics. Renée

distrusted him. But it was this fox who offered her the only means of saving Philippe from the nameless assassins. He told Renée that she must marry an Italian count named Orlando, and who owned half a dozen towns surrounding Savona. To him, the chancellor said, belonged the blame of the attack upon Philippe; to him, Philippe insisted, Renée must be married.

At first she refused. Her refusal was followed by a second attempt upon Philippe's life. Renée broke down. She was terrified. She blamed herself. She burst into tears and clung to Philippe. She made Philippe dispatch a messenger to petition the Pope to have her marriage with Peter Clos annulled. And another messenger was sent to Orlando agreeing to the marriage.

Renée was always thinking of these things. They caused her such agony in her heart that she was often unable to speak; often her eyes would fill with tears at the thought of her sacrifice; of the indignities which Orlando would no doubt inflict upon her; of her misery without love. Once more she had sacrificed herself for this brother—willingly, willingly sacrificed herself, but with such little reward.

And she had given up Peter. For her brother who did not really love her, she had given up her own love. Now that she had renounced him, she realized that she did love Peter. Her marriage to him represented something so honorable, something in her life more pure than anything around her. Strange! Philippe had characterized that horseboy marriage as a disgrace.

Renée thought of these things, looking across the silk-clad shoulders, listening to the vague hum of voices. She wondered why Orlando had never come to see her at Savona, or whether she would ever lay eyes on him until the day of their wedding. She thought of him as an ogre. And thinking of him so concretely made her shudder, so that she was about to excuse herself from the salon this evening, when a crisp, pleasant voice began to emerge from the confusion around her. She became aware that the Marquis d'Isancourt, a wounded French nobleman, was speaking; had been speaking to her for several minutes.

"And what then, Monsieur?" she asked, looking at him under lashes, conscious of half a dozen gallants who were gathered to admire her—her white silk dress—her eyes—her golden hair. "They had no artillery?"

"No, Mademoiselle! Not a gun, not an ounce of cannon-lead! A single company left to guard a fortified town, with the whole Spanish army advancing upon them. I tell you, Mademoiselle, an ordinary human would have fled. But no! The fool's had a squad of Swiss among them. With the aid of the Swiss they scaled the rear wall of the citadel, which was of natural rock. That is, twenty-five or thirty men scaled it. But I leap ahead of myself, Mademoiselle."

"You do, my lord. They could not have taken the town with twenty-five men in the citadel."

"No. The point was this. The lieutenant of the company—God knows his name—captured a messenger from the Spanish enemy with a message signed by the Spanish general, announcing that the troops of Spain would arrive before the walls on Tuesday, to garrison the town. The lieutenant cleverly changes 'Tuesday' in the message to 'Monday,' then creeps into the town with the messenger. At the appointed hour on Monday the troops arrive—but the French troops, of course, Mademoiselle! The gates are—again of course—opened for them. They rush in. They are a mere company, but they fight like devils. The lieutenant crosses his sword with the governor and half a dozen officers in the citadel. The twenty-five men I tell you about climb the wall and enter the citadel. They rescue the lieutenant. The lieutenant rushes out to join the captain in the streets, finds him wounded, saves his life, takes command of the company, captures the town!"

Monsieur the Marquis d'Isancourt ended his account with a bow. There was a murmur of admiration among the courtiers. Renée smiled excitedly. "The lieutenant?" she asked.

"This lieutenant, Mademoiselle," he said, is camped before our new walls."

"Really?" cried Renée. "And why hasn't he been received?"

"One can't receive the devil himself," a courtier said.

He has been summoned by the Duchess, Mademoiselle. He should arrive at any moment."

"Oh, I want to see him! It sounds incredible!" cried Renée. "It is the day of Bayard returned."

"Bravo!" someone cried. "To the memory of Bayard!" and he drank down a golden goblet of wine. Bayard was the hero of the French, killed in action six or seven years before.

"But don't you know his name?" asked Renée, leaning toward the Marquis with her sparkling blue eyes.

"No, Mademoiselle. He must enlighten us himself. Probably some obscure fellow. As for the captain, he is known well enough at court—Sir George Pentley."

"I have heard of him," said Renée. "An Englishman. So this is an English, not a French company?"

"It is difficult to say, Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, twisting his moustache leisurely. "It is one of those companies that seem to belong only to God—English, French, German, Swiss and Italian. You should see them—I walked among the ruffians this afternoon. One part cannot understand the other. Were it not that Captain Pentley is something of a linguist—a lord of Calais, you know—no commands could be given. They say they have seven interpreters."

She was smiling at the Marquis' humorous expression when the usher, in white satin livery, announced from the door:

"Peter Lord Pole, acting lieutenant to His Majesty King of France." The name was like an electric shock. It startled all ears before anyone had time to use his eyes. Peter Lord Pole! Pole!

The Duchess looked up suddenly from her dais. Renée looked up. Everybody looked up. They saw a man of medium height, dressed in a bright red coat slashed with gold, and dark trousers, and black boots. In his left hand he carried a red hat with an emerald in the front of it and three black feathers hanging from its side. He wore a jeweled sword. His face was triangular—a high brow, a small pointed beardless chin—blue, almost feverish eyes sunk deeply in their sockets—prominent cheek bones.

He crossed the room in silence, aware that everyone was watching him. Reaching the dais he sank to one knee before the Duchess and put his lips lightly upon her extended fingers. He rose. The Duchess spoke with a smile. His face flushed. And then he was drowned in the babble of voices that whelmed in from all sides of Renée, talking again—talking—

For several minutes Renée could not understand her own heart. Was it really Peter? But Peter Lord Pole!—Surely another Pole, not *the* Pole. It was clever of him to choose that name, that vanished name. His shrewd, tricky mind! Her brother was quite insensible in matters like this; he called Peter a clever mind. Shrewd, tricky mind! If he were really Lord Pole, why hadn't he told her long ago?—he who had given her a knife in the brigands' stable. She shuddered.

But the affectionate qualities of her nature rebelled against this distrust which Philippe had caused her to feel toward Peter. It was Peter—his lovable grin. She did not care if it was the grin of a masquerader. She must hurry to compose herself. They would soon be introducing him to the Duchess' favorite. Introducing Peter to her! Introducing her husband—

"Mademoiselle Duprès, allow me to introduce the gentleman of whom I was so happily speaking—Peter Lord Pole, Acting Lieutenant to His Majesty of France."

She had the advantage of him, having seen him the moment he entered the room. He, stepping from the harshness of war into the ducal salon, was already bewildered. And to find here the only thing on earth he cared about was too much for even Peter's composure. She extended her hand. He bent over it with his lips. His hand, holding hers, was trembling and cold. She wanted to assure him that he was safe, to stop him from trembling so.

"You shall have to give an account of yourself, sir," said the Marquis d'Isancourt. "I was just now attempting to paint your exploits upon the canvas of

Mademoiselle's eyes. But I find it difficult to praise another man in her presence, needing that praise so much myself."

And then Peter recovered a little. He was never off his balance for long. He took his most royal stance.

"Monsieur the Marquis," he said, "I shall enumerate your virtues to the lady every day, for the favor of this introduction."

Renée's emotions changed. He seemed distant, clever, calculating. He seemed the masquerader again. How could a woman ever trust him? How could you know what was going on behind his eyes?

And therefore she said to the Marquis:

"If my Lord of Pole is permitted to keep his word, you will be very fortunate, sir. There are but a few to whom I grant the privilege of daily reiteration."

Peter flushed. He decided to riposte. He said: "When my praise of Monsieur the Marquis bores you, Mademoiselle, I shall vary it with praise of myself."

This annoyed her.

"You have the bluntness of a soldier, my Lord Pole!" He was too cold.

Peter bowed and was about to reply when he was led away by another gentleman to be introduced to the Contessa Beatrice—a sensuous Italian lady whom Renée detested. Renée's emotions changed again. Peter must be warned about that woman. The Contessa could do anything with an adventurous heart like Peter's. Renée was disturbed and kept watching Peter from the corner of her eye. Why was he standing there so long? Shocking. The Contessa and his Lordship of Pole were getting along, someone remarked slyly. She wanted to shake him. Didn't he understand that every eye in the room was on him? He had insulted her, the Duchess' favorite, by paying so much attention to that woman.

The dance began. Curtains of the doors into the polished empty ballroom were thrown back. Gentlemen hurried about. Renée was led to the dance by the Marquis, who chatted contentedly at her side. For half an hour she was separated from Peter. Then the course of the dance led her to the Duchess.

"What do you think of the new Lord Pole?" asked the Duchess, smiling at Renée with a stately beauty and dark Italian eyes. "You did not speak with him very long."

"He is but another soldier, Your Highness," said Renée.

"Ah, yes." The Duchess laughed and looked at her strangely. The Duchess knew nothing of Renée's past, but she sensed an irritation in her favorite's voice. "And you have so often said that you like soldiers better than the scented diplomats. When the dance stops, I will put the young lord in your care. He does not seem to have danced much."

Presently the music ceased and Renée saw him standing with his back to her conversing with—she could not see—a silver slipper. Ah, yes, of course, the Contessa. Renée stiffened. She approached Peter and tapped him on the shoulder with her fan.

"My Lord Pole, you have been confided to my care."

He turned swiftly at the sound of her voice. His face betrayed his pleasure.

"—by powers beyond my control," added Renée.

"Mademoiselle," he said with a bow, "I had not known that such were in existence."

He turned back to the Contessa and escorted her across the room to the Duchess. Renée went to the window and looked out across the garden, the orange-trees below, the city beyond the wall, the stars. She tapped her fingers with her fan. Her antagonism to Peter was not caprice. Too many things had happened since she had last seen Peter, too many problems had entered her life for him to understand her again: her position in Savona; her duty to Philippe. "Thank heaven Philippe is not here tonight," she thought. "It would be terrible if Philippe were here. I must warn Philippe, I must warn Peter."

Philippe was with the Count Orlando to arrange for Renée's marriage. As future Duke of Savona it was necessary for Philippe to negotiate frequently with the Count.

Peter, however, could not understand Renée's attitude. She seemed unnecessarily haughty. He had determined to spend the evening with the Contessa Beatrice, feeling that Renée did not want him near her. He could feel her antagonism; he would eliminate himself as much as possible. Peter's mind could never make anything sensible out of women.

He was hurt, and a little cynical, when he returned to her and said formally: "Mademoiselle Duprès, I am at your service."

She gave him the tips of her fingers, in the manner of her times. He led her from the room, feeling that they were being watched. Already he hated this place.

"We shall go to admire the large fountain," said Renée. "All visitors are led to the fountain first. We

Continued on page 30



No Canadian Theatre! No Canadian Drama!

By C. B. Robertson

IT WAS that fine and distinguished artist of the Theatre, Mr. William Faversham, who "gave audience" the other day to a remarkably-talented Canadian amateur actress, whom I shall call "Jane Snooks"—because that does not happen to be her name, and her talent is such that she will soon, I firmly believe, receive as much publicity as is good for her, anyway.

Mr. Faversham is a London-born Englishman. His delightful and highly-decorative wife, who was present at the interview, is an American lady. (Her stage name is Edith Campbell). So, as I listened to the conversation in the Faversham sitting-room, I contemplated representatives of the three English-speaking countries, and it was interesting to note that all three deplored the sad fact that Canada is the only civilized nation within their ken which has no Theatre of its own; no Drama of its own!

Jane Snooks had come to ask for advice as to how to "go on the stage". Mr. Faversham was quite perturbed. He "couldn't undertake the responsibility of advising any young person to leave the comfort and security of her home and family life—not to mention her native land—to sojourn in a land so foreign to her experience and her natural environment, as the Theatre Land of New York or London."

Mrs. Faversham spoke up in an eminently common-sensible way: "Human beings are the same the world over, and the people of the theatre are like any others. Why do you speak, 'Favvy', as if there were something risky in stage life for youngsters?"

Jane added eagerly: "And I'm no fool; I can take care of myself!"

"Of course you can; any well-brought up girl can," said Mr. Faversham, "and I really didn't intend to convey the idea that you would not be in a highly-respectable atmosphere in the theatre. I assure you that you will find stage people just as conventional as well-bred people anywhere. What I mean is that it is very hard for a young girl to adopt a profession which takes her away from home and friends, to live among strangers. She's apt to be confoundedly lonely."

"Why don't you go on the stage in Canada?" asked Mrs. Faversham. "Surely the Canadian Theatre needs just such intelligent and enthusiastic youngsters as yourself for, its development, and its artistic progress? You may, some day, be another Margaret Anglin—who knows?"

Jane gazed upon her in astonishment. "Why—don't you know?" She gasped. "Don't you know that *there isn't any Canadian Theatre?*"

"What?" asked Mrs. Faversham.

"Just that! If I am to be another Margaret Anglin, I must do just what she had to do, many long years ago—I must leave my own country to gain experience, to receive my technical training in the theatre, to find opportunity, and then—to earn recognition and fame. If I am to be another Margaret Anglin, my artistic life must be lived out of Canada, as hers has been."

"What do you suppose Miss Anglin's story would have been if she had stayed in her native land? She would have played in amateur theatricals for awhile, no doubt; would have—probably—married a curate; and, by the sheer force of her wonderful personality, would have made him a bishop in time—but she, herself, would never have been known outside the diocese; certainly not in the artistic world, as a great woman!"

The Favershams smiled broadly, and then Mrs. Faversham spoke seriously indeed: "Do you mean to say that there is no theatrical centre in which Canadian companies are organized; from which they are sent out to Canadian towns and cities? It's appalling!"

"I may be woefully ignorant," replied Jane, "but, to my knowledge, the only Canadian company in Canada is 'The Dumbbells', and that company, until very recently, has been composed entirely of men!"

"Of course you're right," said Mrs.



William Faversham

Faversham. "It had never occurred to me before, somehow. Of course, as a consequence of this curious state of affairs, you haven't any Canadian Drama, either!"

"I had never quite realized it before, either," said Mr. Faversham, "although I have played throughout

Canada a great deal, but—my hat!—what a shocking condition to exist in any civilized country! Just to think that Drama—the most human of all literary expression; that acting, the most human of all arts, has no place in Canada. It seems almost impossible in that great and progressive country! Canada is, politically, a nation; industrially, she is a nation, yet, theatrically, she doesn't exist—except as—let us say—a suburb of New York! That shocking state of affairs should be remedied without delay! No Canadian Theatre! As a result—no Canadian Drama! And think—just think what Canada of today and tomorrow loses, in terms of what the drama of civilized countries has done throughout all history for their literary and artistic progress. Consider, too, the historic value of drama, expressive of different eras in the development of various and differing civilizations!"

"Drama?" said Jane sadly. "I don't believe that any plays exist which are an expression of Canadian ideals, traditions, and national spirit. We have a few clever amateur playwrights who have their very clever one-act plays produced at various 'little theatres' by equally- clever amateur actors, and sometimes they are published in book form, but, in my opinion, they are not a big and permanent expression of Canada; not drama destined to live; to tell the generations to come of Canada as it is today. These people are serving, insofar as they are able with the little theatre movement, but the very same people could do mighty things, I'm thinking, if conditions were a bit different!"

"But there are Canadian-born playwrights?" said Mr. Faversham. "Willard Mack, and Harvey O'Higgins, for instance."

"Yes," said Jane, "there are Canadian-born playwrights, just as there are Canadian-born actresses and actors; but they, as writers and artists, are products of the U.S.A. or—once in a long time—of England. Even when one of these writes a play with a Canadian setting—as has happened a few times—it is written and produced according to the New York or London producer's idea of what the New York or London public wants to think about Canada—a Canada which is not our true Canada. And it is written according to theatrical ideas conceived in the New York or London Theatre World—which is far removed in spirit and in tradition from the real, vital spirit of Canada."

"To my way of thinking, it would be better if they left Canada out of it altogether, for no lie is so misleading as a half-truth. Harvey O'Higgins has had the wisdom to leave Canada alone in his playwriting. He writes of the United States. He is a man of discernment. He probably knows that, if he should take a true picture of Canada in dramatic form, (as true as are his Canadian novels), to a New York or London producer, the man would *not* fall upon his neck and cry ecstatically: 'Ah, my good friend, this is just what I have been looking for! The public is crying out for a true picture of Canadian life in the theatre. I'll produce it at once.' No indeed—Canadian drama must have Canadian audiences who recognize its truth, before the world will be interested."

"You are right," said Mr. Faversham. "Certainly the best hope for the development of a Canadian Drama would be within a Canadian Theatre. Canadians must first demonstrate the universal appeal of their nation's dramatic expression, in their own country. It is hard to understand, in view of the fact that human nature, the world over, is much the same, and all humans respond to the same emotions in much the same way."

"I suppose that the producer's view is much like the editor's point of view," said Mr. Faversham thoughtfully. "In United States magazines, one seldom finds Canadian stories, or articles which



Edith Campbell

Continued on page 84



"Please, Krisnu, grant me a wish!"

Released Desires

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by R. Dorf

"AFTER eighteen months in the tropics, to shiver is a *luxury*!"

Little Mrs. Haydon was always enthusiastic. Not controversially enthusiastic, like the women who espouse causes; merely absurdly and tangentially enthusiastic, like the women who espouse men.

Mrs. Anstruther laid aside her *demi-tasse* and poked the fire.

"David and I," she replied, "always postpone returning to town as long as possible. Next year we plan to have a furnace put in, and then we can come out during the winter."

"Who's coming tonight?" demanded Mrs. Haydon crisply.

"Oh, just unmarrieds, and over the week-end I'm having a small unmarried house party."

"Gracious, Rhoda, you are still giving your 'un-marrieds'! You inveterate matchmaker! But, tell me, why haven't you done anything for Mary Lambton? She must be over thirty."

"Oh, poor Mary!"

"Exactly!" Mrs. Haydon was briskly impatient. "And *why* 'poor Mary'? She's not bad looking, and she dances well. Of course, she's dowdy. With her red hair and her money, she *ought* to be stunning. Still," Mrs. Haydon grew exasperated, "dowdy women marry. And she goes out a lot. All the women like her."

Their husbands entered the room, nice men in the late thirties.

"Who," asked Dick Haydon, "is the poor girl that all the women like?"

"Mary Lambton. Just think, Dickie, Mary's still single!"

"I like Mary," Haydon's tone disparaged feminine cattiness.

David Anstruther stuffed his pipe meditatively. "Mary," he decided slowly, "is almost the nicest girl I know."

"Too nice!" cried Mrs. Haydon. "A girl has to be a little bit bad to attract men."

"Mary," said David Anstruther thoughtfully, "doesn't flirt. And a nice sensible girl is a failure—as a nice sensible girl."

"Mary's shy," snapped Mrs. Haydon, "too shy even to be coy!"

"Perhaps," ventured Mrs. Anstruther, "Mary isn't properly sexed. They say that every woman who has wielded power over men has been highly sexed."

"Gracious, Rhoda," annihilated Mrs. Haydon, "cold women marry! Our doctor told Dickie that seventy-five per cent. of women were cold. He knows, because their husbands ask him what to do about it."

"Mary," said Anstruther, "is like a beautiful lamp, that isn't lit."

"Oh, Dickie," exclaimed Mrs. Haydon, "we forgot about our little idol for Rhoda. Run upstairs and fetch him."

While her husband was gone, Mrs. Haydon explained that the peasants out East believed that the god it represented could grant the wishes of those who invoked his help.

The conversation about Mary Lambton had been the re-stating of an old problem to David and Rhoda Anstruther. Often David had said: "He seems a decent sort; must have him meet Mary." When making lists for their parties, Rhoda would say, "And of course, poor Mary, though it doesn't seem to do any good."

Mary Lambton was, alas, both shy and sensible. Alone with a young man, Mary was devastatingly sensible. But the young men didn't see that she was shy. They merely bounced off from the invulnerable wall of her sensibleness.

Dick Haydon returned, carrying an odd, foreign-looking image of a turbaned man, sitting cross-legged. He placed it on the desk, under the yellow light from a lamp.

"I adore him!" cried their hostess.

"His name is Krisnu," explained Dick. "He grants your wish, but there is always a condition, a sort of string, attached to its fulfilment. The natives fear to invoke Krisnu, because of his terrible conditions. And one can never appeal to him a second time."

The guests were arriving. Being but fifteen miles from town, their friends usually motored out in parties.

Mary Lambton was in the first group. As they entered the library, Mary Lambton faded into the background, while, as if under a spotlight, advanced Joyce Kydd, twenty, with insolent assurance floating like an aura around her sleek black head, and on her slim young body a few ounces of filmy raiment, that was a gasp ahead of Paris.

Joyce's technique was to first stroll about, a blasé eye-opener, and then casually, by her conversation, to bomb the old-fashioned off their seats.

Mrs. Anstruther had to ask girls like Joyce. (Fatal, if men suspected that her parties were in aid of frumps!)

Joyce had always in her wake a string of men, whom she believed to be in love with her. Some were. For example, impressionable young Peter Miller, who now gazed at her in a horribly lovesick manner.

Mrs. Anstruther was greeting a tall man with greying temples.

"Eric! It must be eight years since I've spoken to you!"

("Just imagine," Rosa Anstruther had told her husband, "Eric Astley is Joyce's latest! She begged me to ask him. Think of Eric still philandering!")

And David had actually replied: "Why haven't we had him meet Mary?"

David was a dear, but so stupid that way. Eric, who had been quicksilver for fifteen years to the prettiest girls in town!

"Just the kind to marry a nice sensible girl like Mary," David had replied serenely.

(Absurd, of course.)

Mary Lambton was chatting cheerily to Mr. and Mrs. Haydon. They found Mary "looking just the same." Mary was that sort.

Tonight, owing to a cold in the head, there was a flush around Mary's nose and a dimness to her eyes. But she was resolutely cheery, in a nervous little manner.

Other guests having arrived, David Anstruther was bringing to Mary a Dr. Churchill. Of the back of Mary's head, the latter had exclaimed: "What gorgeous red hair!"

Dr. Churchill had keen grey eyes and a profile like Mr. Punch. His forehead ran up at the corners and his mouth down—each only a very little. He had a fact mind and the idea that he didn't want to marry.

As David presented him, Dr. Churchill's cold grey eyes flashed to Mary's hair. The pink nose and watery eyes didn't bother him a bit. (Poor girl, cold in the head, but what gorgeous red hair.)

David picked up the cross-legged turbaned image.

"Let me present Krisnu. He comes from the far East, and he grants wishes."

Mary smiled brightly—at the image.

"But," warned David, "he always attaches a condition to his favors."

As the doctor picked up the tiny idol, David effaced himself.

"What rummy eyes the beggar has," remarked Dr. Churchill.

"Yes, queer, aren't they?"

Mary smiled vaguely. Her voice was gaily colorless.

"Let's try him out!"

Mary's smile was mechanical. She had no faith in idols.

"What would *you* wish?" (Banter and challenge.)

"Oh, rubbish," laughed Mary.

Looking at her red hair, he tried again—valiantly.

"I've always had one wish—to be loved by a red-haired girl."

Mary's eyes met his, with deadly commonsense.

"I don't see what the color of hair has to do with liking people."

To which on second thoughts Dr. Churchill apparently agreed, for a moment later he was asking Joyce Kydd to dance.

Couple after couple wandered off to the ballroom. Mary was left alone with David Anstruther. Mary was blowing her nose with metronomic regularity.

"Mary, what are you doing for that dreadful cold?"

"Nonsense," cheerily, between blows.

"Take a whisky?"

"Certainly not, David. It's only a cold in the head."

David pressed. "Let's ask Churchill whether a little drink wouldn't help."

Perhaps David was thinking of the beautiful lamp that needed lighting.

Mary looked alarmed.
"Oh, please! Dr. Churchill was either silly or impertinent—talked about wanting to be 'loved by a red-haired girl!'"

"Good for Church! And what did you say, Mary?"
"Oh, I was perfectly sensible."

David Anstruther groaned.

"Mary, stop being sensible!"

Yet when Eric Astley asked Mary for the next dance, she was still sensible. Sensible enough to know that Rhoda Anstruther must have told him to ask her. But Mary felt more at ease with the bored formality of Astley than with embarrassing comments on love and red hair. She need not fear that he was laughing at her. Mary thought Eric Astley entirely charming. Very soon he left her for Joyce Kydd.

For Joyce Kydd the evening was a success. For Mary Lambton it was a cold in the head.

The Anstruthers had done their best, but several dances were half through while Mary stood in the library, gazing at the image of Krisnu, who granted wishes.

At last the guests were departing.

Mrs. Anstruther refused to let Mary drive back to town with such a heavy cold.

"I simply won't hear of it, Mary. I have telephoned your mother that you are remaining. I am going to tuck you up in the blankets before this fire. It's the warmest spot in the house. We'll pull the chesterfield up to the fire, and here you stay. David will mix you a hot toddy, and tomorrow, if you are better, you can go home."

THE house was quiet. Mary Lambton, warmed by a stiff whisky a woollen kimona, and blankets, lay on the chesterfield before the fire. The blazing logs lit up the tiny turbaned idol, sitting cross-legged on the desk.

Mary's mother was a conservative English lady, who, at eighteen, had married her first suitor, an American interested in the making of money. Mary's mother had guarded carefully her only daughter. And Mary had believed the things her mother had told her.

Krisnu, who granted wishes!
"Please, Krisnu, grant me a wish!"

A log cracked sharply, showering sparks. Mary jumped. But neither sharp crack nor shower of sparks had made sensible Mary jump.

She clutched her hands; her brown eyes started from their sockets. The fire was not smoking, yet a veil floated between Mary and the turbaned image sitting cross-legged on the desk.

Through that grey veil Mary Lambton saw Krisnu, who granted wishes. *He was growing larger!*

The paralysis of nightmare held her.

The veil cleared. Calmly the figure on the desk dropped a life-size leg to the carpet, and an elderly gentleman with a turban stood smiling before Mary Lambton.

With a deep bow, he inquired courteously:
"Miss Lambton?"

Under his nice, reassuring eyes Mary's gasp turned into a shy smile.

He seated himself opposite her, crossed his legs comfortably, and asked in friendly, matter-of-fact tones:

"Well, my dear young lady, what is it?"

"You grant wishes?" Mary's voice was weak.

He was such a nice old gentleman, the sort of old gentleman in whom a girl could confide.

He bowed.

"What is the trouble?"

"I—I am thirty-two years old."

He nodded encouragingly.

"A nice sensible age."

"It isn't a nice age. It's a—horrible age! You have never been a woman."

His smile was kindly.

"That is true. But many women have confided in

me. Yet never before such a nice sensible girl like you."

"Is it really true—that you grant wishes?"

Again he bowed.

"Within limits. Everything has its price. So, everything can be arranged."

"Give me," Mary blushed, and lowered her eyes, "the power to attract men!"

The nice old gentleman sobered. He shook his head gravely.

"Ah, my dear young lady! My dear young lady! You ask a terrible gift. It is a dangerous weapon to put into the hands of a young woman. It has brought great misery to the world. Cleopatra, Circe, Salome—do you think that they brought or found happiness?"

Mary was silent. So he would not grant her wish.

The kind old eyes studied her.

"You are a good girl. You do not want to hurt anyone. Perhaps it can be arranged. We will make a little condition."

Mary remembered her barren past.

"Any condition!" she cried.

"We will give you this power I can read your heart. It is kind. You merely want love, a husband, a home, little children. It is a natural and good wish."

As in a dream Mary heard him talking on, simply and kindly.



"I've always had one wish—to be loved by a red haired girl."

"Tonight you will sleep well. Release will come to you. That is all you need."

"You don't understand! I am thirty-two. And no man has ever fallen the least bit in love with me. I—I am not attractive!"

"Every woman is attractive. Unless she is repressed. I will release the power that is in you. Confidence. Confidence will come to you. Confidence and wisdom. They are the power."

Could it be true?

"And the condition?"

"Merely that you do not abuse the power. Few women who realized that they had it have refrained from abusing it. So, to safeguard my own sex and yourself, we will make a little condition. *The power will leave you after your first proposal of marriage.*"

THE house-party begins today, doesn't it? Is that Joyce Kidd invited? Mrs. Haydon's crisp tones held quiet amusement.

Mrs. Anstruther nodded.

"And who are the others?"

"The men will be Peter Miller, Eric Astley and Dr. Churchill."

"And the girls? Poor Mary Lambton, I suppose. And who else?"

"Harriet Day. You remember Harriet?"

"Yes. She used to be a terrible flirt. Why is she still Harriet Day?"

"Because she used to be a terrible flirt. She is

where Joyce Kydd will be ten years from now, if she isn't careful."

"I suppose Mary can amuse herself with the radio."

A motor horn sounded in the roadway. Mrs. Anstruther rose.

"Here they are. Harriet is motoring them all down in her big Minerva."

In they came; youth, confidence, gaiety. Joyce Kydd first, followed by Harriet Day—one who was making and one who had made history in their little set.

Behind them was Mary Lambton.

Mary's cold was gone. Her nose was no longer pink, but her cheeks glowed. Her small hat was crushed to an angle of rakish assurance. She was smiling through her eye-lashes at Eric Astley, as Dr. Churchill stooped to unbuckle her overshoes.

Peter Miller's eyes were no longer fixed on Joyce Kydd.

Kicking off her loosened overshoes, Mary ran forward and kissed her hostess warmly.

"We've had a glorious drive!" she cried.

"I was frozen to death," snapped Joyce, as David Anstruther helped remove her coat.

Rhoda Anstruther gazed at Mary Lambton. Mary had always been so Spartanly cheerful. This was different. This was happiness. And—confidence!

Tossing aside the little hat, Mary patted her red hair with frank vanity and smiled impishly at Dr. Churchill.

"Have you had your wish yet?" Her voice was provocative defiance.

His grey eyes stared at her puzzledly.

"You certainly had a rotten cold, Miss Lambton."

Mary laughed softly.

As tea was brought in, Mary sank luxuriously on to the chesterfield, did not fuss over her skirts, and smiled radiantly.

All her flags were flying to the wind of life, and both of the older men trimmed their sails to the breeze. Churchill and Astley seated themselves by her, frankly males.

And Mary said to Peter Miller, who was lingering as he handed her tea:

"Now, Peter, I monopolized you shamelessly all the way now. Run and talk to Joyce, who is ten years younger and ten years prettier than I am."

"Do you think you are talking to a freshman?" Peter retorted sulkily.

"Just look at Mary Lambton!" whispered Mrs. Haydon over the tea-table to her hostess. "Why, she's—stunning!"

Harriet Day joined the two married women.

"What's come over our perennial spinster?" she jeered, with a glance toward Mary, who was openly flirting with two men at once.

Rhoda Anstruther met cattiness with cattiness.

"Perhaps she has beginner's luck. In some arts practice makes stale, not perfect."

But Joyce Kydd did not take Mary Lambton seriously. Twenty does not believe in the charms of thirty-two. To Joyce, Mary was merely desperate and a little pathetic. Fancy the poor thing flirting with that infant Peter!

Of course Peter was jealous of her, Joyce's interest in Eric Astley. Poor dear, his transparent efforts to reply in kind were hampered by the only other girls being Harriet and Mary. Both such old things!

Harriet, however, would have been a better shot. For Harriet, they said *had* been attractive. That must have been when she, Joyce, was in the cradle.

Joyce either did not know, or forgot, that Peter was impressionable as putty, that there is nothing easier than to pick up masculine hearts "on the rebound," and that for a boy there is no lure like that of a woman of thirty.

So much for Joyce's concern over Mary Lambton's flirting with Peter. As to that Dr. Churchill man, why Joyce could twist him around her little finger—if she cared to try. But then he, poor thing, was old too. Not fascinatingly experienced like Eric Astley, just stodgy old.

As to Eric Astley—let Mary Lambton try!

Still it was about time she cut in.

Joyce knew that Mary did not Charleston. So Joyce put a record on the gramophone, strolled over to Astley, and extended her hands in gracious invitation.

Continued on page 89

Illustrated by
Phil Surrey



'Sounds as though you were in love' suggested the Englishman shrewdly, as he proceeded to drain his tea cup.

Norman Blood

A Canadian Stumbles on the Meaning of the Term "Cricket"

By E. G. Bayne

THE British Museum stands in the heart of a populous district that at one time represented at least a portion of London's *haute monde*. It is flanked by Bloomsbury Street—so dear to the world of Thackeray—and New Oxford Street winds along in the foreground; with, further on, Shaftesbury Avenue and the rush and clatter of Holborn Street. But this is no longer a region dedicated to the leisurely life of mid-Victorian squires and their ladies and where once a carriage-and-pair ambled sedately over the cobbles and demure young women took a discreet airing in bonnets and shawls there is now only the commonplace sight of modern traffic speeding along on asphalt and the dim old houses that a century ago were pretentious homes seem to have given up the struggle to compete with a fast age and apparently have retired into themselves to brood upon their memories.

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of Captain Don Fraser as he stepped out of the Museum, where he had been taking notes on the early history of flying, and looked about him for a taxicab. He hailed one and asked to be driven to an address in Mayfair, and as he was whirled along he smiled as he reflected upon the surprise that a visit to earth and to London would occasion "those old-timers." A brash young Canadian, signally honored by having been invited to England to engage in test-flying manoeuvres, his imagination could scarcely vision a world in which motor cars, airplanes, radio, and the other manifestations of our speed-mad era had no place. While candidly admitting, as a good many visitors do, that he "didn't understand the English," he knew that he should never forget the thrill that ran through his whole being when the great city, the impregnable heart of the empire, had burst upon his sight. It had been overwhelming—nothing less.

THE British nobility, one gathers, doesn't invariably sleep late, yet for once in a way Sir Herbert Amesbury had indulged in what was once the traditional practice. He sat up in bed and yawned, as his

manservant drew the heavy blinds, then yawned again as he took from that functionary the tray containing his breakfast and the morning mail. As he proceeded leisurely to shake out the napkin there came the sound of knocking from below.

"Boggs! I say, Boggs!" Sir Herbert called after his valet, who had disappeared into the dressing-room, with his whisk, to brush and lay out his young master's clothes.

"Yes sir?" queried Boggs, putting his head in at the door.

"Go and see who it is that's making such a deuce of a row downstairs. They'll have the door beaten in presently."

Boggs glided noiselessly from the room, muttering to himself maledictions anent Cantle the butler, whose duty this business of door-opening was, since the footman had been dismissed for the summer. A moment or two later he was back again.

"It's Captain Fraser, sir," he announced.

"What ho! Fraser, eh?" Amesbury's sleepy countenance brightened. "Send him right up, Boggs. I was afraid it was one of those dashed reporters again."

The door of the bedchamber opened to admit the tall form of the Canadian flier, his friend Don Fraser, whom he hadn't seen in weeks. Their greeting was mutually exuberant. "What's the matter? Sick?"

"No, just sleepy. Didn't get to bed till daylight," confessed Amesbury. "Sit down like a good chap. Had breakfast?"

"What do you think I am?" retorted the other. "It's eleven o'clock. I was up at seven and walking in the park till well past nine, I guess. Think of lying abed and June abroad outside your

windows with all that wonder of roses, bird-songs, dew-drenched grass, and—and—" he broke off with a shrug of despair at his paucity of suitable terms.

"Sounds as though you were in love," suggested the Englishman, shrewdly, as he proceeded to drain his tea-cup.

A faint flush rose to the bronzed cheek of the Canadian. He had dropped into a chair but now rose abruptly and began to walk about the room, restlessly.

"Listen, bo," he said, coming to a stop finally at the foot of the bed. "You've hit it."

"Eh?" said Amesbury, who paused in the act of opening a letter with his grape-fruit knife to glance up curiously.

"She sure has knocked me for a row of pylons. She's got my flipper-wire all jammed. I'm liable to take a tail-spin any old

time. Either I'll have to zoom rapidly out of the danger-area, or—you've got to come to my rescue with a knock-down."

"I presume you speak figuratively," said Amesbury, "but what on earth are you talking about? *She*, you say? Who is she? Not that French girl again?"

"French nothing. That was only an interlude—a pastime. *This*," stated Don, impressively, "is—well, something entirely different."

"I see," remarked Amesbury, who didn't see at all. "When did you meet this newest—er—interest in life?"

"I didn't—yet. That's what I came to see you about," admitted Don. He threw himself into the chair again.

"Oh, yes, and by the way, were you trying to break down the door of Oakham Place?" Amesbury demanded.

"Well, your bell seemed to be out of commission. Sorry. Maybe I did make a kind of a racket."

"No maybe about it."

"I had to see you," Don said, in defence.

"And now that you have, what can I do about it?"

"A lot, if you only will. I've discovered that she patronizes the same tea-room we used to. You remember the little place where we used to go—it's quite near the park—when we were on leave?"

Continued on page 87



"You mean . . . that Amesbury was the ace who went over for those treaty papers!"

Old Stuff By Marion Isabel Angus

Illustrated by Howard James Evans

"OF COURSE, I knows Ted Beatty is married," I answered, disgusted-like, when Jen Grey breezes in the other day with the news that my sweetie has been and gone and went and done the mad act. "Ain't I the nit-wit what's responsible?"

"Why, Peggy," smiles Jen, pretending she's intelligent, "I thought yuh was sweet on Ted yourself!"

"Sweet on him," I says scornful, "I'll say I was and I thought I had that boy where I wanted him. Yet a dumb-dora like Ariel Lake comes on the scene and I gets let up so fast that I meets myself coming back."

"Tell us about it, 'Peg'," says Jen, soothing-like, "spill the beans to mamma and yuh'll feel lika new man."

"New man," I laughs bitter, "Say, I'm offa men for life."

"Not yuh, if I knows anything," comes back Jen, wiser than she knows. But—come on—shoot the works."

"Well," says I, not reluctant to get it outa my system, "Yuh know I've been going with that egg over two years? Say, I knows him like a book, in fact. Course I knows he's kinda susceptible, where the blondes are, and that he falls often and hard but short, but as he always comes back to me smiling I don't care much. I just thinks, 'Wait till we gets married, I'll sure cure your love for the blondes', and lets it go at that. Yuh know, Jen, when I was about sixteen I read about in ancient days they's a law that says that any females what uses false wigs, cosmetics, or other false pretences to allure a man to matrimony, is liable to be sentenced to the stocks. I thinks it over and decides as how unfair it is the way wimmen gets men to propose. I'd watched my sister Rosie leading her beaus around and being sweet as pie when they were around and one little hell-cat when they wasn't, so I makes up my mind that no man will ever be able to say he married me because he thought I was one thing and then later he find out I was the other. Well, when I meets Ted I falls sure, but I don't try none of that baby-doll stuff on him. Not much pals it is from the beginning and pals we stays till that pink-faced Ariel comes along. I often invites him up to the suite, but often as not I don't fix up. Always neat I was but no front window dressing for me just to catch him, when he ain't awake. Play the game always, that's me. Ted likes hiking and we always goes out to the country on week-ends. I always carries my share of the grub. No clinging vine stuff for me, I thinks like the false alarm that I am. Nowadays men wants a real helpmeet—yeh! my eye they do!—and I encourages Ted to be economical and save and invest wisely, always yuh see, planning ahead for the little love-nest we would share."

"Poor Peg," says Jen, understanding-like, "we wimmen is all the same. The same old dreams and love-hunger no matter how modern we pretends to be."

"One day I gets a letter from my cousin, Ariel

Lake. Could she come and stay with me a while as she's been ill and the doctor says she must have a change. Big-hearted me wires 'sure' and plans to stage a good party the night she arrives to give the poor little innocent the time of her life because she's always lived in the backwoods and never seen real life like we gets it here. She puts in an appearance and I gotta admit she's pretty—"

"If yuh like 'em that way," puts in Jen, *sorta voce*, for which I thanks her in my heart though I don't say it.

"All that night Ted devotes himself to me," I goes

Have you ever noticed how Ted smiles, Jen? It sorta thrills yuh and makes yuh feel kinda squirmy around the heart—"

"Aw, be your age, kid," advises Jen, breaking into my spiel but that girl never has much sentiment to her nohow. If yuh tries to tell her that Christmas makes yuh feel kinda weepy, and brings thoughts of home and mother and when yuh was a little girl kneeling beside the bed in your little white flannelette nightie, she'd butt in and say, 'Who cares? Don't we wear peach crepe-de-chine now?' But that's Jen all over. Kinda cynic. She ain't ever got over that guy that was lost trying to fly the Atlantic or Pacific or somewhere. Yet she's a good kid and generous, mind you, and a wow at a party. I'll say, but she never lets none of the boys go too far and she could be dated every night if she wanted to. But, say, if I was starving that girl would give me her B.V.D.'s. Big-hearted, if you get my drift.

"Well," says I going on, "I'm wise to all that guy's reashions. Ain't I learned all about psychology from that Prof. I trotted around before Ted did a John Gilbert into my young life? I sees he's fallen for that baby-doll stuff again but I'm not scared. No, sir! I just breezes up and says, 'Ted we gotta show my young cousin a swell time while she's in town. She ain't never really seen life so it's up to us to show her the bright lights.' Ted is still in the middla that bad dream, but he rallies and says, 'O.K., sweetness, I'll get three tickets for the theatre tomorrow night.' 'Be yourself, big boy,' I kids him, 'Make it four. Get Ariel a nice, snappy sheik to play around with while she's in town.' He smiles sickly-like and says, 'I don't think I know anyone who would appeal to Ariel.' Get that? I knows he is sunk, then, and would marry her, though probably he didn't even dream of it."

"Why didn't yuh do your stuff, kid?" asks Jen. "It was sure up to yuh, and yuh know yuh could 'do it.'"

"Do my stuff!" I retorts, "before I gets over the

shock, Miss Ariel pipes up sweet and confiding, 'Why yuh appeal to me, Ted.'"

"Oh, forevermore! Old stuff!" groans Jen, "And he fell for that?"

"Old stuff it was," I answers. "Don't I know it? And he fell like a ton of spuds."

"And I thought Ted was up-to-date," murmurs Jen. "It shows yuh may know your onions but yuh never knows your man. Ted seemed a sensible duck, though he fell for the stray skirt from time to time. Still he always comes back so I sure thought yuh knew your stuff."

"Didn't I?" I comes back sharp, "To think that I went without shows and candies to provide Ariel with a solitaire. Pretty soft for some people, I'll say. To think of all the unattached men in town and that cat had to pick mine: I—I—I—"

"Chew nails," advises Jen off-hand, but I don't bear no malice. The kid means well and I knows she's a true friend if ever they's one.

Continued on page 48



"To think that I went without shows and candies to provide Ariel with a solitaire!"

on, "because he is getting over that Betty affair. I tries to see everybody has a good time, because I like to see everybody happy. I had asked Dick for Ariel but notice they don't seem to hit it off. Say, Jen, didja see the crush that Meharey boy had on me? I thought he would never let up. They say he's a swell spender and look at his clothes. Class, eh?"

"Yes," says Jen, "but how come Ariel gets Ted? That's what I craves to know. I thought he didn't even know she was among those present the way he rushed yuh."

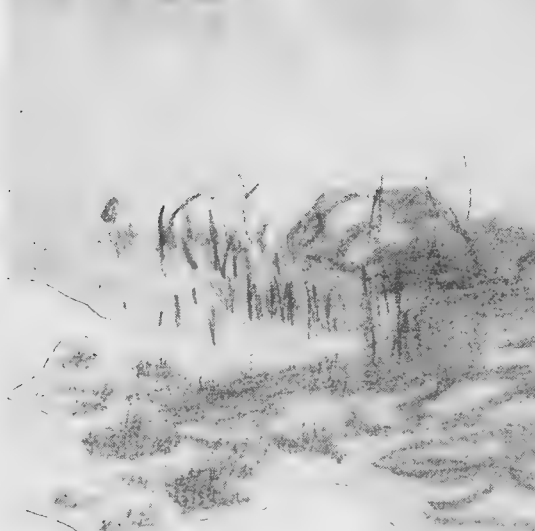
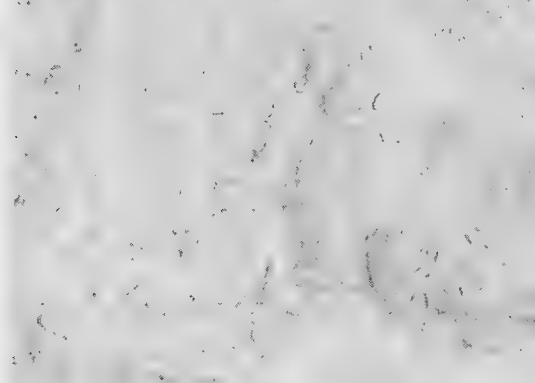
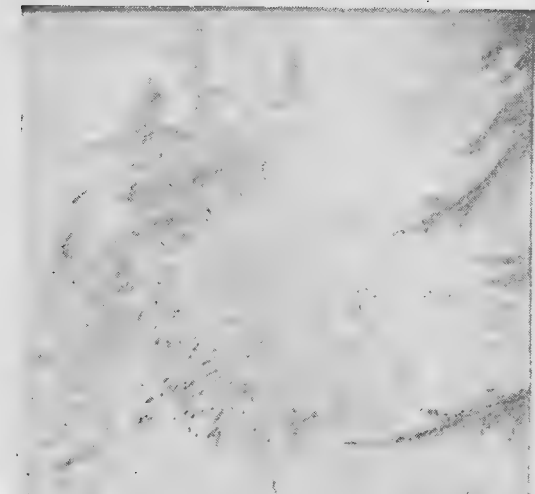
"He didn't till—well—the gang was spilling their farewells, and he starts to put on his coat. I never helps him with his coat—not me—and he never helps me, but suddenly I sees Ariel slide up to him and coo, 'May I help you with your coat, Mr. Beatty?' For a moment he don't get her, and then a funny look comes on his face. I'll swear its the first sweet time he really looked at her that night. He looks just like a man in a dream and he smiles at her.

September Three

A Tale of the North-Ontario Woods

By Bev. Struan

Illustrated by Kathrine Allen



"Jane Sprott, my dear, reading your book over there, are you reading of the 'shining palace, built upon the sands?' I am dreaming of one."

"WOMAN"! said I in response to Jane Sprott's ridiculous suggestion, "Woman! why, in the name of common sense, and of Samuel Pepys, and all his kind; why should I write a diary?"

"Don't argue! Just do it!" replied Jane.

I disregarded her interruption. "I," I continued, "whose uneventful days are unique, only by virtue of their similarity! Each day, the entry would be: 'Arose at dawn, and, through the day, gathered driftwood from the river bank, hobbled up the hill to build with it bright fires; and cooked simple meals; thought simple thoughts; and so—to bed!'"

"If," said Jane, "if you consider our 'Adventures in Contentment,' (we have been reading Grayson) as unworthy of record, you may build your diary on the 'simple thoughts' to which you refer. It will be a pleasant exercise, and will develop your mental muscles." She spoke earnestly, but with a chuckle lurking in the corners of her lips. "Are you aware of the fact, Mr. Warburton, that you are, mentally, nothing more nor less than a disgraceful, if cheerful, loafer?"

Jane warmed to her subject. "You are so fearful that an idea will compel action that you put it from you, the minute that you recognize it as such. My friend, I've seen you do exactly the same thing with a piece of driftwood on the river-bank, which you think you will not be able to carry without a struggle up the hill to your fire. You give it a rude shove, which carries it out into the stream, and you watch it float away with the current, and you chuckle: 'That

won't clutter up my bank any more, or bother me with the suggestion that I might use it if I half-tried'—"

"If you will forgive my saying so," I politely suggested, "you are wandering from your subject, Miss Sprott. You were telling me that I should keep a diary—"

"Wandering? Not at all! You deliberately refuse to see the connection, which is this: that if you would put your back into carrying that big piece of driftwood up the hill to your fire, or put your brain to work to carrying that idea to a definite conclusion—an illuminating flame might result in either case."

"Expressed with true artistry," I murmured.

"I think so, too. But—as I was saying, I suggest that, if only to cure yourself of the lazy mental habits which I deplore, you keep a diary in which you will store away your hitherto discarded or disregarded mental problems. I have an idea that, if you go so far, you will go farther; will set yourself to the working out of those problems, and find the solution of a number of things which vaguely puzzle you. You will find it a more interesting game than your everlasting solitaire!"

"Do you really wish me to do this thing?" I asked her, earnestly—seriously.

Jane threw back her head and laughed aloud. "Have a whack at it, old chap! I think you'll get a whale of a lot of fun out of it!" So—

Here I am. Jane, like the immortal "Bunty," "has a managing way wi' her," and I, being much man-

aged, am (in one respect only, alas), like unto her young man: "I glory in my shame!"

Yes, here I am, eight-or-so miles down the river from home, sprawled on pine-needles in the shadow of that giant fir. All morning Jane has paddled me, and then we landed just here above the "chutes," in what seems to me today to be the most beautiful spot in all North Ontario. I built a fire, and Jane cooked the grub—bacon and beans and coffee—great stuff!—and, having fed the inner man and woman, we are resting awhile before the return trip. At least, Jane is resting; she is reading Edna St. Vincent Millay, and has flatly refused to read aloud to me as she often does. Instead, she has fished out of the picnic basket a "scribbler," evidently a purchase from the village store, and three freshly-sharpened pencils—this act the climax to the above brief but pungent conversation.

It was about ten minutes ago that she handed me the things. "Now—make yourself comfortable, and begin!" In her neat hand she wrote: "Sept. 3" at the head of the page, and turned to leave me.

"Now, look here, Miss Sprott," I said, if you think—

"I don't think anything of the sort, Mr. Warburton," she replied, reading my thoughts like the page



of a book. "That's quite understood. I not only prefer not to see what you write, but I don't even care to have you discuss it with me. Now—go to it, Mr. Pepys—spressify yourself to your heart's content. For me—I'm going to float awhile over in that little bay in the canoe, and read. Call me when you have dulled those three sharp pencils."

I see her now across the little river, her canoe tied to an overhanging branch of a silver birch. Through the leaves, the sunshine touches her uncovered hair, making it like burnished silver. She's prematurely white, is Jane; she's only thirty-eight, and her lovely hair is as white as the tender bark of that same silver birch above her.

What shall I scribble in this confounded "scribbler," anyway? I have just shouted across the river: "I'm stuck, Miss Sprott! What'll I write about?" Her reply is to the point: "Dull those pencils! Write anything! Write something! Write the story of your life for a start, but write something!" Her voice is carried over the water in all its musical sweetness, but emphatic and unrelenting, just the same! Very well then—

I—even I, who write this diary, am a crabbed and solitary old bachelor; crabbed through the accident of temperament, and solitary both by choice and by force of circumstances. I am possessed of considerably more than sufficient means to satisfy my extremely modest needs and wishes. I am also the proprietor of a country estate in North Ontario. This estate consists of some three acres of hillside, which is composed, chiefly, of huge grey rocks, out of the interstices of which grow foolish fir-trees—pine, and spruce, and cedar. Their fellows in the valley below have grown, through the centuries, to mighty proportions, in beautiful symmetry, but my firs are one-sided, and crooked of trunk, and angular—and generally queer. I have a great fellow-feeling for my fir-trees. They seem to be possessed of an illimitable tenacity in clinging to their rocky home.

MY NAME is Geoffrey Warburton, which fact irritates me somewhat. I feel that, whether the individual named be man or dog, a name should be chosen with great care, to express the individual's personality and individuality. I, personally, have suffered in my inmost soul, through my parents' disregard of this obvious truth. My name—Geoffrey Warburton—is, I feel, fitted to express the youth and beauty of a cinema sheik or of a cathedral curate.

Geoffrey Warburton—and I think that I may say, with no fear of contradiction from enemy or friend, that, neither in form nor feature am I beautiful, and I am forty-five. Of course, I was not forty-five when I came into the world a Warburton, nor yet when I was christened Geoffrey. Jane Sprott, in this connection has suggested that I may have been a pretty baby, but I have it on the authority of my old nurse—God rest her soul!—that I came into the world "the livin' picter of a old octogenarian!"

No—I have never been pretty, nor, I think, really young, as most small boys and young men understand and realize youth. I have been told that my mother was very young, but have no memories of her, and my father, who died when I was nine, is only a memory of weary invalidism to me, an old, disappointed man at forty, heir to a successful manufacturing business which he entered in his youth, relinquishing his desire to be an artist to meet the wishes of his father. I have some rather fine oils which he painted when he was scarcely more than a boy.

I was brought up by my grandfather and his old housekeeper, who had been my nurse. As I remember them, they were so ancient that the years in which I was in their care must have been just a period of waiting for the short, swift journey to that land where a faintly-remembered youth awaited their coming, for its resurrection.

Anyway, I wish that my name were not Geoffrey Warburton, for it is incongruous, and I like not incongruities. Geoffrey Warburton? Not good enough! Or perhaps, I should say, "too good—too grandiloquent"—for a chap with a game leg and an empty sleeve. But, understand it—it's what my name is that annoys me—not what I am. I'm not grousing about what those few months of nineteen-fourteen did to me. The experience was worth it all. I learned the meaning of comradeship in the ranks, and an arm and a game leg was a small price to pay for that. The war did a lot for the shy man who had never learned to seek or to grasp friendship; he was hurled into friendships in the enforced comradeship of the trenches. He discovered the bigness of his fellow-man, which is a wonderful discovery in the life of a lonely chap, too confoundedly sensitive, heretofore, to extend the right hand of fellowship to his fellows: even to recognize as such, the gesture of a friendly hand.

They have gone out of my life—those chaps—most of them "gone West," bearing their youth and their high courage in their hands—a worthy oblation to lay at the throne of their Maker—but I have never been so lonely since.

Loneliness—it's a queer thing; a self-conscious sensitiveness which makes a little boy or a man hide himself. I don't mean that he hides his physical being, but his mind, and, perhaps, his soul. I don't think that it's the lonely one's fault, as a rule. I mean, it's not always selfishness. He's probably so situated that he has nothing to offer which his particular world considers of value—nothing in the way of ideas and ideals. He learns this very young—when he recog-

benediction. It's something which transcends the human, and the lonely chap is sensitively-human.

With one exception, the greatest miracle, I believe, which can be performed for human happiness is that of friendship between man and man—friendship with a community of interests—such as I experienced in war-time. The exception of which I speak is friendship between man and woman. It is the miracle before which a chap stands bare-headed—that amazing and loving understanding which exists when a man and a woman may walk and talk together under clear skies, with never a pause born of the fear of being misunderstood, or of being a bore. It is so big a thing that no emotion so petty as pity can be a part of it. Thank God for that! My friend does not pity me.

That is one reason that I can say in all sincerity that the greatest experience of my life has been and is my friendship with Jane Sprott; yes, greater even than those few months in France (before I was knocked out), with my fellow-men, as man to man. Jane's attitude to me is something transcending even that—the relation of human soul to human soul. It is obvious, of course, that my sex is immaterial to Jane. Yet our relationship, while ideal from her point of view; is perfect, without being utterly-ideal, from mine. What I'm trying to get at is this: that whereas I love Jane as a human soul, with a great and grateful admiration, I love her as a woman with a reverential wonder which, were I a whole man, and she less beloved, might cause me, some day, to experiment a bit, and find out if there's more to her than a fine mind, a glorious, Nature-loving sexless soul, and a governing sense of humor!

But I am only half-a-man, and she is so greatly beloved that I cannot jeopardize the very existence of our friendship by striking an attitude which even her sense of humor could not condone or—worse still—which her sense of humor might adjudge deliciously absurd.

Does Nature mate a silver birch with a crooked, all-aslant pine that clings to a rocky hillside? Nature like myself, abhors incongruities. I am a child of Nature and—may Mother Nature give me strength to follow her precept and example!

How comes it that Jane and I are such good comrades? That is a problem which floats away with the current, as Jane would put it, whenever I catch a glimpse of it. Is that one of the problems which she would have me laboriously solve, I wonder? Would the solution be "illuminating," as she says? What nonsense! Of course not. Nothing was farther from her thoughts. As I have said, Jane Sprott's relation to me is that of human soul to human soul, and she has never guessed that mine to her is less-perfect, if more complete!

It was, however, a community of interests which made us talk together when we first met and were formally introduced by the postmaster in the little village post-office. "You two veterans had oughta git together and compare notes, in a manner o' speakin'," he said in his friendly way. "Miss Sprott is boardin' up to Johnsons for a spell."

So this lovely, slender lady with the snow-white hair and the young, whimsical smile, had seen overseas service? It seemed hardly possible. She must have been a nurse, of course, and no doubt the tragedy of it all; the soul-searing scenes of pain and the untold horrors must have turned her hair to silver. I remember looking again at the lovely hair and her answer to my unspoken thought: "Not a bit of it! I had a glorious time! All the Sprott women find 'silver threads among the gold' before they're out of their 'teens'!"

Yes, Jane was a nurse in France. She has since admitted that, although she gloried in the work, it lasted a bit too long for the good of her health. She was pretty well knocked "galley-west" physically by the time it was all over. Unfortunately, Jane Sprott hadn't independent means so that she might take the year's rest which the doctors advised, after the armistice. She had to carry on, and it has taken her ten years to save enough to come away to this North country for a full year's rest from her labors. Ten years—for she had an impecunious old aunt without any "visible means of support" save hard-working

Continued on page 91



That amazing and loving understanding which exists when a man and a woman may walk and talk together under clear skies, with never a pause born of the fear of being misunderstood, or of being a bore.

nizes the fact that people accept his ideas and ideals as queer, or disregard them altogether. He learns, when he's still a school-boy, to pause and consider a minute before he offers his thoughts; he realizes that he's in danger of becoming a bore—but he's lonely—dashed lonely. There are times when he's so desolately lonely that he's fairly bewildered over it all. The first true comradeship that comes his way assumes the proportions of a miraculous adventure. Sometimes he's a man before that miracle comes.

Even for such a man, however, there is joy in life—in the inspiring friendship of books—but that's all take and no give, and a normal chap wants to give something to his friends. There's the friendship of Nature, too, but that, too, is acceptance as of a Divine



A TUFT OF

By Robert Watson

Illustrated by



Suddenly Jean Protheroe flashed round on us. Her face was pale, but her eyes

"I GUESS we'll stop for the night at Dave Protheroe's place over there at Nelson's point" bellowed Corporal McGregor to me as we struggled along in the teeth of the blizzard that had bucked us every inch of the way since we left headquarters three weeks before.

The going was soft as mush and our dogs were whimpering in self-pity as they strained and tugged. We had had to break trail most of the journey, lifting pounds of snow on our snowshoes at every step. It certainly was brutal going and our tempers were none of the best.

"Any port in a storm," I shouted back at him, "for I'm all in and ready to lie down in my tracks." I was new to the ways of the North and not the hardened sourdough I became later. I had been only a few months in the service and this was my first patrol duty in the North West Territories.

Corporal Bob McGregor was my guide, philosopher and friend for the trip and I could not have wished to be in better hands, for what I didn't know of the Canadian Northlands Bob knew outside in and back-foremost.

As we neared the log cabin, we slackened our pace, then stopped a moment for a breather.

"Not a bad joint either for a square meal and a night's sleep," continued Bob. "Dave Protheroe and his wife, and a younger man named Slim Drew, lived there together last time I was round. Yes—there was also a kid, I remember. It is nearly four years since I was this way, but it seems to me there was something queer about the whole caboose.

I took Protheroe in with me then as chief witness in the Pete Mullen fur steal. What Dave said got old Pete five years, but that crafty old son-of-a-gun Pete got out early on ticket-of-leave. I believe he is back trapping on his old stand up the lake.

"Protheroe is a taciturn, gruff sort of a devil, but he sure got the pick of the basket when he got that half-bred wife of his. She was the only daughter of old man Couborough, the greatest trapper this country ever knew. He sent her south to be educated when she was just a kid, and she acquired all the city frills and a whole lot more than any city could ever give her. After her schooling, she came back into the bush and shortly before Couborough died, she fell for Dave Protheroe. God only knows why—but there you are!

"Gee—but she's a pippin; a swell looker, with a figure that would cause a Follies dancer to choke with envy; keen as mustard, too. Of course, she may have changed by this time, for four years can play merry hell with an Indian woman's figure."

The barking of our dogs brought a man to the door of the cabin, as we drove alongside. Behind this man there peered out at us two youngsters, one about seven years old, a girl, black-haired and dark-eyed; the other perhaps three or four, a dreamy-eyed boy with a mop of flaxen hair—a strange contrast indeed.

The man who came out to meet us was tall and handsome, not more than thirty years of age, fair complexioned, with cold blue eyes. He slouched lazily, had a pipe in his mouth and his hands deep in his pockets. He kept them there as he closed the door on the youngsters with his foot and leant against the

doorpost, watching us unhitch and stake the dogs without any apparent desire to lend a hand.

We shook the snow from our clothes and stamped and swung our half-frozen limbs to renew the circulation.

"You're Slim Drew," said the Corporal. "Guess maybe you don't remember me?"

"Sure I do," returned the man. "You were here during the Mullen trouble. Mullen's back; same old grouch as ever."

"So I heard," returned McGregor shortly.

Slim Drew roused himself, shook hands with us at last and became almost affable. I noticed that he possessed a certain culture and ease of bearing that seemed to fit but oddly with the life he was leading.

"We'd like you to put us up for the night, if not too much trouble," said the Corporal.

"Sure—come right in! You're just in time for supper. Dave is out on the trap-line, but we expect him in tonight."

We threw off our mackinaws and sat in to warm ourselves at the stove. We could hear Mrs. Protheroe busy preparing the supper in the kitchen. She did not trouble to come out to meet us just then.

There were three rooms in the cabin—the one we were in, with a comfortable stove and easy, wicker chairs, a book-case and more than the usual amount of feminine knick-knacks. The only bedroom was a

curtained-off compartment from the one we were in. In it I could see two beds. The kitchen was on the other side of us again. This contained a bunk in which evidently the two kiddies slept.

The cabin was the neatest of its kind, inside, that I have ever seen in the northern country and it spoke volumes for the housewife whom I was more than curious to catch a glimpse of, especially after hearing the Corporal's description of her, for I was young then, with a keen eye for the beauty of a woman, a frailty which I still possess.

We talked to Slim Drew for a bit, then the woman of the house came in.

Without ceremony, self-possessed and quite at her ease, with none of the broken talk of the half-shy, half-nervous manner of the usual half-breed women when in company of the white man, she went over and shook hands with McGregor. Next she turned to me. I had risen to greet her. She smiled and shook hands.

"New up here"? she remarked in a voice that sounded musical and soft. She smiled again, this time perhaps a little wearily.

But she quickly caught the admiration in my eyes and it seemed to please her.

She was tall, slimly built, but stoutly and firmly bosomed, with a sinuous grace in her beautifully curved limbs and slender figure that is seldom if ever

RED HAIR

Author of "High Hazard", "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon", "The Spoilers of the Valley, Etc."

John Clymer



glowed with a fierce fire. Her beautiful body became tensed as in carved marble

to be found in women of her station in the North after several years of married life and the bearing of children.

"Supper is ready," she said. "Come along into the kitchen. We won't wait for Dave; he may be late, and you men must be famished."

We followed her and sat in to the table to a wholesome meal, cleanly served.

Mrs. Protheroe was a good hostess and poured out a continuous questioning regarding the cities in the South. As she spoke she again caught me openly admiring the pale olive beauty of her neck and bared arms and the sleepy passion that drowsed in her partly-closed, almond-shaped eyes. With her jet-black hair neatly brushed back, she was a picture worthy of a much better frame than the one in which she was set.

She was friendly and very familiar with Slim Drew, and he was too with her. In fact, had I not been told that Dave Protheroe was her husband, I should have guessed that Slim was, and I would have considered them a well-assorted couple.

During the supper, the children were served at a separate little table in the far corner, and I noticed that while Mrs. Protheroe attended both with parental impartiality, Slim's preference and little kindnesses were all for the fair-haired three-year-old.

We were half way through our meal when the

fresh barking of dogs, caught up by our own, signalled the approach of the man of the house.

Mrs. Protheroe rose to meet him, as he breezed in—bulky, dark-browed and weather-beaten; a typical trapping-man of the hard north country. He shook himself as a shaggy dog would and smothered his wife in a hug, the enjoyment of which looked to me to be a bit one-sided, for she stepped out of it a little flustered and with a great show adjusting her slightly ruffled hair.

Dave Protheroe shook hands with McGregor and me, patted the two youngsters, the older of whom jumped up to greet him and was swung by him high in the air and set down again.

He drew in his chair, with a word of salutation to Slim. The latter had kept on eating and was apparently not much interested in the family scene.

The old Mullen fur trial was lived over during the supper, for it was common ground. There followed comments on the various men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the conditions of trapping in the district and the general growling that it was "all shot to pieces"; that the country was trapped out and the returns not one-quarter commensurate with the work a man put into it.

Taken all over, I sized up Dave Protheroe pretty much as Corporal McGregor had pictured him to me—taciturn, gruff, and a worker; honest and just,



no doubt, but a man who kept his own counsel.

We went into the general room and smoked and talked in a desultory, self-satisfied, after-supper way round the stove, while Slim Drew helped Jean Protheroe with the clearing of the table and the washing-up of the dishes.

Time and again we could hear her low, musical voice, in whispered conversation with Slim, and her youthful, gurgling laugh at some of his antics in there. I fancied I saw Dave Protheroe's eyes rove on several occasions in the direction of the kitchen where they were, and once or twice I detected a passing frown.

The dark-haired little girl had come in and was standing between Dave's knees, while his hand stroked her head.

As if excusing Slim Drew and in an endeavor to square the situation with us, Dave Protheroe remarked:

"Slim's been with us for nearly four years now. His folks brought me up from a kid, even before he was born, at the time when I was left an orphan only three years old. Slim got cracked up in the war; won his commission at twenty. I promised his folks in the Old Land I'd keep an eye on him if he came out. He helps with the chores, fishes a bit, and is handy about the house in the winter when I'm on the trap-line."

Finding his apologetic explanation did not seem to carry and sensing our adverse and unchanged opinion of Drew, he added a bit gruffly:

"He's too damned lazy, though, and that sort of life ain't good for nobody. By another season he jumps into the work same as I do, or he gets out."

WHEN Slim came in, naturally our low-voiced talk about him ended and for the next hour we were treated to the sight of Dave Protheroe with his dark-haired girl of seven on his knee, and Slim, fondling and caressing the fair-haired boy of three at the other side of the room from Dave, each man furtively watching the other, never addressing each other directly yet taking a share in the conversation through one or another of us, with Mrs. Protheroe, quiet yet vivacious, alert and interested, with that sleepy allure still drowsing in her eyes, presiding over the little company, knitting diligently all the time.

Finally she rose to put the children to bed in the kitchen, for the hour was already late for Norton's Point. This was taken as the signal for a general retirement. McGregor and I unrolled our blankets. We were to curl up on the floor by the stove. Dave Protheroe, with a gruff "Good-night," retired behind the curtain to the adjoining bedroom. Slim went out at the back door to bring in the morning's supply of fuel from the woodshed.

I strolled out at the front door for a breather. As I went to the rear of the cabin to have a look at the dogs, I again heard the soft, gurgling woman's laugh and the sound of good-natured remonstrances. At the entrance to the woodshed Mrs. Protheroe was being held tightly in Slim's embrace. Her own arms were about his neck and her lips were on his, so, evidently, it was no one-sided affair as the other had seemed. They broke apart as I came upon them,

Continued on page 67



Illustrated by
John Little

"I've told you, Mom, this isn't Italy. Girls don't get married at seventeen. They have a little fun first."

MARTA CELLINI saw her caller as she opened the front gate. The distance from gate to house gave ample time for the herding of the small Cellini brood into the kitchen, and the donning of an ornate crocheted boudoir cap, painstakingly fashioned by Marta years ago against this very occasion—her first caller.

Marta did not now wait for the knock for which she had been wistfully waiting since her advent in the Kootenay Valley. She opened the door at the sound of footsteps on the little porch.

"Come in, come in. It's Mrs. Deering, my new neighbor. Ya."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cellini."

The speaker's voice was kind. Her face was kind. Marta warmed to her as to a sun-touched, flower-laden breeze from the Corsican Isles.

"Ya, ya. You take the rocker. Does it suit you to sit in? The weather is good—for little seeds."

"Excellent. And for the young chickens, Mrs. Cellini. How very kind and neighborly of you to send me the mother hen with her chicks. Such a splendid family, too. Thirteen! You must be a splendid hand with your fowl!"

"Pretty good, I think. Thirteen is for us always a lucky number. I say to Poppa: 'Maybe thirteen chickens get me a neighbor at last!'"

"But there seem to be neighbors all about. Being the wife of a mining man, I have lived in places where they were very much fewer."

"People about, ya. Neighbors——" With a high Tuscan shrug and a shake of her head Mrs. Cellini completed her sentence.

"I see your children playing every day," Mrs. Deering chose a happier theme. "What a happy, healthy family you have!"

Marta Cellini's face beamed with pleasure. Of what use to have a brood with the blackest eyes, the reddest cheeks and the whitest teeth on the Kootenay Highway, if never a word of praise did a mother hear.

"You've seen my Rosie, maybe," she hazarded.

"I saw her at the sports on the Community Green last night. Anyone would notice her. She is as lovely as a flower."

"Ya, ya. Like a flower. But the trouble that girl can be to her mother! Sometimes I think I like to hide her away where no one see her."

Within Our Gates

By Evah McKowan

"Oh, I think she must have been born to give pleasure. What is the trouble?"

"The trouble is the boys."

"So one might imagine," the visitor smiled. "Is she too fond of someone, perhaps?"

"No, no. Not fond of someone. That would be all right. Rosie, she likes them all."

"There is said to be safety in numbers. But of course you may have a favorite among the candidates."

"I think no. One time I thought she would have the very best. Now I could be pleased with just someone good. Sometimes my heart is so afraid that I cannot sleep. Our men of Italy, when we see their eyes we know. Your men here so cool; the fires all underneath; we cannot tell. Rosie's Poppa have picked a man all ready for her. He is young Guiseppe Romaro. In Italy the young folks think their fathers know enough to pick a husband for them. Here they think they know *nothing*."

Mrs. Cellini finished with a despairing spread of her wide hands.

"Your daughter may settle to him in time," Mrs. Deering comforted. "It is the urge of youth to have its fling first."

"Their fling, ya. But youth will fling itself too far. Last year we have trouble and fights because a moving picture company what take a picture on the Kootenay hire our Rosie to be the girl of a French Canadian river driver. And then the men make my Rosie an offer and she want to go to California, which the priest say is like hell. She stop talking of it but I don't know does she stop thinking. But pardon. I will get you some of our wine. We make it our own."

Marta Cellini warmed to further praise of her wine.

"It is so good to find a neighbor like you! Mrs.

Pratt or Mrs. Redmond, maybe they like me, but for Rosie."

"But for Rosie!"

"Ya. They got sons. Their sons must not take around my Rosie. But they do. So. The Cellinis all bad. I am happy, Mrs. Deering, you have no son. We can——"

"But I have a son, Mrs. Cellini."

"Oh, well, he is not here. So we can——"

"He will be home from college in a fortnight. We bought the farm for occupation for him while his father looks into some gypsum claims he has in the valley."

"Oh, oh, but the bad luck that I have! Even thirteen no longer lucky for me."

"I shall certainly hope not to bring you any bad luck, when you have begun by being so very kind. You must come to visit me some afternoon soon and have tea. I have enjoyed the wine greatly."

Premonition came to Marta Cellini when the caller had gone. There was a cloud in a day that should have been all sunshine.

EIGHT years before, Ricardo Cellini had chosen his homesite on the south-facing bank of the Kootenay, knowing, by inherited intuition and experience gained as a boy in vineyards on the banks of the Arno in Tuscany, that grapes would grow and ripen there in abundance.

Twelve years before that he had adventurously set forth from his father's home to lay the foundation of his fortunes by becoming apprenticed to a Winnipeg maker of shoes. By the time he had been able to embark in a shoe business of his own, Marta, a darkly pretty Tuscan, had had a share also in his plans. And Marta had not cared for the shoe business. She had ambitions to become a landowner.

"In Canada we will not be peasants," she had told Ricardo. "And we will not make the people's shoes. We will be *mezzadria*. We will go where vines will grow and buy a place."

"But," Ricardo had objected, "to buy and plant a vineyard would take many lira. For just a little we can begin to make shoes."

"Then we will make the shoes until we can save for the vineyard. When we have done that we will go to the province where the air and mountains are like

A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

YOU'VE certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything we could write.

And when they say, "How *do* you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. *for brides only*

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap *and* plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give *extra* help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle to your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Italy. And before we go I will learn to speak English—though I hate its harshness—and I will watch what these Canadian women do and wear and eat. So when we buy our farm we will be like them. And our children, who will be Canadians, will not be ashamed of us."

Their first babe had been christened Rosa Maria. A beautiful child, she had fired her mother with ambition anew. In due time she had been paraded in the streets in a reed carriage of ornate design. With only a dim understanding of psychology, Marta had determined that her daughter should have, in the dim recesses of her mind, no recollection of being slung, Tuscany fashion, on her mother's back in a shawl. Without having heard of an inferiority complex, she had been determined that her children should not have that handicap.

Rosie had been ten, Antony six, Beppo five and the twins, Luigui and Celia two when at last, by much self-denial, the money had been gathered to buy the land round which their dreams had centred for many years.

Step by step had Marta followed Rosie into the seventh grade at school, so that she spoke and wrote a fair degree of English.

"I think," she had quite complacently told her Ricardo on their train journey into the Kootenays, "that the women in that place will think me a good and nice neighbor. And I will be so kind to them all."

But the intended kindness had found no opportunity. And the women in that place had not thought the Cellinis good or nice neighbors. They had thought, so their children told the young Cellinis, their property's value to have been damaged by the coming into their midst of the children of Italy.

True, the townspeople had put Ricardo on the Committee of the Red Cross as a representative of an allied nation. True, they had made him a member of the Co-operative Marketers Executive. True, the neighbors, and even the Government horticulturist, listened with respectful attention when Ricardo spoke of the culture of small fruits or the establishment of vineyards. But for all of that he had, somehow, not been made to feel one of them.

True, too, the ladies had smiled on Madame Cellini when she had bought at their bazaars, or had contributed to the Red Cross. True, they had complimented her on Antony's almost genius with the violin, when he had played for the I.O.D.E. lawn fete or the Board of Trade banquet. But they had felt nothing more was required of them. Socially she was not there.

True, also, Rosie had of late been taken to all the dances—at least all the public dances. A bank cashier, more daring than the rest, had two years ago made her quite the rage. Antony and his violin were, as has been said, welcome everywhere. Beppo stood at the head of his class in school, and Ileana, the youngest, was a gifted little dancer, combining the grace of a wild thing with the fire of her southern temperament.

But the children who chummed along with the Cellini brood on the way home from school, and sent them in to sneak grapes for the group, forgot them when birthday parties or other festivities were planned.

In short: Marta's life with her husband had been a success; her rearing of a family had been a success; she had come to know material prosperity. But the thing for which she longed, and each day hoped anew—a place in the social life of the community—seemed as far from realization as ever.

IT WAS a morning three weeks after the call of Mrs. Deering. Marta was concerned with the triple task of straining the new goat's milk, getting the breakfast and admonishing her oldest born, then preparing for her day as stenographer in an office in town.

"You had better get it settled, Rosie, or stop wasting time on him."

"I've told you, Mom, this isn't Italy. Girls don't get married at seventeen. They have a little fun first."

"A little fun! What better fun than getting yourself a husband so you will have a home to live in?"

"I can have fun with boys I don't want to live with all my life."

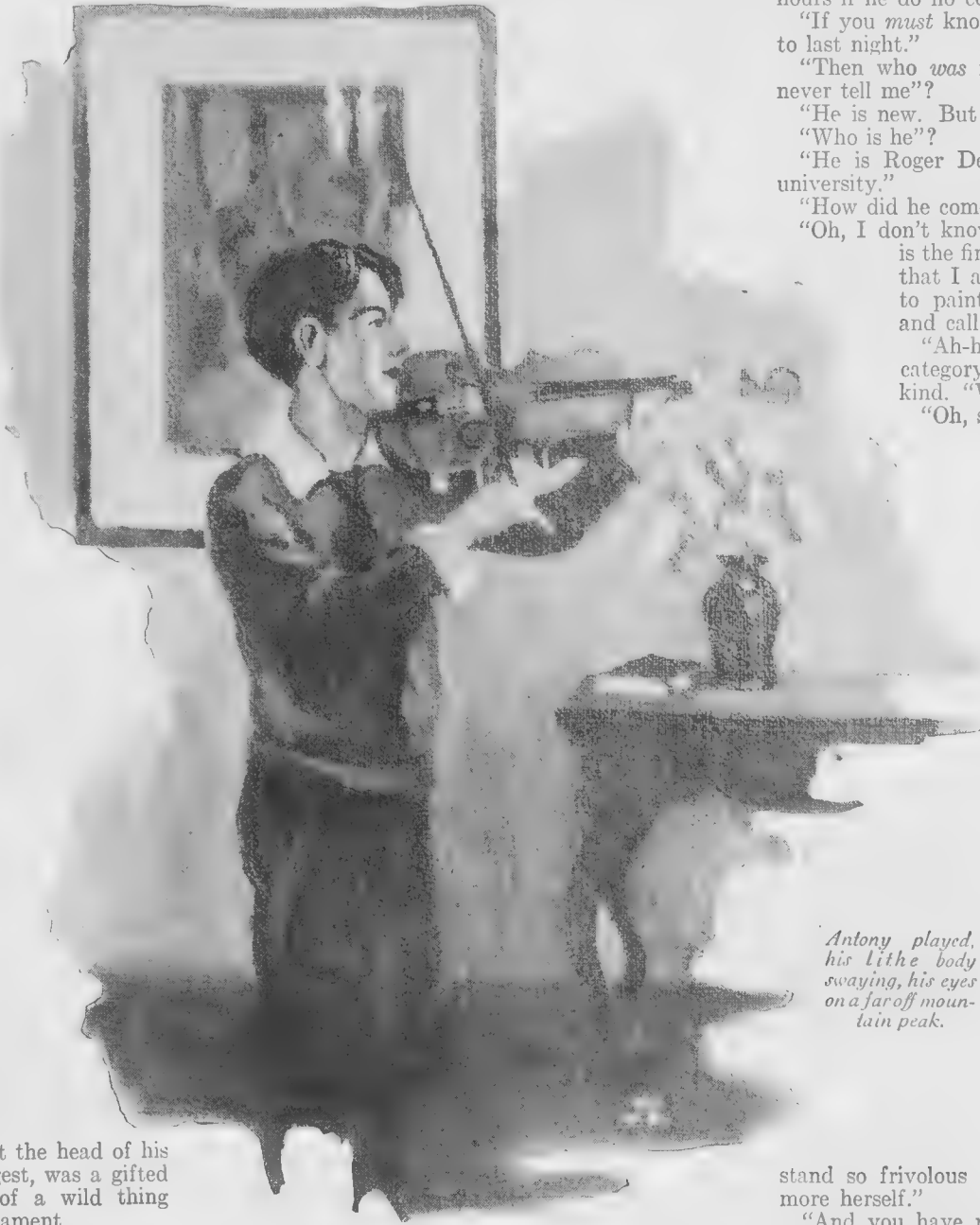
"Girls that have too much that kinda fun get no man at all at last. Your Poppa wasn't the only man that liked me at your age. But I let the others go so now I have a home and children and a car and money to spend."

"Not so much to spend as I have."

Marta threw up despairing hands. "The way girls talk now! I think it like your Poppa says: you should give him your money."

"No boys or girls in Canada give their money to their folks. Let the Dagoes do it if they like."

"Rosie Cellini, you call no names! You see what your Poppa says when I tell him you talk about Dagoes. He knows what's right when he says you will look all right to the right man without spending so much on yourself."



Antony played, his lithe body swaying, his eyes on a far off mountain peak.

"I can't swim in the Beaver Dam with others if my clothes are not all right." Here Rosie stretched and twisted to see the effect of violent scrubbing in the lovely line of her neck; a neck that would shade into olive tints, in spite of the Saxon fairness of her face. "It's bad enough to have my skin browner than theirs in a bathing suit. I can't wear rags."

"Well, maybe. It's not me complaining. It's your Poppa. And he don't know it all, either. I dry your silk underwear in the attic so he won't see them. So don't think your Momma is against you. Many times she take your part. Oh, la, how mad he was last night that you were not here when Guiseppe Romaro came! Guiseppe want to see you and he bring a good, big radio set up here—till he need it in a house of his own, he say."

Rosie well knew the portent of all this, but she ran

a short comb through her wavy raven locks and did not reply.

"So," the worried voice went on, "if you don't want Guiseppe, you better settle quick on someone else."

Here Rosie gave the stiff roller towel on the kitchen door a vicious jerk.

"Momma, stop it! You come around to that song every five minutes all day."

"I do not. I let you gad all week and say nothing. But I thought if you talk to the Pratt boy three hours over by the grape vines last night, maybe you got things settled."

"Settled! Settled! Settled! All Dick Pratt wants is to have a good time, like I do. He has no more notion of getting married than I have."

"Then you better let him alone. Guiseppe Romaro does think of getting married. He has no fine Momma to make trouble, like the Pratt boy, but he has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and a fine car."

"He's going to lose it one day, bootlegging the way he does. Guiseppe doesn't have a bath once a month. I thought you wanted me to marry a white man!"

"And what are we, Rosie Cellini? Black? I like all right for you to marry a Canadian, but you better spend your time on one man that wants to marry you. What the young Pratt talk about for three hours if he do no courting?"

"If you must know it, it wasn't Dick I was talking to last night."

"Then who was it? You got somebody new and never tell me?"

"He is new. But I haven't 'got' him."

"Who is he?"

"He is Roger Deering. Just graduated from the university."

"How did he come to be talking to you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some things just happen. He is the first boy that does not seem to mind that I am Italian. He said he would like to paint me in a sun-splashed vineyard and call the picture 'Italia'."

"Ah-h." Marta did not know in what category to place conversation of this kind. "Well, all I gotta say is would he—"

"Oh, stop it. I know what you are going to say without hearing it."

And Rosie crushed a cherry-red hat on her mop of dark curls and flounced out of the door and on her way to the meat-smelling offices of the Kootenay Produce Company.

With a shrug of thickening Latin shoulders Marta Cellini laid down the burden of Rosie, that the burden of Antony, Beppo, Luigui, Celia, Gabriel and Ileana might be taken up.

ROGER DEERING found his mother at her desk on a Sunday afternoon early in June.

"Don't sit indoors on a day like this," he protested. "Come to the top of the hill and see the river flats now that the June floods are on."

"But my letter."

"Who's it to?" he ungrammatically inquired.

"To Helen Willison—Jean's mother. You know Helen and I used to hope that perhaps you and Jean—"

"Whereat Jean couldn't stand so frivolous a chap as me, knowing so much more herself."

"And you have never had a fancy for 'bluestockings,' as you call any girl with intelligence. But after a few years you might find brains of more use in a wife than beauty. And you overlook the fact that with Jean you'd have been taken into a charming and cultured family. No young man thinks of that, of course, but it's a point. For he is bound to see much more of his in-laws than he anticipates."

Roger had a feeling that his mother's words went a great deal deeper than her light manner would indicate. She was a knowing one, this mother of his. A mere man hadn't a chance on earth against her, he reflected.

"You'd be much better occupied on the hilltop than writing to Mrs. W. at all," he said. "Come on."

"Impossible, I'm afraid. Our neighbors are coming to tea at four and it's almost that now. Will you waken your father?"

Continued on page 50



*Beauty of
ivory skin
and amber eyes*

Beautiful Mrs. ALLAN A. RYAN JR. was Miss Janet Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Newbold. She is enchantingly lovely with wide-set amber eyes, soft amber hair and a wonderful, smooth, pale skin like ivory.

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

FÊTED as the loveliest debutante last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the famous financier, the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, was a brilliant society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful with wide-set amber eyes, soft amber hair and wonderful smooth pale skin like ivory.

Two years before her debut she was sent to school in Paris. How many pleasant things she learned! To speak a perfect French, to wear her frocks with inimitable chic—and to guard the beauty of her delicate complexion. For the lovely young French school girls were already using the famous Two Creams to keep their skin exquisite as a young girl's skin should be.

"I envied them!" confesses Mrs. Ryan. "One night I was going to a party. I stole into a classmate's room and helped myself to her Pond's Creams.

"How happy I was that evening! My cheeks were smooth as satin and pink as roses. Ever since, I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

"And now Pond's two new



Her sports suit is brown and chartreuse



Mrs. Ryan is fond of white for summer

products delight me," adds Mrs. Ryan, speaking of the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream and the fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin.

Use Pond's four preparations daily as follows:

First—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.



(Left) Six evening gowns were in the bride's trousseau. This in amber satin reveals the beauty of her ivory skin.

(Right) Pond's four famous products—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
166 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont., Dept. T

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

The Psalm of Life

By Mary R. Funk

BY THE time she met Hayward, life had disciplined Roberta pretty thoroughly, as life has a way of doing to those who pursue her too avidly. She had just been freed from the bonds of a foolish, reckless marriage, and was still smarting with intolerable memories of infidelity, neglect and lies. The experience had left her bitter and distrustful, and a little hard.

She saw Hayward first in a crowd. He was standing apart, looking on, and it seemed to her that she had never seen a face so gentle and steady and kind. It was a fresh, boyish face, but the hair was graying a little at the temples.

"People in trouble would turn to him instinctively," she thought, "and he would never fail them."

Later they were introduced, and as they talked she felt the ice melting around her heart, and a sense of peace and security came flooding in. She tried in vain to analyze his effect upon her.

"Why should a few words with a stranger alter my outlook on life?" she asked herself. "I am not a young, susceptible girl. What has he said? Almost nothing. He seems quiet and rather shy. But he is like—like rest when you are tired"

They remained together throughout the evening—and for many evenings thereafter. Usually Roberta talked and he watched and listened. She loved the way he looked at her. Men had looked at Roberta in many ways during her quest for happiness, but in this man's adoration there was something that made her long to weep. Although he had lived nearly as many years as she, there was a quality of virginal innocence about him that seemed to her the most beautiful thing she had ever known.

When he finally confessed shyly and haltingly the love of which she had long been aware, he did so only because he must, with no hope that it might be returned. Even after she had told him how entirely he had possessed her from the moment they had met, his amazing humility remained unshaken.

"A girl like you!" he kept repeating with a sort of still wonder. "To care for me!"

They decided not to consider marriage for a while, for the war had impaired his health and his finances, but the sense of belonging to each other was fulfillment enough.

Often he brought work with him in the evening, and would sit at her desk busily engaged for hours, while she sewed or napped in the big chair. Each drew from the mere presence of the other a sense of satisfaction and well-being.

At the end of three years, family misfortunes placed a heavy financial burden on Roberta's shoulders. She offered to release him—not very sincerely, perhaps, for she knew that she was his very life.

"Why do you think you could carry this alone better than we can do it together?" he asked. "I am

feeling more like myself every day, and I am getting on my feet. Let's not wait any longer, honey."

She essayed a feeble protest, but she could not hold out against him. Life was too much for her alone. She needed the comfort of his arms about her.

THE first year of their marriage, they worked shoulder to shoulder, and shared the tasks of the home. It was all a thrilling adventure. They marvelled at themselves for having stupidly postponed it so long.

The bond of sympathy between them had increased and strengthened with the years. There was no thing so small that if it concerned one of them it did not interest the other. They hurried home that they might not miss a moment together, and chattered endlessly of the events of the day. They laughed immoderately at each other's wit, and had a habit of flashing glances simultaneously when a thing occurred that touched them both. On their holidays, they donned old clothes and tramped the hills like gypsies in perfect content.

To Roberta, the things that had once seemed to stop life for her were a far away dream. Hayward had made everything right. She had a childish fashion of running to him with all her troubles, real or imaginary, and a few quiet words always smoothed them away.

The next year Doll Baby was born. At first Roberta had been dismayed at the prospect of curtailing their income, but Hayward, as always, had dispelled her fears.

She was miserably ill most of the time, and he hovered about her in anxious concern. He waited on her hand and foot, and worried constantly lest she overdo. Then came twenty-four hours of blinding, terrifying agony. She had no courage, no endurance. She clung to his hand as to the hand of God. Not even when the dreadful business was over, and she slept a fitful, drugged sleep, did he leave her side. She

moaned constantly for water, and he sat through the night patiently measuring out the three teaspoonfuls she was allowed each fifteen minutes. When the nurse arrived in the morning, he was persuaded to rest. No sooner had he left her room than the strength that had carried them both through deserted him, and he collapsed completely.

There could be no question of Roberta's returning to work until Doll Baby was older. There was little money, but it seemed odd now that that had ever appeared important. Doll Baby was so wonderful! They congratulated themselves and each other over and over on her dimpled perfection.

Roberta had no gift for housekeeping, but she did her best. Hayward praised her cooking, which was her one domestic talent, and they laughed together at her mistakes.

When Doll Baby was a year old, the firm with which Hayward was employed met with misfortune. His happy optimism was a little dimmed, for he and Roberta had managed their finances poorly, and there was little in reserve to tide them over the period of unemployment. This time it was Roberta who did the comforting.

"I'm glad it happened," she said. "You haven't been feeling so well lately, and the rest will do you good. In two weeks I can have my old place back—no, honestly, honey, I'd rather. I'm a terrible housekeeper and you know it. We'll see if you can do any better."

He responded at once to her mood.

"All right, I'm going to show you up. And it won't be so bad to stay home awhile and get acquainted with Doll Baby. She's a good little scout. By the time something turns up, I'll be feeling better again. But in the meantime, what do you say we splurge a little? Have a regular vacation?"

So they gaily tossed away their little savings for a fortnight in their beloved mountains. Even the fact that Hayward was not feeling quite up to par failed to cloud their happiness. This trip was to be the making of him. Doll Baby entered thoroughly into the festive spirit of the occasion.

"She's going to be just like us," Hayward told Roberta, delightedly. "I always hoped she'd approve of us, and see—she does!"

They returned home with regret, but promised themselves at least one more week-end before the cold weather set in.

That night he spoke of being tired and went to bed early. Later Roberta brought Doll Baby in to say good-night, and found him propped up reading. Their eyes met in tender pride over their little daughter's nodding head.

"Some fellows are born lucky," he said. "I've got the sweetest baby in the world—and the sweetest wife."

When she returned, he caught her hand as she passed the bed.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

"Not very. Why?"

"Will you read to me a little while? I can't seem to get to sleep."

She saw him grow drowsy as she read.

"That's all, honey," he said when she finished the story. "I'll sleep now."

That was the end of it. In the morning she could not wake him.

IN THE wild hysteria of her grief, her one cry was for his mother, the only other human being who could have loved him as she did. The quiet strength of the older woman, so like that of her son, was the one real thing in this terrible nightmare, and Roberta hung upon it desperately.

During the months that followed, this sense of unreality pursued her.

"It isn't true!" something within her cried continually. "Hayward wouldn't let it be true. Why, he never let me worry even a little over anything."

Never during her lifetime did she attain a more than momentary realization of the thing that had happened to her. Whenever she encountered something that they two had loved or laughed at or cried about together, she felt that old, familiar rush of the heart toward Hayward. The mountains in autumn, a new book by their favorite author, a bit of cleverness in a newspaper comic strip that they had followed, a morsel of gossip that someone in whom they had been interested—as long as she lived, things like these created an instantaneous impulse to run to him and share with them. Then that sickening sense of stepping from a height into space when she remembered.

Mercifully, she was obliged to work. Others were dependent upon her. Doll Baby was growing up, and must be planned for.

Later there came a good man who wished to make things easier for Roberta and Doll Baby. One evening they sat listening together to an old song that came to them through the radio that had been Hayward's last gift to Roberta.

Continued on page 36



The Trout Pool

By H. Reginald Hardy

*Just a shady little spot
Where the waters pause in thought,
And the wily trout are caught
In the eddies gold and gray;
Where the little streamlet breaks
O'er the pebbled sands and shakes
Into the misty spray that wakes
Mimic chimes divinely gay.*

*Here I linger in the noon,
Harking to their chiming tune,
While the sun's rich glory drifts
Through the trees;
And I whip the flashing stream
With a crimson fly, and dream,
And the pine-bough shadow shifts
With the breeze.*

*Oh! there is no pleasure lent
Unto man, so sweetly spent,
As the unconcerned content
That pervades this magic nook!
No delight that is so fine
As the charm of rod and line,
And a trout whose whole design
Is to strike the feathered hook!*



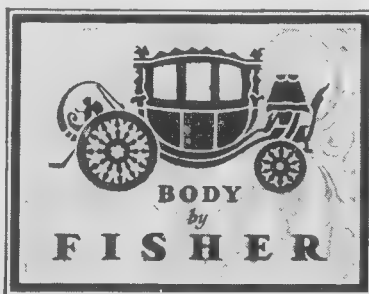
It is not too much to say that passing from another car into a *Fisher Body* car is like stepping from an ordinary room into an extraordinary one

You immediately sense the superior beauty of a richly designed and decorated room—and you immediately see the greater luxury and fineness of a Fisher Body car. ¶ This contrast exists between every car in the Fisher Body group and any car in its price field outside that group.

¶ You see at once that the upholstery—designed in pattern and specially woven for Fisher Body—is of a higher grade. ¶ The same superiority

meets your eye in the interior fittings, carpeting, genuine plate glass and exterior finish. ¶ You can spell out in a few moments' inspection innumerable superiorities pointing plainly to the fact that Fisher Body cars, by reason of Fisher Bodies alone, are

worth much more in dollar value. ¶ The whole question has come down to a matter of perfectly plain, easily discerned, finer quality—directly traceable to the fact that no body facilities in the world are comparable with Fisher Body facilities.



GENERAL MOTORS
OF CANADA, LIMITED

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Choosing a Vocation

THE following letter from a British Columbia mother touches so many points of general interest in connection with careers for young men, that it is reproduced in full together with an answer in some detail:

Dear Mr. Russell:

I am a reader of your page in *The Western Home Monthly* and am writing you regarding vocations for young men.

Our son is past fifteen years of age and in the tenth grade—second year high school. It seems important that by the time he begins his third year high school, next September, he should be working toward a definite objective, and it is to help him in an intelligent choice that I am writing you.

We have been told several times by his school principal and others who should know, that he has a mentality which is at present so evenly balanced that he could with equal ease and success apply himself either to social, scientific or mechanical activities. This seems to be borne out by the fact that there are no subjects on which he is either particularly good or particularly poor. With any given subject he is apt to be up one month and down the next.

For various reasons we are not considering the social professions. He thinks he would like to choose either electrical engineering (or radio) or scientific research (chemical) or aeronautics.

We particularly wish to know the following things about each of these three lines of work:

- 1st. Is it overcrowded?
- 2nd. What scope and opportunity for advancement to responsible positions does it afford?
- 3rd. Are the financial returns adequate to the time and expense required for training?
- 4th. In addition to completing high school course (with a standing well above average) what special technical and practical training is required? Time? Cost?
- 5th. Would proficiency in this line be apt to mean that one must go far afield or are there opportunity and demand fairly close at home—say, Vancouver?

I realize, Mr. Russell, that a full answer to these queries will entail the expenditure of considerable time and energy. On that account I have hesitated to write.

On the other hand, we are very anxious that our son should make an intelligent choice of life work and we do not know where we can get the necessary information unless you can put us in the way of doing so.

Yours sincerely,

Answer—

First of all, in regard to the last part of our correspondent's inquiry. We can quite understand the anxiety of parents that their children should make an intelligent choice of a life work and we are glad to have an opportunity to attempt answers to some of the questions asked. Should this discussion interest other parents and young men, we hope that they too will write to the editor of this page and contribute their ideas either in the way of questions or of comment.

Vocational Guidance

THE letter really puts before us very clearly the whole problem of vocational guidance—a problem which hitherto has been sadly neglected in Canada and which even now is only beginning to receive a little attention.

In Eastern Canada, one or two cities have carried on some preliminary investigations, and in Winnipeg a committee of the High School Men's Club has been formed for the special purpose of studying vocational guidance. This committee, we are informed, has done considerable work and will soon bring in a report recommending action.

In St. John's High School, Winnipeg, a vocational guidance bureau has been established for the benefit of students, boys and girls, in all departments, and within a few months more than five hundred students have visited the bureau to secure vocational information of one sort and another.

The work of the bureau in this school consists mainly of:

1. A card index carrying information concerning positions secured by former students.
2. A guide to occupations card index giving, in summarized form, information about occupations likely to be of interest to students in Winnipeg.
3. A file of reports showing what is being done in vocational guidance in other cities.
4. A correspondence section containing letters from Winnipeg business and professional men concerning opportunities, educational requirements and technical qualifications in various positions.
5. A vocational library containing a selection of books on occupations likely to prove of interest to Winnipeg students.

In the United States many cities pay serious attention to the work of guidance and special officers are assigned to the high schools and school boards who give their entire time to problems arising out of the efforts of young people to find employment suited to their temperament and ability.

In Canada, in the absence of definite information concerning the motives that should enter into the choice of a life work, thousands of students are drifting from school into the industrial community and the matter of suitable employment is left largely to what, for want of a better term, is called chance or luck.

Reasons for Guidance

IN CITIES where there is a definite programme of vocational guidance, the thought is uppermost that to spend from one to ten million dollars a year on public school education and then to pay no attention to the students from the day they leave is not the part of wisdom or charity in its true meaning.

No great manufacturer would think of spending millions in getting a product ready for the market and then give himself no further concern once the goods were ready for the public. He would want to know how the goods were being received; whether there were any defects in them from the public point of view; what were their popular features; in a word, whether they were doing the work for which they were made.

I once heard Mr. R. L. Cooley, of Milwaukee, director of a large continuation school in that city, addressing a group of tailors on the matter of apprentices. One said:

"I left school at the age of fourteen and after trying several occupations, went into tailoring and by hard work became a master tailor. Why cannot other boys work out their own salvation? Is it really necessary to spend a lot of time and money in order to help boys to a start in careers?"

Mr. Cooley in answer likened the situation to a ship in distress. One swimmer was able to reach shore; the rest perished. Was it fair to say that because one man came through safely the rest needed no help? For every boy who secured suitable work with little loss of time he believed there were scores who, for lack of guidance, lost much valuable time and often went into work for which they were not suited. Not that vocational guidance was a cure-all, but it was an effort on the part of society to protect its educational investment in its boys and girls.

The Five Questions

AND now to our correspondent's questions: We cannot speak positively, but we do not believe that in British Columbia occupations connected with electrical engineering, scientific research or aeronautics are overcrowded. In a province with so much water power and with so many other natural resources, there should be numerous opportunities for young men well trained in branches of the occupations mentioned.

The second question concerning scope and opportunity for advancement is a big one and would require for complete discussion more space than is at our disposal.

Electrical engineering includes the occupations of electrical draftsman, specification writer, line construction engineer, power plant engineer, electrical

engineer, radio engineer, electrical manufacturing engineer, and research electrical engineer. The chief men in these occupations, together with their principal assistants, would probably find plenty of scope and opportunity in a province in which electrical development is of primary importance.

Occupations connected with radio include radio editor, radio engineer, radio repair man, radio station helper, and radio telegrapher. This is a new and growing industry and should afford considerable scope for young men of the right turn of mind.

Scientific research in chemistry might lead to the profession of chemical engineer—one who designs apparatus, supervises its construction, and studies operation in chemical industries such as gas, paint and varnish, paper, drugs and textiles.

The third question of our correspondent asks if the financial returns are adequate to the time and expense required for the training needed for these several occupations.

It may, we think, truthfully be said that the remuneration offered in most of the cases discussed is fairly attractive and compares favorably with that afforded in other occupations. With industrial concerns the salaries or wages would probably be higher than in government positions. The latter, however, appeal to certain types who are attracted by regular holidays, permanency of office, and perhaps opportunities to carry on investigations in the interests of pure science.

It has been said that almost any occupation if followed with industry and thrift will yield a satisfactory competence. Not far from me is a mender of shoes, of limited education, who owns the premises in which he works and who is reported as being a man of some means. The important thing for a young man to stress is not so much financial reward as the opportunities for self-development that follow from an occupation that offers scope for the exercise of mental and physical faculties in work that is congenial.

Standing Required

THE fourth question asks what special training is required beyond high school education—the time and the cost.

If a youth is not aspiring to full professional standing, a high school education will prove sufficient for a beginning. A position should then be sought in one of the lower sections of the occupation in view. Evening studies may then be undertaken by attendance at technical schools or through correspondence instruction. These will serve as a preparation for promotion to subordinate positions.

If full professional standing is sought, a university career is indicated, and this means at least four years beyond high school. The fees can be ascertained by writing to the registrar of the university selected. Technical evening courses are quite inexpensive, and correspondence courses may range from fifty to two hundred dollars, according to the subject, or group of subjects, selected.

At Home or Away

THE final question asks whether it might prove necessary to go far afield for work or whether suitable openings might be found in Vancouver. It is our belief that work in connection with all of these occupations mentioned could be secured in Vancouver by those thoroughly qualified. It is more than likely, too, that openings will be available in other cities and industrial centres of British Columbia, since that province is the scene of numerous important commercial developments. Nelson and the mining towns, the paper mills, the canning industry, the lumber industry, and shipping and general manufacturing interests absorb numbers of skilled men. Many trained Canadians seek opportunities south of the boundary line, but with the renewed industrial activity throughout the Dominion, our trained Canadian students ought to be able to find opportunities at home.



Massé of Paris

BEAUTY EXPERT OF RENOWN

urges his patrons to use

this one treatment to keep the skin lovely

The sheen of the fine old inlaid floor, the grandeur of typical Parisian decoration characterize the Massé salon at 16 Rue Daunou. Fittings are essentially feminine, designed to appeal to the discriminating clientele of M. Massé.

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work. The simplest method is by far the best of all. That is the consistent use of Palmolive Soap, which combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



And in Berlin, Vienna, London—in all the cosmopolitan centers of culture—one meets this same advice.

What palm and olive oils do

The need for thorough, but gentle, cleansing of the skin is universally recognized. Oil secretions, dust, dirt, make-up clog the pores. Unless these accumulations are removed, they will harden into blackheads and pimples or cause sallowness and a dull, lifeless skin.

In Palmolive Soap beauty experts—in Canada and all over the world—find just the correct blending of those oils which are so beneficial to the skin. This soap soothes,

result of the treatments we give in the salon."

Other authorities agree

All the leading figures in the Parisian world of beauty culture agree with M. Massé. Lina Cavalieri, Vincent, Mme. Valentin le Brun—these are just a few of the many French authorities who recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap.

penetrates, stimulates. As Massé says: "Palmolive combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Massé also prepares an astringent, Elixir Camphre and Creme Massé, specially for home use . . . But always he, and his most famous colleagues, suggest the following treatment twice a day to retain skin loveliness: first, a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water, to be rubbed, with both hands, well into the skin. Two minutes of soap massage, a rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. A final ice water rinse as astringent. Dry skin usually needs some oily cream at least once a day. Oily skin requires an astringent lotion and the use of a day cream with drying effect.

In this 2-minute treatment millions of women find a solution to their problems of skin care. Palmolive is now the leading complexion soap not only in Canada but also in 48 other countries.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4428

Retail Price
10c

Waterman's No.

7

Seven
Points



Seven
Dollars



Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit your taste, whoever you are.

Why Seven Dollars? To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder, and Clip-Cap.

Waterman's number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

At any one of our fifty thousand dealers try all the seven points—the dealers expect it and are glad when you do. One of the 7 is exactly the point you prefer

Guaranteed Forever
Against All Defects

L. E. Waterman Company Limited, 263 St. James St. W., Montreal
Boston Chicago New York San Francisco

Use Waterman's Inks

Waterman's

Six Windows in Search of the Arctic

By K. M. Haig

"TWENTY years in the Arctic, twenty years—and she's young!" "Cold storage," grinned the lithe, dark-eyed woman, settling her marcelled head against the dark velour of the chair, and blowing skilful smoke-rings against the ceiling. "Lots of time to practice that there—time, time, time, days, nights, merge into one another, time, time—nothing but, in the Arctic."

The chiffons and shirt-fronts swayed towards her, this first white woman to venture to the far North, and who for two years had lived in the Barren Lands, where her husband, as Inspector of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, had been stationed.

"There it is on the map," prompted the host, "Fort Chesterfield, five hundred miles north of Fort Churchill right at the top of Hudson Bay."

The chiffons breathed sympathy, the shirt-fronts wistful envy.

"Tell us of it—igloos and things, I suppose." "But I love it, I tell you, I love it!" She sat erect and tossed her cigarette into the fire.

"We had taken the lumber with us when we went in, and right there on the rocks we built our house. It was August when we got there, and oh, how we had to hurry to get that house built before the winter came on! There were six windows in the living-room." Mrs. Walter Munday is still proud of those six windows.

"We built by the side of a lake; a lake which in the winter froze right to the bottom, but at other times it was of many colors, and from those windows I could always see the ocean, always, always beautiful. Amethyst it was, sometimes; living, burnished amethyst set in the platinum of grey rocks; then it was green or silver under the Arctic moon, or aglow with the Northern Lights. Through the long days of May, June and July, when the sun never left us, but just travelled around the horizon, it reflected its glory. It caught too the small arc which that same sun made in the winter months. I have watched it from the windows, rising at 10.30 and sinking again at 2, followed by the Arctic night.

"But turn away from the ocean and the leagues stretched out, 'lines of confusion and stones of emptiness.' Barren Lands, well-named. Far, far, you could see—and nothing to see; nothing but rocks and snow. During the "sun" months one might not look without glasses on the peril of blindness. I kept dark glasses at each side of the house.

"During these months, or rather weeks, the silent Arctic wakes to life. Birds sing their mating songs, flowers brilliantly bloom, but so brief is their life. But do not think there is not life at the Arctic. I do not mean the game or the birds, but the waters are teeming with tiny things, but living things, far, far more densely populated than are the tropic waters. We strained our water through two thicknesses of sheeting and from a pail I have abstracted half a cup of these tiny creatures.

"From the windows, too, I have watched the storms come down. Suddenly great winds awake and with a velocity that devours everything in their path they sweep the harried lands. Then let the Eskimo stay in

his igloo, and the white man within his shelter! Three, six or nine days they blow, and I cannot describe them. These winds are the scourge of the Barren Lands.

"From the windows it has been possible to see the herds of caribou pass, moving masses against the sky line. Then are the Eskimo up and away to follow the hunt. We went on the hunt sometimes also, but of that I shall tell you another time. Still, I might tell you of the goose. Not that I am proud of it as a

"From the windows we could see, a mile away, the smoke of the Company's house (Hudson Bay Company), and the Priest's house, for the Roman Catholic Church has three clergy stationed there. Well do I remember our Christmases and our New Years! For the first, we were the hosts, and for the second, we gathered at the Priests' house.

"When I left, my friends had given me packages 'not to be opened until Christmas' and you may be sure I did not. But when I opened them, there were decorations and crackers, the butterfly kind. The Priests had never seen any before. So our rooms looked brave and gay. I was afraid we weren't going to have any meat, except canned, but the day before the boys got two deer, and we had potatoes. The

Company man had given me a bag when we arrived, and I saved them for the occasion. We had raisins, too, and pudding, which I had taken in, and we all dressed up for it. Afterwards we played bridge.

"The Priests' dinner was better. It was an "Arctic" party in the first place, English, French, Eskimo, Chipewyan, Gaelic and Cree were talked about the board. Our plates were piled high with meat, potatoes and peas, and there was wine, and such plates of bread! Now bread isn't easy come by in the Arctic. You wrap your sponge in deer skins, and worry over the fire falling and it getting a chill, and then your yeast may be musty—oh, the anxieties of baking-day! I remember being worried over these plates of bread for, there was more than we needed.

"Then bridge, of course. Sometimes other days I slipped over for a game with the three Fathers. They were keen players, but I think now how comical it must have looked. These three Frenchmen, two French-Canadians and one Belgian-French, in their cassocks, and I in my deerskin trousers and coat, white faces in a strange land, sitting down to our game. I fancy in these civilized, perfumed, Persian rug houses where I sometimes find myself these days that my hostess must wonder at the smile which I cannot keep out of my eyes as she rings for the card-table. I am thinking of our game in the Arctic. Once I remember the Fathers had sent over inviting my husband and myself for a game. My second sight was upon me and I knew better than to venture, but it was lonely, and — well, we went. Two o'clock in the afternoon, but the night was beginning to fall. When we had finished and went to the door to see how things were, the wind had arisen. No white person

could find the path. As we talked, in came a visiting Eskimo. Now, the Eskimo can find their way anywhere, any time, in their home regions. He was a visitor, but assured us he could find the way, so we prepared for the home trail. Then in came one of our own Eskimo, the husband of my faithful Maria, sent by her when the wind rose. As we started, the visiting Eskimo went first, and, with my husband taking one arm and our own Eskimo the other, we proceeded. I had to have the help, for I could not navigate against the wind. On, on we went. Still no lights of home. Nothing but the snow and the bitter, pounding wind. Our Eskimo called to the one ahead, called again and again. Finally he got his attention,

Continued on page 86



Ox-Chuke, the Mussolini of the Pack.

The Eskimo, or "Inweet", as they call themselves, meaning "The People".

"Home" in the Barren Lands.

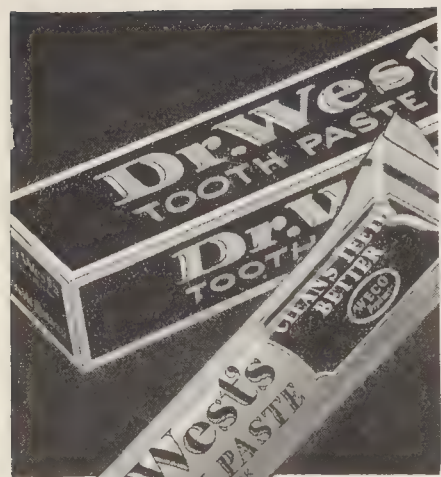
A Sail! Where the Arctic stretches out to the Pole and only once a year comes the home ship.

Mrs. Munday pays a formal call at the Igloo.

hunter, but, speaking as a housekeeper, we needed of that goose. We had had no fresh meat for so long. Out walking one day we saw it quiet on the lake. Now, a goose was a rarity, for we were outside the line of the flight. Hastily we returned to the house and got our shot-guns. Then flat we laid on the ground, for there is no cover, and squirmed to a point of vantage. We got our goose, sleeping as it was on the water. We did not think it necessary to relate that detail to the others. Another day when we were walking, we heard a sound like the droning of a squadron of aeroplanes. A sound in the still white Arctic! We dropped to the ground and, over us, flying low, passed hundreds of gulls on their flight south.

What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand



FREE
25c tube (not a sample)
with purchase
of the 50c
Dr. West's Toothbrush

THIS unusual offer is made to acquaint you with a remarkable, modern dentifrice.

It has been perfected by the makers of the famous Dr. West's Toothbrushes—and is backed by a name and reputation worth millions of dollars.

At your favorite store, today, purchase a 50c Dr. West's Toothbrush. You will receive, free, the large 25c tube of this delightful modern tooth paste. A 75c value for 50c. Both of these splendid aids to whiter teeth, for the price of one.

Find out how Dr. West's tooth paste brightens teeth by its unique two-fold polishing action (not scouring!). Find out how the delightful "flavor" refreshes your whole mouth. Learn how quickly it acts—and how it now combines all the good results everyone has sought in caring for teeth.

An advance as great
as the famous
toothbrush

In comparatively few years, Dr. West's Toothbrush has revolutionized—and modernized—care of the teeth. This modern Dr. West's Tooth Paste is just as great an advance—as a test will show you.

Both Dr. West's Tooth Paste and Toothbrush are made in Canada. The Weco Products Company, Ltd., Toronto.

**Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE
and
TOOTHBRUSH**
the modern aids to
Whiter Teeth

DEAR John and Janey Canuck, Is there anything to equal the joy of discovering a book that one wants the whole world to read? I have on other occasions mentioned in "The Western Home Monthly" the work of Donn Byrne. I begged you to read "Brother Saul." Shortly after, it was my grief to refer to this gifted author's fatal accident. We spoke at that time of Donn Byrne as dead. Today, I write of his immortality. The author of "Blind Raftery" cannot die. I read it, this "Blind Raftery," in one evening. Oh, the blessed quality of a book that has naught in common with the novel of today. Arnold Bennett could not have written "Blind Raftery," nor H. G. Wells, nor Alice Waugh, nor Michael Arlen. Only Donn Byrne knows how to make pictures and music out of little, simple words that remind one of the flowers that Pan calls forth in Spring and early Summer. Marvellous genius indeed, to be able to portray Blind Raftery, Ireland's National Poet and his Spanish wife Hilaria and the beast Dafydd Evan, with just a handful or so of such simple little words. To portray them in such a way that we feel we know them through and through. It has often been stated that no-one can say exactly where the line of demarcation between prose and poetry comes. Donn Byrne increases this difficulty. His prose is more poetry than is the work of many who call themselves poets. In retrospect, I think of this book "Blind Raftery" not so much as a novel, but as a series of paintings moving slowly like the panoramas one used to see in exhibitions. Panoramas that give the illusion of travel for the spectator. One moves all the time with the blind poet and his exquisite wife Hilaria, and there is always the accompaniment of Raftery's harp. There is music and sheer beauty from cover to cover of this book. One might better describe it as a symphony performed by an orchestra. There are the opening bars when Blind Raftery is brooding; then comes a tender little passage when Hilaria steps upon the scene; later the music gets deeper and wilder as the tragedy moves towards its climax; until the finale—a glorious burst of music, love of satisfaction I felt at having pronounced the name of the dead Greek with such fluency as to prove close intimacy with him. Well, it seems to me that Ethel Mannin has dragged in her knowledge as did that child of fourteen. Sadist, exhibitionist, behaviourist, pervert, they are all dragged forward just like my poor Archimedes. Complexes and inhibitions coupled with Freudian ferocity! Ethel Mannin is too clever and too thoughtful a woman to have written piffle. There are amazingly fine passages in this book, but my quarrel is with the story. It strikes me as being utterly impossible. It is as if Ethel Mannin had created some wooden figures and had labelled each one as an example of Freud's "cases" and had made them act accordingly.

AFTER leaving the blind poet and his wife, accompanied by love, to journey the road of life, I turned to "Crescendo" which had just been published. It is by Ethel Mannin, and is her sixth novel, although she is only twenty-seven years old. No need to tell readers of "The Western Home Monthly" that I am a great admirer of Ethel Mannin's work. I have in these columns often spoken about her, and have reviewed "Sounding Brass," "Pilgrims" and "Green Willows" as each was published. I turned to "Crescendo" with anticipation of keen delight in store. I was bitterly disappointed. "Blind Raftery" was, as I said, sheer beauty. "Crescendo" is so ugly; and not with that ugliness that thrills. We all know the type of face that, despite its ugliness, attracts tremendously. This is usually due to great strength and beauty of character. Which reminds me—I once met a clever woman who said that her greatest ambition in life was to go for a long country ride in the dark with the late Israel Zangwill. She thought he was so ugly, but she had such a tremendous admiration for his genius, that she longed to hear him speak without seeing his face. I never agreed on this point, because I always considered Israel Zangwill's ugliness extremely attractive. With him, the flame of genius shone through his face as through a dark lantern. But I must not digress. Surely, Ethel Mannin is well aware that we recognise her cleverness, that we know

she is an extremely up-to-date and broad-minded young woman. We have not the slightest doubt that she has read a great number of books on sex psychology; who of us has escaped these days? Then why, oh why, did this truly gifted woman think it necessary to parade her knowledge? Even at the cost of turning the laugh against myself, I must become reminiscent. I should think I was about fourteen, and had just been initiated into the mysterious Law of Archimedes. I returned home from school bursting with knowledge. I longed for the world to know that I had become acquainted with this dead mathematician. In the evening, a very learned barrister visited my parents. Here was my opportunity, I thought, to show my wisdom. At the earliest possible moment, I burst into the conversation by saying to this barrister, "Don't you admire the Law of Archimedes?" I really cannot remember now what startled reply the barrister, considerably older than I was, made. All

ordinary" is the only adjective I can use; I can think of no other novel with such breadth of vision. I remember saying on two other occasions that Mary Borden might be called a genius—a term that so seldom should be used. This book is undoubtedly the work of genius. It is as if Mary Borden were sitting on a very high peak; as if she had been sitting there before Jehovah and is still sitting there, and she has been able to see all the work of Jehovah's Day from the hour when the Mud Puppy climbed out of the sea, until a hundred million years later, the gentle, bewildered professor of mathematics, Peregrine, addresses him in the British Museum. Peregrine and the mummified Mud Puppy have a marvellous conversation. The Mud Puppy is amazed to hear that the two simple pleasure of hunger and the desire for a mate are no longer looked upon by the human race as precious and sufficient. It puzzles the Mud Puppy to hear that love no longer brings happiness; that the human race

has achieved many changes since his day; its great capacity for suffering, and the curious fact that when it sees happiness and grasps it, it allows it to slip through its fingers the next minute. In fact, Peregrine hears the Mud Puppy say "Idiots!" when referring to the human race, and he looks at the ancient beast, and he nods, and says, "You are right. Idiots is a very suitable epithet," and on this note "Jehovah's Day" comes to an end as far as Mary Borden is concerned. But all that has gone before, each one of the 490 pages, is tremendously worth while reading. The history of the world for background, in the centre of the stage, memorable characters, most of them putrid, few of them beautiful, all of them so sad and bewildered. There is one thing I noticed about this novel, that first startled, then rather distressed me. I suppose it sounds silly, but I have such tremendous affection for certain writers, some of whom I have never met, a sort of hero-worship, and Mary Borden is one of them. I am sorry to see the corrosive bitterness in this book. She pulled my heart to shreds by "Jane Our Stranger" but there was no sign of bitterness. It seems as if since she wrote that

book she has been watching too closely one section of Society only, and it has turned her very soul to gall. She is describing Carrie.

"She was a very clever woman as well as a brave one. Nevertheless, she was dead, and she was not only dead . . . she cast a blight round her. Everything that she touched wilted, withered and sooner or later died."

And then of a man, Morny, she pens, "He liked lovely young things, corrupting them with his favourite pastime. It amounted to a craving."

"God! What a filthy lot we are!" says Mrs. Kimberley.

There are other passages too dreadful to quote out of their context. I hope Mary Borden will soon give us another novel. There is no one writing today who flames with genius just as she does.

SINCE I wrote the foregoing, I have read a review by Clemence Dane on Mary Borden's novel, "Jehovah's Day." Clemence Dane thinks it is a failure as a novel for the very reason that I think it is so great a one. Clemence Dane objects to the amount of space given to the Mud Puppy's life on this earth. I heartily approve of Mary Borden's treatment because it gives one a feeling of speciousness, a belonging to something immense, and not being confined to a very trivial circle of existence. One of my greatest quarrels with the modern novels is that the story is so out of proportion. If it is a love story, for instance, then the characters in it do nothing from morning till night but make

Continued on page 83

I Would Remember

By H. H. Fariss

*I would remember all the wondrous things
That I have known in half-forgotten Springs;
The blue bird's call, the drowsy hum of bees,
Shy violets beneath the greening trees,
The golden glory of tall jonquils fair
That swung their censers in the balmy air,
And how the grass sent forth its runners fleet
To spread rare rugs before Spring's dancing feet.*

*I would recall how lovingly the sun
Caressed the silken buds, forgetting none,
And touched the bare brown hills with tender green
To things of beauty in their verdant sheen;
Then came a South wind, singing soft and low,
A wooing wind, from where magnolias grow,
And I . . . I listened all the bright night long,
For in my heart there sang another song.*

*It was the Song of Songs I learned from you,
A song of constant love, of love that's true,
A love that makes my days and nights to seem
Like happy moments of some cherished dream;
I would remember 'twas in Spring you came
And touched my heart as with a living flame;
I may forget all else, but never this,
The rapture of your arms, your love, your kiss.*

I can remember, is the tremendous sense of satisfaction I felt at having pronounced the name of the dead Greek with such fluency as to prove close intimacy with him. Well, it seems to me that Ethel Mannin has dragged in her knowledge as did that child of fourteen. Sadist, exhibitionist, behaviourist, pervert, they are all dragged forward just like my poor Archimedes. Complexes and inhibitions coupled with Freudian ferocity! Ethel Mannin is too clever and too thoughtful a woman to have written piffle. There are amazingly fine passages in this book, but my quarrel is with the story. It strikes me as being utterly impossible. It is as if Ethel Mannin had created some wooden figures and had labelled each one as an example of Freud's "cases" and had made them act accordingly.

MARY BORDEN has not disappointed those who have admired intensely her other novels. Personally, I think her latest, "Jehovah's Day" is by far her greatest achievement. In the life of Jehovah a million years are as but an hour. And, therefore, the reader will not be surprised that "Jehovah's Day" includes events that cover a period of a hundred million years, as we poor mortals measure time. It was a bold thing to do, choosing a title of such grand dimensions. One could not write a trivial, puling, sentimental type of story and attach it to such a title. "Jehovah's Day" has the sound of immensity in it, and the hardness of granite, and sorrows that are too deep for tears. All these qualities implied in the title are to be found in this extraordinary novel. "Extra-



Extra
MILES
IN
GUM-DIPPED
TIRES

Extra miles because of the extra strength, endurance and outstanding superiority of Firestone Tire construction. First, the scientific twisting of cotton cords for greatest strength and elasticity . . . Then, Gum-Dipping—the extra Firestone patented process which saturates and insulates every fiber and strand of every cord with pure rubber.

Only in Firestone Tires do you receive all the advantages of these extra features of in-built mileage, plus the security and safety of riding on the deep, rugged Firestone non-skid Tread. The Firestone Dealer saves you money and serves you better . . . See him today.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

FIRESTONE REACHES AROUND THE WORLD TO SERVE YOU BETTER

Peaches are always welcome

But you'll save time and money too - if you know these simple facts about buying

How could we ever keep house without canned peaches?

They fill so many places in the menu—are welcome in so many meals, the whole year around—they're really "the handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf!"

What could be better, for instance, to start your breakfast than DEL MONTE Peaches? Or what dessert simpler, or more wholesome than this luscious fruit in its own rich syrup?

Yet that's only a beginning! DEL MONTE Peaches are more than a fruit to be served by themselves—more even than a tempting ingredient for such special peach treats as cobblers, pies, pastries, sherbets, salads, etc.

They're also the finest kind of addition to almost any standard dessert of your own. They just naturally "dress up" other dishes—with no extra work.

To make our point clear, serve DEL MONTE Peaches—either Halved or Sliced—with some of the regular standbys the family likes. With rice, for instance—or custard. In bread pudding. On the meringue of floating island. With tapioca. Or on plain, everyday spongecake. You'll find each of these old treats—and scores of others—a little different, a little more appealing, for the touch of flavor peaches always add.

Another important fact well worth remembering is the economy DEL MONTE Peaches offer—especially when you know the way to buy the style of fruit and size of can best suited to your needs.

DEL MONTE Peach Halves and DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, of course, need little introduction. Two handy forms—the same full-flavored, tree-ripened fruit in either one.

But are you equally familiar with containers—do you realize how many pennies you can save by ordering the size of can your requirements demand?

DEL MONTE Peaches, both Halved and Sliced, are packed in four different sizes of tins. The No. 2½ can holds 30 ounces; No. 2, 20 ounces; No. 1, 16 ounces; the Buffet can, 8 ounces.

All DEL MONTE Peach Halves are graded for size to fit the container. Large size fruit,



For your convenience, Del Monte Peaches are packed two ways—Halved and Sliced—each style available in four sizes of cans.

Sliced Peaches and ice cream—just one of many delicious desserts made with Del Monte Peaches.

for example, is packed in the large No. 2½ cans; correspondingly smaller fruit in No. 2, No. 1 and Buffet cans. The extra large Melba Halves and the even larger Banquet Halves—selected for use on special occasions—also are packed in the No. 2½ cans.

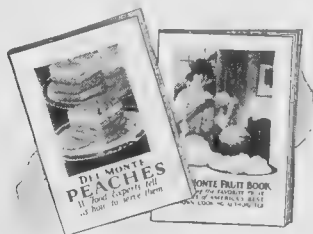
Grading for size, however, has no bearing on either quality or flavor. DEL MONTE Peaches in the 8-ounce Buffet cans are just as tender, just as luscious, as the largest fruit in the largest tin.

And when it comes to using DEL MONTE Peaches in your menus—we've only hinted at their delightful possibilities. In "The DEL MONTE Peach Book" and "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" are scores of other recipes and menu suggestions. These books are free—and should be in every kitchen.

Remember, too, when you order DEL MONTE Peaches, the wide choice DEL MONTE offers in other canned foods. There are vegetables, fruits, salmon and sardines, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins, prepared foods—in all more than a hundred delicious varieties. Why not insist that your grocery carry all the DEL MONTE Products you would like—and so always be sure of getting just the quality you want, each time you buy?

New Dessert and Salad Ideas

The DEL MONTE booklets pictured here contain favorite fruit recipes of America's foremost cooking authorities—all tested, economical, simple to prepare. A post card brings them—free! Address Dept. 37-Z, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



The sliced peach cans shown in the reduced photograph above illustrate the four sizes of containers in which both Del Monte Peach Halves and Del Monte Sliced Peaches are packed—known, in order, as No. 2½, No. 2, No. 1, and Buffet cans.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 8

test them by the eloquence of their admiration."

"And supposing they do not admire it?" asked Peter, always choosing the boldest parry.

"Then they are expected to be silent, Monsieur."

They were on the terrace, descending a flight of curving, marble stairs. By the time they had reached the fountain they were too much involved with each other's affairs to admire the grace of its sculpture. They stood, looking past it, across the orange trees, the wall, the town, into the August night, into each other's minds.

Peter was explaining eagerly how he had regained his vanished name; how he had escaped from prison, how he had come to Italy as Sir George's lieutenant.

And Renée was troubled. She was troubled about herself and her problem at Savona, which Peter must never learn. She must get him away from Savona. He must not see what she was going to do. He must go. It would give her too much pain to have him close, to have him present at her marriage with Orando. Her eyes went far away thinking of this; listening to his even voice.

"But why did you come to Savona?" she asked suddenly. She expected him to say that he had heard that she was here.

"I could not help myself," said Peter, who had not been able to rid himself of an apologetic attitude. "When Sir George was wounded the Maréchal de Lautrec refused to let our company go into action under a mere lieutenant. You see, I announced my name for the first time tonight. Until now I have lived incognito. Never having laid eyes on me, the Lautrec sent a courier to Sir George commanding us to garrison at Savona—an easy, if somewhat inglorious task. Thus I was cheated of a chance to lead my men into action."

"You mean, you are to STAY here?" cried Renée, not able to conceal her anxiety.

"Unfortunately, yes," said Peter, looking at her, inquiring, wondering. Why didn't she want him to stay?

She was silent. Then she turned away from him with a little shrug, and, though he did not know it, her eyes filled with tears. She was thinking that he would discover her, and that he would not be able to understand. He would never understand her sacrifice.

"I am sorry, Renée."

Because his voice and his simple use of her name hurt her, she turned on him.

"Why are you sorry? You aren't sorry?"

No, he wasn't sorry. He wanted to be with Renée. What really made him sorry; what was really painful, was Renée's reception of him. Was this the girl he had dreamed about—this rather disdainful lady of high degree, who obviously had secrets which he, Peter, could not share? One can imagine his fingers playing absently with the hilt of his sword, his eyes gazing absently across Italian gardens. Renée did not seem at all impressed with his new name. She did not seem to be happy in his happiness. She did not seem to realize that she was speaking to a descendant of kings! To royalty itself, by heaven! Peter's chin became firm.

On the other hand, one had but to look at her to have one's heart melted. She was so inexpressibly young—for all her salon wit she was but a girl. She was just as he had so often seen her, leaning over his hoe to watch her ride down the highway of Ardenne. Oh, he loved her—she would always live in him, a small flame-like presence.

As he wondered what was causing her to draw away from him so, he thought that perhaps she feared the contract which she had signed with him on the brigands' plateau. Perhaps she feared that now that he was Lord Peter Pole, he would use that old scrap of paper and claim her as his wife.

"Mademoiselle Renée—"

"Don't call me Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, I thought the other had hurt you," he said.

Although she could not trust herself to look at him, she stood with her shoulder almost touching his. He had paused.

"Renée," he said at last, "if that contract, that bit of paper, you know, is bothering you—I burned it."

"Did you?"

"I burned it in my cell at Calais."

She faced him. Her breast was almost touching his, her eyes were close, her lips were parted. "I knew you would," she said, "though it makes no difference—really."

"It is that which has been troubling you? You are not troubled now?" Since she only looked at him, he cried: "There is something else?" He put his hand on her arm. "Tell me more why you are here. What is troubling you here?" What have you to do here?"

Renée bowed her head. She could not tell him. Her hair almost touched his face, so that he could smell the fragrance of it. He knew that she was holding back some secret. He could not tell why she should want to withhold it from him.

"Is your brother safe?" he asked, groping in the darkness of her mind. "Yes—as safe as could be expected—in Italy."

"Renée," said Peter, pressing her arm a little, "it is my duty to protect this town. I represent the King. I know the danger of Italian politics, though I know nothing of them at first hand. I must rely on you to inform me, to help me to preserve the interests of His Majesty. Savona is one of the few towns that must be retained for the French at all costs. This, and Genoa, must be retained. Sir George's wound does not permit him to be on active duty. He will be confined to his room in the palace for several weeks. I am left alone. You must help me."

He thought that perhaps this appeal to less personal motives would draw out Renée's secret. But it had the opposite effect. She put out her hands and pushed him away gently. She was distressed. "No." She looked at him as a woman looks who knows a man's problem better than he knows it himself. "No." She paused; then, "I must go in, Peter. Take me in. Don't question me that way, ever again. Don't expect anything of me, Peter. I cannot help you."

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, each remembering the intimacy of a look they had exchanged in a sycamore grove, at dawn; each conscious of the immeasurable gulf which now separated their eyes; each unable to speak. And then, bewildered, Peter followed her through the darkness, over the marble floors of those Italian terraces, up to the palace. Silently he bowed her good-night at the door of her room in the Duchess' apartments. He left her without a word and returned to the starlight and the fragrance of the orange trees.

He stood alone, silhouetted above the balustrade, his hand still fingering the hilt of his sword. What sort of a place was this—the beautiful uncanny Savona? What sort of a woman was this beautiful new Renée?

As he stood there, the beauty of it entered his soul, like music. And there flashed across his mind the memory of an evening long ago, sitting behind Father Gaspard's barn, having just put Jacques away. He saw fields, a few houses, a group of peasants leaning over their tools, a line of French poplars like sentinels between mankind and the setting sun—a landscape of green, with violet shades which seemed to ooze from the foliage and stream across quiet thatched roofs. There, he had been unable to believe himself nameless. He had believed that if only in the sunset, he had a name; that to find that name would be peace. His fingers clenched at the remembrance of the blacksmith Gabriel. He had always been fleeing from Gabriel—from the harshness of circumstance; searching a refuge in himself, searching in his heart a place of green foliage oozing violet shadows. This place, he felt, would be himself, if he could ever find it. . . .

Continued on page 32



*Its flavor
makes it*

A Delight at Dinner



THE candles flicker and the silver gleams . . . light glints on glass . . . low laughter sounds and easy conversation flows. Course swiftly follows course while beside each place a crystal goblet of "Canada Dry" brings new delight to the meal.

A gracious beverage sparkling with deliciousness

What a wonderful beverage to serve with dinner! Sparkling as the eyes of a young girl at her first party . . . refreshing as youth itself . . . delightful as the manner of a gracious hostess . . . and "dry" as the fine sauterne of another day.

In countless homes throughout this country and the United States, on countless dinner tables, you find "Canada Dry." It has won the approving nod of connoisseurs. It has made its quality quietly felt, like the aristocrat it is. For "Canada Dry" has a distinction, a truly unforgettable flavor,

which set it off forever from every other beverage. Here is a finer, better ginger ale.

No wonder you find it in the great places of the world . . . famous hotels and clubs in New York, London and Paris . . . famous watering-places in France and Italy . . . at the smart country clubs in the Dominion . . . on swift transatlantic liners . . . on crack trains. What prestige it brings to these surroundings!

Absolutely pure ingredients help make its marvelous flavor

Basic excellence comes from the purest ingredients. High-quality Jamaica ginger makes it a real ginger ale. Blending and balancing in exact proportions contribute to its marvelous taste. A secret process of carbonation effects just the right final result—the flavor and quality, the bouquet and deliciousness, you know as the champagne of ginger ales—"Canada Dry."

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON

accomplished hostess, suggests—

THE Path to Youth . . . loveliness . . . joy . . . eat and stay slender . . . two lamb chops, broiled . . . Melba toast . . . two slices of pineapple heated in a broiling pan . . . and "Canada Dry," refreshing, invigorating, sparkling! This will have a favorable effect.

Three or four kinds of cakes . . . spicy frosted squares . . . devil's food . . . pound cake . . . cookies . . . then a big stone jug of "Canada Dry" mint julep . . . and after tennis . . . veranda tea . . . after dancing . . . becomes a real party!

"Canada Dry" Mint Julep. Pluck leaves from a few sprigs of mint. Crush a few mint leaves with thin strips of lemon peel. Add juice of one-half lemon and one lime. Stir in a scant tablespoon of powdered sugar and place on ice one hour. To serve—strain, pour in a tall glass and fill with sparkling, cold "Canada Dry." Garnish with a creme de menthe cherry and a sprig of mint.



Film A dangerous coating that robs teeth of their whiteness

A way to remove it that quickly restores brilliance. Film, it is agreed, also fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Please accept free 10-day supply.

THERE is a scientific way to keep teeth white and brilliant. A way science itself evolved, to safeguard better against the commoner tooth and gum diseases, including pyorrhea. A way that polishes enamel.

The source of discolored teeth is a sticky, dingy film. Film, too, is the source of serious dental troubles. Science knows this—thus the approved method today of protecting teeth is by removing film. A special dentifrice called Pepsodent has been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

You may receive a 10 days' supply to try. Just send the coupon for your free tube today.

You must fight film

Feel for film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

MADE IN CANADA

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing
Dentifrice

The special way to remove it

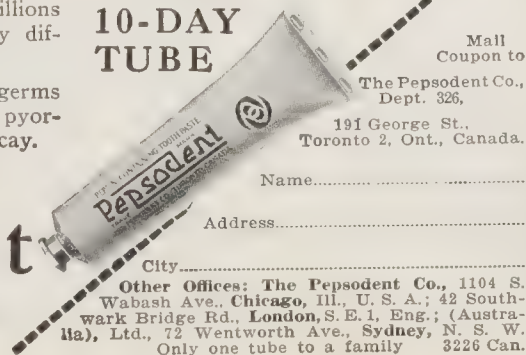
Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

Test FREE for 10 days

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

**FREE
10-DAY
TUBE**



Mail
Coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 326,
191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Canada.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W. Only one tube to a family 3226 Can.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 30

And here, in the exotic gardens of Savona, he had a name; he had partially found himself. He was the "White Rose," the royal gentleman. Peter Clos, the horseboy, had gone; now was the day of Peter Lord Pole. And yet who was he, even here, even now? Who was he without love, without Renée?

For the first time Peter saw clearly what he wished to become. Not a king with a throne; not a professional king, but an amateur; a man with a sword, a mind, and a heart, loving and being loved. There was power!

And he would devote his life to achieving this; to being worthy of it. At Ardenhe he had started to believe his name—now he would begin to give a meaning to his name. He would show Renée the meaning. Peter Lord Pole!

IF YOU will visit Savona today you will find a prospect quite different from that with which Peter was becoming familiar. The greater part of the town is now modern. It is still surrounded by green-clad hills and orange groves, which contribute that touch of brilliant color so characteristic of Italy, but the great castle that now stands upon the Rock of St. George was not built until 1542, fifteen years after the events which I am now describing. It was built, in fact, by Renée, in co-operation with the Genoese upon the site of the old cathedral. The new cathedral which our tourists visit, with its modern dome and its early renaissance choir-stalls and pulpit, was not erected until 1589.

Beginning with Roman times, Savona's history is that of a losing struggle with Genoa. Among the victories of Genoa may be counted the residence of Columbus there, whose ancestors were Savonese. In Peter's time, with the aid of Francis I, Savona had risen to its highest power, having fortified its harbor in preparation for that European and Asiatic trade upon which the prosperity of Italy had been founded.

An abundance of white marble characterized the churches, the principal buildings, the fountains, the statues, and the clean streets. A ducal palace, no longer extant, rose from the centre of the town. The front of this palace dominated the sapphire bay, the rear was connected with the town by a large square. The whole building, though small, was magnificently carved and arched in the manner of the renaissance. A massive round tower, a relic of the Middle Ages, rose from the middle of it. There was no moat around the place but only a wall with three gates. As if to achieve a perfect atmosphere of peace, even the guardhouses at these gates were hidden in recesses in the thick wall. The grounds on the ocean side were devoted to orange orchards and terraces. The red and black ducal flag waved from the old tower.

It was a place of delight, a most unlikely setting for the tragedy that was about to be enacted.

Two weeks after Peter's arrival, Philippe, who had refused to speak to Peter after their first encounter, asked Renée to take a walk in the garden. Renée consented, knowing by her brother's voice that some important decision had been reached concerning himself. She breathed deeply of the sunlight and the fresh air as she strolled beside him, feeling, perhaps, that she would not be able to enjoy these so innocently tomorrow.

They reached a stone summer-house with a roof of reddish clay. Here Philippe stopped and stood before her with arms folded around a small riding crop. His face was twisted a little with determination. One would not willingly have entrusted a complex political situation to such a pair—Philippe in his usual black velvet with silver trimmings, his small black hat at an angle over his curled hair; Renée with her eager face, her dress of blue brocade.

"There is no other way," Philippe kept saying. "There is no other way to save our lives."

"But, Philippe, how do you know he won't kill you anyway? How can I keep him from killing you?"

"You are beautiful. You must learn how to use your beauty."

"No!"

"As I grow older, I overlook sentiment. Confronted with a problem of life and death, it is necessary to use coldly every means that God has put in our power. You know that you can tease Orlando to do your will."

But he may be terrible! I didn't know what I was doing! I wouldn't know to whom I was going." She shuddered. "It makes me feel like a WOMAN!"

"Well, you are a woman."

"But I don't want to be loved just for that."

His lips twisted a little. "Sentiment," he said. And since she did not answer, "No one ever saved his life by sentiment. Especially not in this country."

"I cannot marry him, Philippe!"

"And why this modern pose, sister? Your ancestors have all married in this way. Your mother did. She had never seen father when they were betrothed. It is the plain duty of the nobility to make what you call political marriages."

"And besides, you have already given your word! I have already given my word. What has come over you? Before this Pole pretender arrived you were sensible, you were dutiful. Now you talk of love like a courtesan, in a way which would have outraged your own mother!"

Here indeed was that problem of Old and New which troubles us still, and of which Peter has left such a keen analysis. "The shifting phases of social tradition," he says, "are glimpses of the truth. For hundreds of years our women have married for their rank and position; now we speak of marrying for love. It is new and bewildering. The word creed of society is like a sandstorm in the Sahara desert, twisting into a thousand shapes, lighted by a thousand colors, changing, never fixed."

But Renée, seeing that Philippe could never understand, said quietly:

"I have nothing to do with Lord Pole. I have not uttered a word of our plan to him. I would be ashamed."

"And yet you are not ashamed to break your promise! See here, this has gone too far to be put aside now. The packet from the Pope has arrived, containing an annulment of your marriage to the horseboy lieutenant. The packet from the French King has arrived, containing a ratification of your marriage to Orlando!"

As he spoke the last words, Renée thought she saw a cloud pass over her brother's face. Perhaps—perhaps—but no. Surely he had used honorable means to obtain the French King's permission for this marriage.

"If you back out now," Philippe continued, "the chancellor, the Pope, even the French King will turn on me. All at once! My life will not be worth—that!" He snapped his fingers.

She was looking at him with widened eyes, her hands clasped in front of her; more frightened, perhaps, by her love for Peter than by the deed which Philippe was forcing her to do.

"No, my fine philosopher," said Philippe. "You are going to the altar tomorrow. I have sent a courier to the Count Orlando. The Count will arrive tomorrow morning with his train. The feast will last a week. Go to the Duchess at once and have her arrange your clothes and ceremonials. Do not let her forget that a Duprés is giving you away!"

"Philippe," cried Renée suddenly, "if I do this thing, I have a right to know more about the arrangements you have made. I have obeyed you blindly. I have done everything possible to save your life and the interests of France. It is not because my ideas are 'modern' that I resist now; it is not that I refuse to make a political marriage; but that I question what good this marriage will do you, Philippe. You are the heir of Savona—not I. If Orlando wants Savona he is not going to be stopped by his wife. I won't be able to keep him from burning the town, if he wants to, or from killing you, Philippe. By marrying him I am only delaying the evil that he will bring upon you; upon France."

Continued on page 34

Shockproof!

GUM Cushioned Tires are described in one word—*shockproof*. The live gum cushions resist and absorb the full force of all jolts met with in modern high-speed motoring. Gum Cushioned Tires go farther, last longer, look better and cost no more than old style tires. Go to Gum Cushion Tire Stations — they'll show you.

"Built Better to Wear Better"

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED
TORONTO

The largest All-Canadian Rubber Company.
Founded in 1883



Ask for
"G.P." PURE GUM TUBES

"Road Heat" will NOT destroy the texture of "GP" Pure Gum Tubes. You pay no more for "GP" but you get greater value and real satisfaction.



Need a woman's hands
say "*I have no maid*"..?

52 leading beauty shops answer:

"With all our experience, we are unable to distinguish between the hands of a woman who never washes dishes and those of a house wife who *uses Lux in the dishpan.*"

JUST IMAGINE—here is beauty care right in your dishpan—the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known!

Soft, White Hands

Every time you wash dishes in Lux your hands receive the soothing, gentle care that leaves them white and soft—and it costs almost nothing! Lux for all your dishes costs *less than 1c a day!*

Compare this with the expensive care many women of leisure give

their hands. Have hands just as lovely—at almost no cost!

The secret is this: the gentle Lux suds (instantly sparkling, even in hard water) *protect* the delicate oils of the skin—while ordinary soaps dry these beauty oils. That is why Lux gives your hands beauty care—right in the dishpan!

Less Than 1c a Day

And remember—Lux for all your dishwashing means *lovely hands for less than 1c a day.*



Lever Brothers, Limited, Toronto

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 32

She spoke distinctly and with great force. Philippe watched her. When she had finished he was insolently calm.

"Sister," he said, "women should not trouble themselves with politics. Women are emotional; politics are of the mind. Do you suppose I have no eyes? Don't you think I know anything about government? Don't you trust your own brother?"

Instead of answering, she turned her eyes away from him. She looked downward. She did not trust him.

"To give you a little confidence," he said, half-sneering, "I may as well tell you that I have made arrangements with the Pope, such that, if you marry Orlando, no one in Italy will dare to kill me."

"Arrangements with the Pope?"

"Yes. You parrot me. Are you still unsatisfied?"

"What kind of arrangements?"

"I shan't tell you."

"Are they honorable?"

She looked into his eyes abruptly. She held his gaze for a moment, saw it flicker, knew that there was no honor in these "arrangements." Shame! For a moment she almost lost control of herself. Then realizing that she must mask her emotions if she were to be allowed any liberty about the palace, she dropped her blue eyes and remained silent, externally calm.

"You have an impertinent tongue which I should advise you to curb with your new husband, Mademoiselle," said Philippe crisply, brushing his black-clad leg with the riding-crop. "Is it not enough that I have chosen this way? I act in accordance with the chancellor's advice. I have made a league with the Pope, Orlando and several other Italian nobles. If you marry Orlando they will not be interested in my death, but in keeping me alive. If this is not the honorable way out, it is the only way out. In cases of necessity they are the same."

Renée's lovely quiet eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I cannot kill you!" she cried. "That is the only reason why I do this thing! I cannot stand by and see you killed!"

"Now one more point," said Philippe, not paying any more attention to her. "Your English horseboy is to know nothing about my arrangements with the Pope. He takes his orders from France only. Do you understand me?"

"I do," she said, her strength almost failing.

"You promise?"

But he was pushing her too closely now. "I promise nothing," she said. "I have offered to marry Orlando. I shall do so. Now please leave me."

She turned away. Philippe, seeing that he could do nothing more with her, watched in silence as she ascended the marble stairs to the terrace above. Then he too hurried away—with a shrug.

PETER found the salon especially lively that night, though the Duchess had a frown upon her forehead. Renée avoided him. Underlying the laughter Peter thought he could detect an air of secrecy, as if something were being hidden from him and from France. No Frenchmen were left in the court, all having returned to the army under the Marquis d'Isancourt. Peter was surrounded by Italians.

As he looked at the strange faces he became suddenly lonely—more lonely than he had ever been. And he was suddenly afraid. He sensed, somehow, that he was going to lose Renée. She was not for him. He thought of the prophecies of Isaiah and the desolation of Jerusalem, yet found that an unattainable love is even more desolating than that. He would lose her! He could not explain how he knew this, but he felt it as a prophet feels the burden of Fate.

And yet to see her once more! To tell her that he loved! To seek, tonight, something that would last throughout the years of his life, imperishably beautiful: something in Renée's eyes which no other woman had the power to give him.

He decided that he must see her to night. He must speak with her, in the orange-grove.

Meanwhile, Renée was struggling with a problem much more concrete than Peter's but no less devastating. The external composure with which she had confronted Philippe had been feigned. By Philippe's eyes she knew that he had entered upon some plot with the Italians which was not honorable. She had no idea of the plot, but she felt its dishonorableness as a woman senses the undercurrent of a nature with whom she is familiar. Renée's first instinct was to prevent Philippe from dishonoring himself and her—prevent him somehow.

But how?

She really had no evidence against Philippe. She could not very well go to the Duchess and tell her that she suspected Philippe of treachery. Of what treachery, indeed, did she suspect him? Was the flicker of Philippe's eyes, that time she had looked into them, sufficient evidence for her to publish abroad the shame of the house of Duprés? No, no! She could not do that. She could confide in no one.

She could most certainly not confide in Peter. Peter had no respect for Philippe, and might take the most violent measures against him. Besides, Peter must know nothing about this marriage until tomorrow, and Orlando had arrived. Then it would be too late for him to rebuke her. She would not see Peter until after the ceremony. Then it would be too late . . . She would not ever see him again, really. She would never be held in his arms again, or feel his lips against hers . . .

Sitting in the salon that night Renée became pale and put her hand upon her breast as if to shield herself from the pain of sacrifice.

Signor Paccini, a young and handsome lieutenant in the Duchess's guards, was standing beside her. He saw the sudden pallor of his face. "Mademoiselle is indisposed," he cried, coming close to her side as if to assist her.

"No, no. Thank you. It will pass, Signor." She held up her hand. "I think the air here is a little too close. Would you be so good as to conduct me to my apartment? I shall spend a few minutes on my balcony, and then return."

He led her out of the salon and up the main stairway to her room. She turned to him at her door. "I thank you for your care, Signor," she said. "You may return to the salon now. I shall be down presently."

She spent a few minutes on her balcony, her hands resting on the low marble balustrade. She sought strength in the jeweled night. She found in the stars all that lovers have found—a spiritual power which enables love to transcend the flesh.

For she saw that she could not marry Peter. Although Peter—that delightful ragamuffin had a title, he had no property. The French King would oppose a marriage to him; Philippe would forbid it and Philippe was the head of her house. She would incur the anger of everyone. Moreover, a marriage to Peter would upset the politics of Savona so terribly that France would lose the town. And Philippe would be killed! Assassinated! Her brother sacrificed for her! That was the real reason. It was unthinkable that anyone should do that.

Never before had the possibility of really marrying Peter been so vivid—she had never allowed it to become so vivid. Never before had she exerted such power of renunciation and self-denial. The more she thought of Peter, in the light of the stars, the more determined she was to keep him at a distance.

Renée uttered a last prayer to the God of those stars, then turned, walked through the candle-lit room, out into the hall, down the wide magnificent stairs.

At the foot of the stairs in the main hall she met the one person she was determined to avoid. Peter stood before her with folded arms, his bright sword hanging at an angle at his side. Strong

Continued on page 40



What was the priceless beauty secret she discovered? The secret that brought her out of the background and made her a lovely, striking picture? The answer is in my Booklet and Beauty Sampler. See coupon below.

"You're the ONE GIRL in all the World..."

he whispered . . . but before that night she'd just been one of twenty

By MME. JEANETTE DE CORDET

WHO wants to be *almost* attractive? Half-way popular? Who is satisfied with half a man's admiration, or only half his love?

Yet many women are putting up with half-portions who might have everything that Life can offer. Simply because they have not yet learned the vital beauty knowledge this girl discovered.

I wish I could say to them, as I said to her . . . "Learn your type. Then *be* that type. Emphasize it in every possible way. The right powder, of course . . . in a shade to match and glorify your skin tone. And the right rouge, rightly used."

If you don't know what type you are—and most women don't—I have a way for you to find out very quickly. You will need only my Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty," which I will gladly send for only 10 cents, to help cover the cost of mailing. See the coupon below.

At last . . . a powder for YOUR type!

The booklet is a catalog of beauty types, delightfully illustrated in color. Look through it until you find yourself, for YOU are there. And right there I tell you what shade of Pompeian Powder and Bloom you should use.

A Powder and a Rouge especially for you are included among the varied Pompeian shades. There are five exquisite shades of Pompeian Powder, each carefully blended to flatter a particular complexion tint, and clothe it in velvety softness. Five shades of Bloom, too, so artfully ranged in tint that every face may be accented most becomingly.

You may try your shade of Pompeian Powder as soon as you have read the booklet. For the Sampler contains all five shades of Pompeian Powder in five glittering vials. Try *your* shade at once! See how it seems to melt into your skin, bringing new life and radiance.

Think of it! Authoritative answers to the questions that have puzzled you all your life . . . "What *is* my type?" . . . and "Just what shade of Powder and Rouge should I use?" The coupon will bring this vital beauty knowledge.

*This coupon will
bring you valuable
beauty information!*



Mme. Jeanette de Cordet, Dept. P-110,
353 Rue St. Nicolas, Montreal

Please send me your Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty." I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for packing and postage.

Name

Address

City.....Province.....



The new Kellogg cereal .. so crisp it actually crackles in cream

YOU'VE never known a cereal before like Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It's different in variety, shape and flavor!

Just taste those toasty rice bubbles as they come from the carton. You've never put anything as delicious in your mouth.

Serve them for breakfast. And when you pour on the milk or cream, *listen* to them crackle. That's how crisp they are!

Lunch—the children's evening meal . . . you couldn't find a better dish. Add fruits or honey to your Rice Krispies.

Make candies with them, macaroons. Garnish salads. Put them in soups. Butter and serve like crisp pop corn. There never was a cereal to use so many ways.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Try Rice Krispies today. You and your family are on for a flavor surprise!

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES



Have You a Personal Philosophy?

By Douglas Batterbusy

IF THE average person were asked what was meant by "Philosophy," the answer, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would be that it was a very dry, uninteresting and entirely theoretical subject, principally taught at the higher colleges and universities, and studied especially by the more academic body of professors and lecturers. Further, there would probably be the comment that "in these busy practical days it was of no use anyway, and so why waste time with it?" But if that same person was sought out on a particularly bright sunny day and questioned as to why he, in common with others, so obviously appreciated fine weather, he would, by his very surprise at such a question, unconsciously reveal himself as, at the very least, an elementary practical philosopher.

Why? Let us analyze his viewpoint. In common with the average he is in favor of good weather. Now, he may have desired this condition for a specific material purpose, but for the sake of argument suppose he was in favor of it purely for itself. Question him closely for his reasons for this appreciation. If he will take the matter seriously he will tell you that life is so much happier and easier when the sun is shining and everything is bright, that "life is worth living" on a fine day, etc.—and there will follow the many other well known and apparently obvious remarks which are to be heard so many times on similar occasions.

We have only to consider the first of these comments to strike at the heart of a very real and practical philosophy—"the making of life happier and easier." Whether it takes the form of the shining sun, an unselfish life, a helpful book, a beautiful picture, a soothing piece of music, an act of generosity or even a single, solitary smile—this is the philosophy which every thinking man and woman understands and is unconsciously looking for. A practical Utopia—not a Dreamer's Paradise.

Nowadays, an individualistic philosophy for the betterment of mankind is gaining more and more ground among thinkers. It is a philosophy which looks for the improvement of the race and its outlook THROUGH the improvement of the individual, rather than in the possible uplifting of the masses as masses. It is held, and surely very reasonably, that the only really satisfactory solution to the problem of better and happier people and better and happier conditions can only come about by improvement of the elemental and individual being, he or she who helps to make up the great human family. For the individual is the living cell, so to speak, of that great body, and upon his or her mental and physical qualities will depend the great universal and racial result. If the labors of those who conscientiously desire the betterment of the community—mental, spiritual and social—could, in place of trying to uplift the

world OUTSIDE them, make a real and live attempt at raising their own outlook INSIDE, from out the mists of a near future would emerge that Utopia, not merely a pleasant place and fantastic unreality but a new and universally joyous world.

It would seem then, that the practical philosophy which can best tend towards the general good is one which is essentially individualistic, that is to say, a philosophy of living, acting, thinking and doing PERSONALLY for the betterment of ourselves and consequently of those around us.

Now it has often been contended that the unhappiness and trials of this world are primarily due, not so much to a selfish or wrong human outlook, but to the conditions of life—unfair working conditions, bad pay, lack of work, sex evils and the rest. While barely touching upon these topics it is obvious that vast improvements could undoubtedly be made in these things but—and here is the same individual philosophy which comes to our aid every time—if the mental outlook of those responsible for any of these evils had been honest, wholesome and generous, such conditions would be impossible. There is no walk of life, no bad condition, no relationship of any kind which this philosophy of the improvement of the individual BY the individual cannot better. It is the origin of all good just as the individual's warped or unwholesome outlook is the root of every evil.

Everyone will agree that one good act is worth a deal of talk, but it is the result of a continual practising of good acts and consistent purity of purpose which will really make towards any systematic progress, and there is only one way to ensure such a condition in the individual. That is by the education of the mental outlook to such a degree that these good acts must follow—because they are a natural sequence of a mind thus educated. Our everyday actions and relations with our fellow-creatures, our dealings and treatment of them, our thoughts on things—these are known as our "nature," or, in other words, the substance of our minds in operation. If the mind is right the nature must be right, and it is in the cultivation and education of the mind towards ourselves, life and the world in general upon which a philosophy, if it is to be a practical philosophy, must play. It may seem a bold statement, but a cramped and distorted mind, yes, and even a chronically selfish nature may, by reasonable and broad presentations of life, be expanded and freed from its narrowing restrictions. If a philosophy is to be applied to humanity with success, it must be essentially human, because the human viewpoint is one which can appeal to every class of intellect, creed and nationality. And such a philosophy can have no confines, since humanity spreads to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The Psalm of Life

Continued from page 22

"—Or hearing through all the strange babble
Of voices, now grave, now gay,
Only your voice;
Can this be forgetting—"

She cried a little, and he took her hand.

"Roberta, he would want you to be happy. Aren't you nursing your grief a little, dear? Haven't you forgotten at all, after all these years?"

The song drowned out his voice.

"If the wild wish to see you and hear you,
To be held in your arms again—
If this be forgetting—"

Her tears flowed freely, and he rose and shut the singer off abruptly.

"Roberta, this is morbid. I could make life so different for you. I don't ask for

your love—yet. I only ask for the right to take care of you."

She dried her eyes.

"I don't believe I could make you understand," she said. "I don't want an easy life. I like working for Doll Baby. It's the only thing that makes me want to live. And I couldn't marry anyone. I couldn't have a husband blundering about among my perfect memories, knocking them over—"

She laughed. Hayward would have liked that.

"No, Roberta, you could never make me understand all that, because you are not talking sense. Memories are for the old. You are a young, healthy woman—"

She interrupted him.

"No, that's another thing. I'm not I'm not a woman any more. I'm just—"

Continued on page 38

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE



[EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN]

PIECES OF 8 and four *forget-me-nots*

[TRADE MARK REGISTERED]

There are four "forget-me-nots" to keep in mind in buying silverware. They are:

[1] *Forget not the date*—"1847"... dating the four generations of craftsmanship back of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. When you see the trade mark, "1847 ROGERS BROS." on a piece of silverware, it is the mark of the genuine, and the mark of the finest.

[2] *Forget not the number*—"PIECES OF 8"... eight of each in flatware essentials instead of the usual short-handed set of sixes.

[3] *Forget not the pattern*—Whatever is smartest and loveliest in silverware design is found in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. The designs in this premier ware have always set the silver mode. Correct for the times, in their *style*; and correct for all time, in their *good taste*.

[4] *Forget not the importance of a "Matched Service"*—1847 ROGERS BROS. ware offers you an unlimited selection of flatware and hollowware in matched patterns. Knives, forks and spoons may always be matched in tea or dinner services... A set of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is a flawless Ensemble.

Would you build a complete and an ultra modern silver service, without feeling the cost? There is a way, fascinating and new... Send for the famous Silver Budget Book. Write for Booklet C10 to International Silver Company of Canada, Limited... Department E, Hamilton, Ontario.

"PIECES OF 8," LEGACY

pattern, in Paris-designed chest \$51.35
...Legacy soup spoon, "Eights" \$11.30

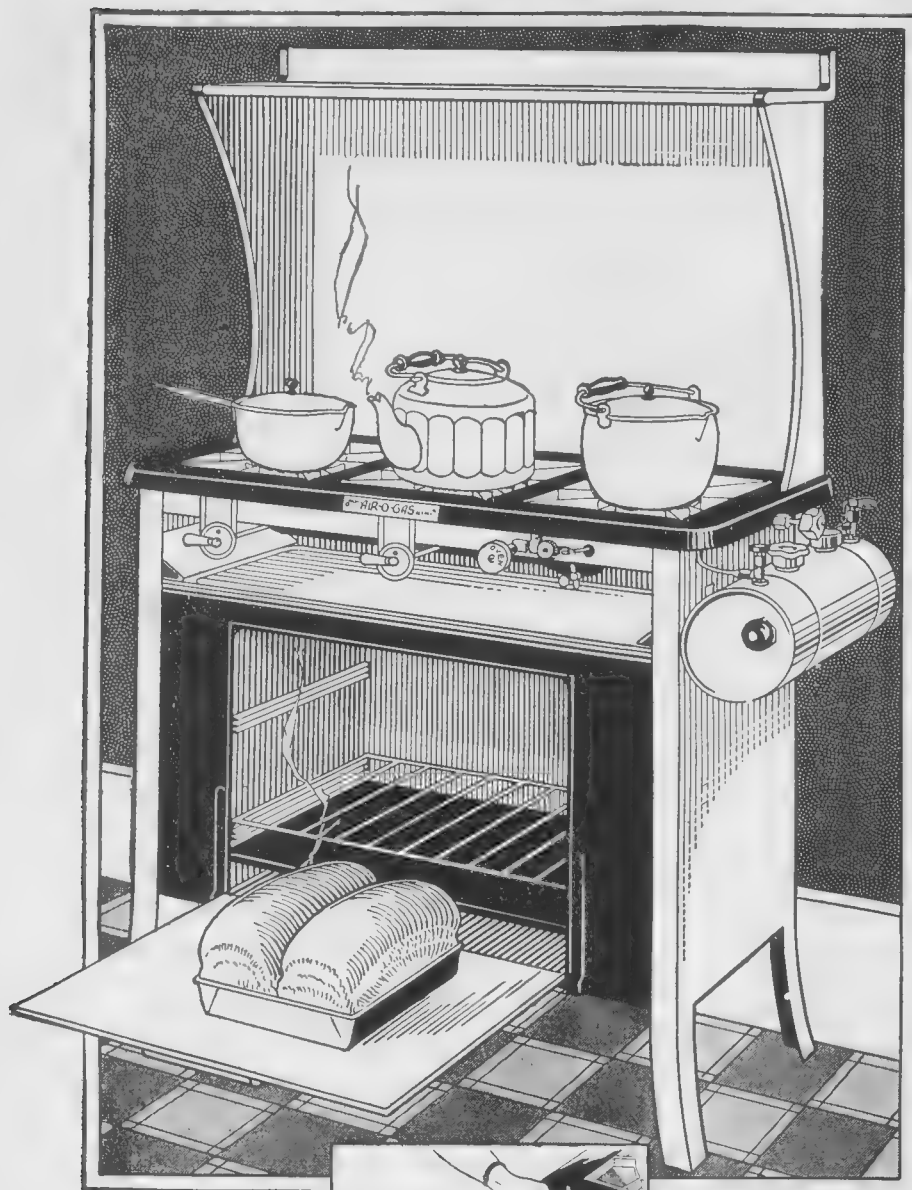
• 1847 ROGERS BROS. •

SILVERPLATE

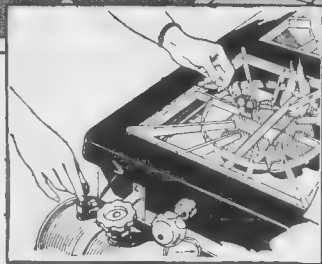
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. LIMITED

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Just Like Natural Gas



**NEW
Instant
Gas
Starter**



**Strike
a Match
—Turn
a Valve**

COOKING on the Coleman Air-O-Gas Stove is just like using natural gas!

Your favorite foods are easier to prepare. There is no wood to chop, no coal to carry in, no ashes to carry out. Your kitchen stays cool and spotless. There's just nothing like the Coleman for convenience!

In fact, *the Coleman is a gas stove*. It makes its own gas from ordinary clear, water-white gasoline. No pipes, no installation expense. To start it, you simply touch a match to the starter and turn a valve. And in less than a minute the burners are ready to light... ready with a clean blue gas flame. Actually hotter than natural gas!

Coleman Air-O-Gas Stoves are made in a great variety of models to fit every cooking need and purse. All are handsomely finished.

The New Coleman Cooking Time Table is yours for the asking. Tells just how long to cook various foods, how to save time at meal-times, etc. Mail coupon for your *Free* copy. Meanwhile, your nearest Coleman dealer will gladly demonstrate the Air-O-Gas Stove for you.

Coleman Air-O-Gas

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

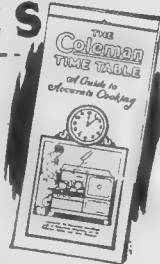
PRESSURE STOVES

The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co.

Toronto, 8, Ontario Dept. 3534

☐ Send me name of nearest dealer handling Coleman Stoves, also descriptive literature and prices.

☐ Send me your new "Coleman Time Table—A Guide to Accurate Cooking."



Name _____

Address _____

(AO34)

The Psalm of Life

Continued from page 36

a widow. All that I had to give, Hayward took with him when he went. And I've had the best there is. Anything that could come to me now would have to be an anti-climax. You think I'd change. I wouldn't. You deserve a better fate than that."

"I'll never get your point of view, dear," he said, "but I will respect it. If you ever do change, I'll be waiting. If you never change, I'll be waiting just the same."

She laughed at him again.

"No, you won't. You just contradicted yourself. If you could wait like that—hopelessly—you would never say that you couldn't understand me."

THE years of her life, which had looked so endless to Roberta when she first faced them alone, rolled by. Doll Baby was a child, a girl, a woman.

Roberta had been very ill. She scarcely knew which was worse, the lucid moments of pain, or the awful dream that kept recurring between-times. She seemed to be lost in the most enormous crowd of which the imagination could conceive. They were all running hither and thither, their faces twisted into expressions of the most intense anxiety. All were seeking something which none ever seemed to find. Roberta too was searching. Somewhere among all the restless myriads of those who had gone before was Hayward. She had no hope that she would ever find him, but she must not give up. There was a chance in a billion—and then they would both find rest.

The pain again. And Doll Baby kneeling by the bed sobbing, "Mother, Mother, Mother!" To comfort Doll Baby—but she could not speak.

Now the dream. Someone that looked like Hayward—if he would only turn his face—No, a stranger—

Suddenly peace. What was this? Warmth, security, perfect rest. Why,

Hayward, of course! She could recognize this feeling anywhere, and it had but one source. She felt no surprise when she heard his voice.

"It's all right, honey. Come on."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, it's been so long—"

"No, honey. That illusion of time—it's been just a flash. This is eternity."

"Hayward, I have much to tell. Have you?"

"Yes. You first. Our Doll Baby—"

"Married. And such a cunning baby! We're grandparents, dear. Can you imagine that?"

"Has it really been YEARS, Roberta?"

"Yes, dear—I was an old woman—rheumatism, gray hair, spectacles—"

"Did you hate that as much as you thought you would, honey? I remember all the cold cream and war paint you used to have—"

"No. That was just for you. Afterward it didn't matter. But Doll Baby—Daddy, she was crying! You know, we never let her cry—"

Leaning on him as always for comfort and reassurance.

"Just another flash, honey, and she'll be with us."

"But, Daddy, she doesn't know that. All she can see now is years and years—"

"But her life is full and happy. A little baby—you remember how that was. And her husband—is that all right?"

"Oh, YES! They play tennis together, and swim—and they can laugh by the hour over nonsense that I can't even understand. You remember how we used to—"

"Of course. Then Doll Baby's all right. Honey, you remember Ted Williams? I saw him a little while ago. And Alice Howard—"

"Oh, Hayward, I've been wanting for so long to tell you something about Alice. It's the funniest thing—"

The Weak Spot in Women's Organizations?

Continued from page 5

said... I don't know whether it's true or not, but I believe it is... Don't want to hurt her... her mother died of it... It was the chairman's fault... I add a little onion to mine—"

But these are little things. And in spite of many little vagaries, the good work goes on. Visitors are entertained, parsonages are furnished, mission schools are supplied with bedding, and pianos are bought, mortgages are lifted, school life is made pleasanter, social life is enriched, educational programmes are arranged and books are read.

But the half-million women in Canada, who are potentially members of the Local Council through their separate organizations, could do more if they were knit together in a closer fellowship. There is a stupendous body of opinion, sharp, clear-cut opinion, among those five hundred thousand Canadian women. But it is unwieldy, vague and diffuse, and cannot be brought to bear upon any issue.

The National Council, through the Local Councils, should be the strong, silken cord, on which all the organizations are threaded, and along which the drawing, and the throbbing of public opinion could be felt. Women are under no compulsion to think alike on all subjects. But there are great questions of the day, on which no woman can afford to be ignorant or indifferent, and on which there will be a practical unanimity of opinion. The matter which was so recently before the Cabinet at Ottawa will serve as an instance:

Representation from Washington had come to discuss the matter of rum-running. Plainly something has to be done. Canada's position is one that makes us all feel ashamed, no matter what we may think of prohibition. At least the United States are determined to keep on

with their experiment. The November election proves that. And here we are allowing Canadian liquor to be sold to bootleggers, allowing the ships to be cleared at our ports—and then piously sending word to the United States officials to prevent the ships landing if they can. But we take the money from the law-breakers first, and then we try, or profess to try, to get our customers into trouble.

No wonder the people of the United States are complaining, and no wonder that we, in Canada, are becoming more and more humiliated. But scattered spasms of penitence, and outpourings of indignation are futile. The stark fact remains, that we are forgetting our own self-respect, and the good-will of a friendly neighbor.

Five hundred thousand women could make an impact on this situation, and it could be done with dignity. Local Councils, through the National Council, could present a clearly-expressed opinion which could not fail to impress our Government.

Local Councils and the National Council, presenting well-thought-out programmes, have always been received with sincere consideration.

Women's organizations are still in their infancy, and have the deficiencies of youth. They have not yet learned to divide their work, and so conserve their energy. They have not yet wholly learned to trust other women, nor have they learned that to train younger women for the work is better than for the older women to carry all the load themselves. But they are a force in public affairs, let no one doubt.

The recent presidential election in the United States demonstrated the power of women's organizations when blended and fused by a consuming passion for a great cause.





The function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

Why Colgate's has become THE LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

*The amazing story
of Penetrating Foam . . . that cleans
where the toothbrush cannot reach*

The reason why more people use Colgate's than any other toothpaste is simply that it cleans teeth better.

And by "clean" we mean not just the outer tooth surfaces but the tiny crevices where food particles lodge and where decay starts. No toothbrush can reach these hard-to-clean places. They must be cleansed by the dentifrice.

Hence the real test of your toothpaste is its ability to get down into these crevices and cleanse them thoroughly. A recent scientific test proved that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power than any of the leading toothpastes on the market today. This is the secret of Colgate's superior cleansing power.*

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable

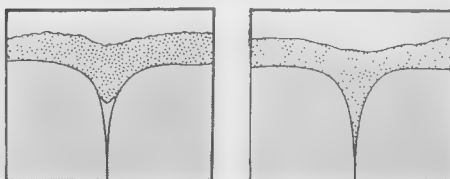
property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material prescribed by dentists, which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE'S, Dept. B-1963 Toronto, 8. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name

Address

Mothers of "bottle babies"

*Listen to the story of
this 70-year feeding test!*

MILLIONS of babies have been fed on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. There are Eagle Brand babies today whose parents and grandparents and uncles and aunts were fed on this same food in their infancy. For Eagle Brand has been used in infant feeding since 1857.

What is the reason for this long-continued and widespread use? Simply this:

Eagle Brand has been proved by practical test—generation after generation—to be *the most easily digested of all the special baby foods*. It has succeeded in countless difficult feeding cases where other foods have failed. It has come to the rescue of many a baby who was literally starving because he could not digest his food, and has brought him back from the brink of death to robust, lasting health . . . Hundreds upon hundreds of such histories—touching and dramatic—can be found in the letters which grateful parents have written to the Borden Company.

What is Eagle Brand?

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The special process of preparation changes the milk in such a way that it forms the softest and finest of curds in the baby's stomach . . . very like the curds formed by mother's milk.

Because of the character of these curds, the baby digests this food easily, assimilates it rapidly, and is properly nourished by the elements it contains. The sugar in Eagle Brand supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue building elements and growth-promoting vitamins—the same elements found in pasteurized Grade A milk.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand.

Send for the booklet, "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—generally recommended by physicians. Mail the coupon today.

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED

Milk

THE BORDEN COMPANY LIMITED, Dept. WHM
140 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.

Please send me, free, your Baby Welfare Book
and Baby Record Book,

My baby is.....months old.

Name.....

Address.....

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 34

as her determination had been, she was not prepared for this encounter. She stopped on the stairs above him, her hand on her breast again, her mouth opened a little.

He looked up at her and smiled. "I asked Signor Paccini if you had retired. He replied that you were slightly indisposed but would return to the salon presently. I hope your indisposition is not serious?"

"Oh, no. Thank you." She was not at ease.

"I have waited for you, Mademoiselle."

"Yes?"

"I want to speak with you. I want to be with you." She saw the loneliness in his eyes. "If you would give me that happiness," he added.

Peter sensed that she was troubled. Like the rest of the court, there was mystery in her expression. He was careful to be informal, impersonal.

"You wish to speak to me?" she asked, to gain time.

"It would be a great favor. I have something to give you."

She noticed that he held a small box in one hand, though she felt that this did not contain his true reason for wishing to speak with her.

But this ruse of the box—if it was a ruse—had worked sufficiently well to induce her to descend a few stairs. And now she was so close to him that his eyes seemed to burn her soul. Those bright, lonely eyes of his, which, nevertheless, could smile so lovingly! She was overcome by the spell he was casting upon her. One more talk with Peter while she was yet free. One more . . . "I would like it very much," she said faintly. "Shall we go to our bench in the orange orchard?"

"Ah, yes, the bench. How good of you." He gave her his hand.

Yet even as she walked beside him out into the night she kept repeating to herself: "I must tell him nothing about Philippe, nothing about Orlando, nothing about myself. I must not. Nothing, nothing!"

When they reached the bench she stood beside him, frail and white in the starlight, the folds of her dress curving to the ground like the drapery of a statue. She was close to him. She led him to the bench, where they sat down side by side. Peter produced the little box he had shown her in the palace, opened the seals of it, drew forth a ring whose large diamond sparkled in the giant light. It was the ring he had pawned to the consumptive landlord.

She showed her happiness at receiving again this only reminder of her mother. She thanked Peter not only with words but with her eyes. She put the ring on her finger and held her hand in front of her and her head to one side. She was a little girl again—the girl he had known at Ardenle.

In spite of the pleasure which the return of the ring had given to both of them, they were silent as soon as her gratitude had been expressed. They sat for several minutes without a word—Renée with her hands on her lap, Peter leaning toward her with his hand on the stone bench. It was obvious to both of them that the ring had been but an excuse to come out here and talk about themselves.

At last, irritated by the silence, Peter rose.

"Renée," he said, "I can stand this no longer. I know that I am disliked at Savona and that the Italians are planning things behind my back. But that does not trouble me. It is my business to cope with that. What troubles me, what pains me more than anything ever has pained me, is that you appear to be one of them. You—"

"No, no, Peter!"

"Let me finish. I have waited too long to speak. I know you are not really one of them; but I know also that you are hiding something from me; something which you have in common with them and don't care to have in common with me. And that's all right. I have no claim on you. But there's even more. It seems to me that I cause you pain; that my

being here makes you unhappy; that for some reason you cannot forget what you once chose to give me; that you regret having given."

He paused a moment. She, instead of wanting to interrupt him now, struggled with many emotions.

"I have, therefore, made a decision," said Peter in his determined English manner. "Sir George has recovered sufficiently from his wounds to allow him to carry on here at Savona. I shall return to France and arrange my affairs with the King. My duty is here, but I would prefer to leave it than to give you pain. I do so because I love you more than my own happiness; more than my own life." He could not help being a trifle dramatic. "I shall leave tomorrow because—"

"Tomorrow? No, no! Not tomorrow!" She arose and put out her hand to him. In the dim light he could see a kind of terror in her expression.

It had suddenly seemed impossible to go through with her marriage to Orlando without Peter standing somewhere nearby. Far from wanting to avoid him at that hour, she discovered that she would need him—his courage, his will, his love. He alone, of all men, could understand, he alone could forgive.

But as she stood before him, pleading that he should not leave her "tomorrow," Peter was far from understanding anything. He was used to being surprised by what he has since called "le savoir féminin," but he could never tell what the "savoir" would be or when it was coming. Now, he made no effort to conceal a slight vexation.

"And why not tomorrow?" he asked. "Why, of all days, not tomorrow?"

"Of all days, tomorrow I shall need you most," she said. But she did not explain. She remained silent, looking up at his face. She was at once innocent and distressed.

Before the beauty of her features Peter's heart relented. He saw that she was struggling with a vast problem.

"Renée, I would like above all things to help you. Can't you forget for a moment that I am His Majesty's lieutenant and tell me as a friend what is in your heart?"

He was, indeed, surely the Peter she loved, the one person in the world who would always be kind, reliable; the one personality she could never resist; and hence, would always need. She wanted to tell him. She felt that her heart would break if she were to marry Orlando without telling Peter.

"Oh, Peter," she said, putting her hand upon his arm, "the secret that I have is all tangled up with the secrets and lives of others. I have not told you because I have as much as promised not to tell you. You are, you know, His Majesty's representative at Savona. But I need to tell you. I want to tell you! Oh! Promise me to treat it absolutely personally, dear! Tell me that you will not interfere in any way with what I am going to do. Promise that you will be only a friend . . . a brother—"

Peter saw that his guess had been correct: that Renée was somehow involved with the secret politics of Italy. And he saw, in a flash, the issue she was presenting to him—his duty as a lieutenant of France against his tenderness as a lover. Supposing she should disclose a plot which, as lieutenant, it would be his duty to quell! He saw the impossibility of promising what she was asking him to promise.

"You know that I love you!" he cried, "that you are more than life. Why, then, do you present this issue—why do you vex me with my love pitted against my official duty? Why ask a question which I cannot answer, a promise which I cannot give? I love you passionately. Any decision that I should reach concerning what you have to tell me would be based upon love, Renée. Upon my love."

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes intensely. "Come," he said. "Tell me."

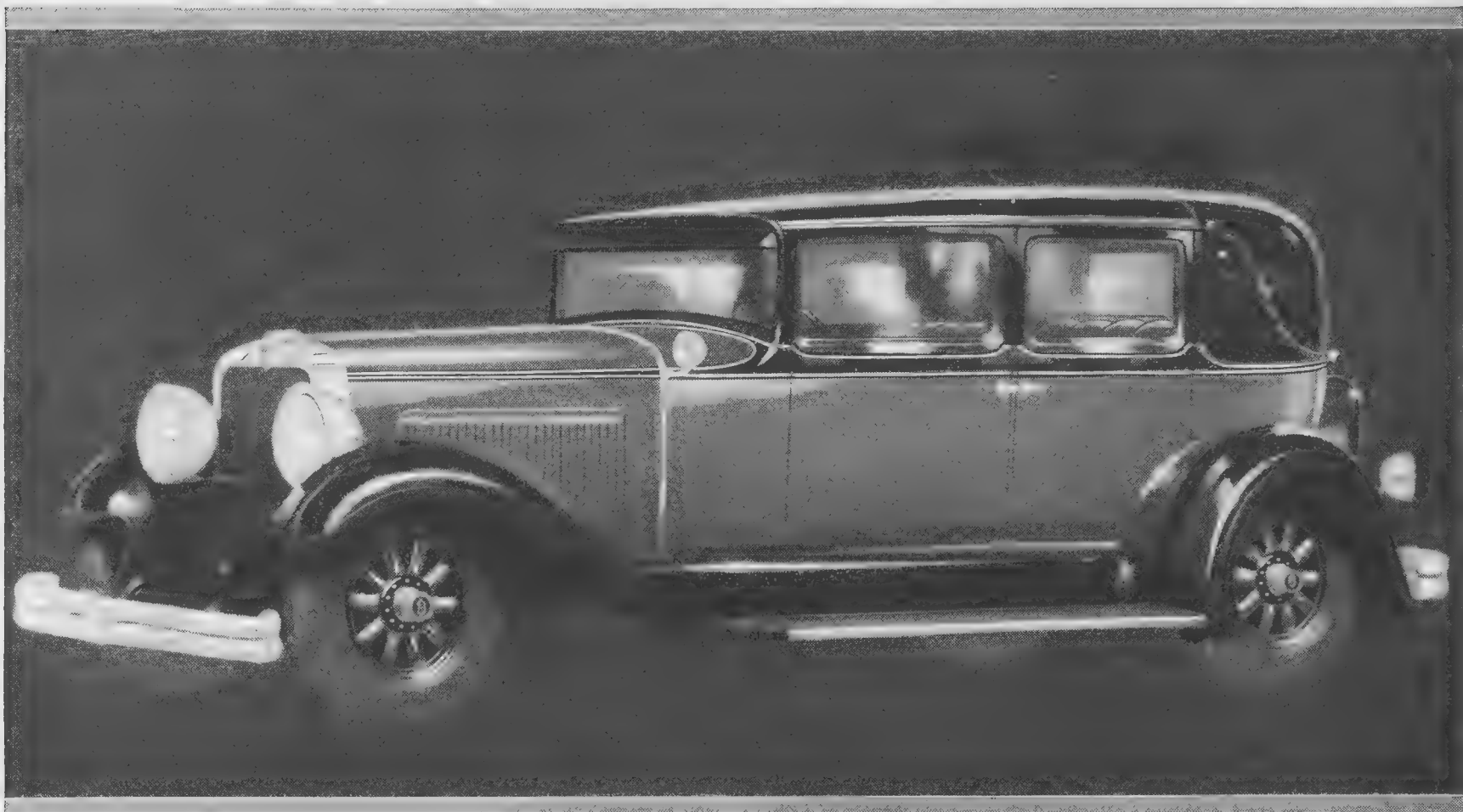
Continued on page 42



22% MORE POWER

5 MILES AN HOUR MORE SPEED

2 EXTRA MILES FROM EVERY GALLON OF GASOLINE



ANYPONE who has had as much experience with gasoline motors as the man on the farm should be very much interested in this explanation of Nash Twin-Ignition motor performance.

Instead of a single spark plug in each cylinder, Nash engineering uses two big aircraft-type spark plugs, firing simultaneously, to obtain a much quicker, much more thorough and more efficient combustion of the gas. This makes higher compression practical.

The result is, that the identical Nash motor, with Twin Ignition instead of the ordinary single ignition, produces, by actual test, 22% more power, 5 miles per hour more speed, and gives you 2 extra miles from every single gallon of gasoline you buy.

NASH

"400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

In fairness to yourself, do not think of buying any motor car today until you have driven the new Twin-Ignition-Motored NASH "400".

Moodies

"CUMFY-BAND" Bloomers

and
Bobettes

*A new idea
every woman
will appreciate*



At last --

A remarkable new elastic band that is unbreakable and absolutely unharmed by boiling water or a hot iron! Moodies' "Cumfy-Band" Bloomers and Bobettes possess this feature exclusively in Canada.

"Cumfy-Band" is guaranteed to last the life of the garment, retaining its full life and stretch. Comfortable... it lies flat, without chafing or binding. Unbreakable... it offers a sense of perfect security. Enjoy the economy and convenience of "Cumfy-Band"... ask for Moodies' "Cumfy-Band" at all quality shops.

Moodies "Run-Resistant" Knitted Rayon

Something else entirely new... a knitted rayon made by Moodies that positively will not run. Lustrous, extra long-wearing... Moodies "Run-Resistant" Knitted Rayon is another reason why smart women look to the shops featuring Moodies Lingerie for the newest and best in style, comfort and value.

MOODIES UNDERWEAR LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 40

Presently, when she had studied him awhile, she turned away and put out her hand and led him to the bench again.

"Sit close to me, then," she said. "I shall speak just in your ear."

He could feel her breath upon his cheek.

"I have needed you. Ever since the moments after our escape from the brigands I have been alone. I cannot tell you what effect loneliness has had on me, for I do not know. There has been no way of comparing my thoughts with another person's. I have been drawn farther and farther—from honor, Peter. I believe I forget sometimes what honor is."

"Then you came. When I saw you again I was afraid. I was ashamed of myself and my mind. I cannot describe it. I am not strong enough by myself. I feel that what they are forcing me to do is wrong; and yet, somehow, I cannot resist them. I mean I cannot resist Philippe; I feel such a duty toward him. I do not know myself. I cannot tell myself what is true or what is false. The false seems true. Do you understand?"

"Yes. And Savona has done this—has changed you. I have noticed it."

"Have you, Peter?"

"A little."

She paused, somewhat startled at his observation. Then she said: "When we arrived here, we saw that we were not wanted. The Duchess wants us and the Duke doesn't care—but there are others—"

"Ornando?"

She started. "You know him?"

"By reputation. Excuse me for interrupting."

"We saw that the Italians hated us, especially Ornando. He was to have married the Lady Isabella and would have inherited Savona from her, had she not died."

"The old chancellor seemed kind to Philippe. He told Philippe all about Savona and the problem of government here. He got Philippe's confidence. Philippe will do anything the chancellor says. Philippe insists that the chancellor is the only one whom we can trust. And always—since I am all alone and have so lost my way—I must give in to Philippe. I am always persuaded that he knows best, even though I don't trust the man who advises him! There is something in me I can't understand. I am weak, Peter, I am unable—"

She turned away to hide the trembling of her lips. Peter put his hand on her arm and pressed it gently. And she put her hand upon his.

"I must go on," she said. "You must let me go on."

"Yes."

"Philippe told me that I would have to marry Ornando. He said that Ornando was going to assassinate him, and then besiege Savona and conquer it. I was frightened because Philippe was so frightened. And yet I would not marry Ornando. I could not, Peter. I remembered my marriage to you—I had kept reminding myself of that—it seemed real and substantial among those shadows of men. I almost hoped that you had not destroyed the paper; that it was still in existence, that something might exist which belonged to both of us."

As she looked at him Peter began to tremble. She said gently: "Please understand, Peter, I don't care for you the way—the way you are looking at me." She dropped her eyes; and then, with an effort, continued.

"Someone tried to assassinate Philippe—twice. I know that Ornando had done it. And the chancellor told Philippe that Ornando had done it, and that Ornando would not fail a third time. I was frightened more than ever, then. To refuse Ornando was to have Philippe killed, almost to murder him! What could I do? I had my marriage to you annulled, Philippe testifying that I was forced into it. Then I told Ornando that I would marry him. Oh, Peter—Peter—"

She was in his arms, sobbing. He pressed her to him; he kissed her hair.

"I am going to—to do it tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence. She wondered what Peter was thinking. Would he understand? Would he forgive?"

The shock of the discovery had momentarily deprived Peter of speech, even of coherent thought. So it was true that he was going to lose Renée. She was in his arms, yet he was going to lose her! By heaven, that was impossible!

And yet it was true. And it was impossible to prevent it. He could not use his power as an officer of the French army to prevent this marriage. That would be unfair to Renée. She had chosen to do this. He, Peter, had no claim on her beyond the personal friendship which he had offered her and which she had accepted. Peter sobbed a little and pressed her even closer to him. To think of her tomorrow in the arms of... Ornando...

But, as I have said, Peter was never off his balance for long. After the first appalling moments, when the loss of Renée blinded him to all other facts, his mind turned tentatively to the impersonal aspects of the situation. Just what was this marriage for? Why had Philippe forced Renée into it? What did it signify, politically?

Still holding Renée in his arms, Peter became unbelievably impersonal. Suddenly he asked: "You are doing this to save Philippe's life?"

"Y-e-e-s. Mostly that."

"If you marry Ornando you think you can save Philippe?"

"Y-e-e-s." He noted the hesitation in her answers.

"Well, then, just one more question: What does Ornando get out of this?"

In the precision of this question Renée recognized the mind that had rescued her from the bandits, the only mind that she could trust, the marvelous inquisitive sensitive machine by which Peter had made his way upward in the world.

"I—I—I—" She could not answer. She stirred and drew herself away from him gently.

"What does Ornando get out of this, Renée?"

"They tell me that I can keep him from attacking Philippe." She looked at Peter with wide innocent eyes. "Philippe says that I am a woman; that I can manage Ornando—with—I don't know what."

"Do you mean to say that THAT is Philippe's only reason for forcing you to marry?"

She held out her hands as if to restrain him. "Peter, don't get so excited. You don't know what these Italian politics are. They sound simple when I talk about them, but when I am confronted by them they are so confusing that I just lose my senses. And this solution of marrying Ornando is the only one that has solved anything!" She herself became excited. She sat beside him, leaning forward, speaking rapidly, trying to convince him. "You don't know how many people there are to reconcile, to conciliate, to appease. Why, there's Philippe, the chancellor, the dear wonderful Duchess, the Duke, all their followers, Ornando, all Ornando's followers, the King of France, the Pope—"

"The Pope?"

"Oh—well—" she remembered, suddenly, that she must not mention the Pope. "He's just another Italian," she said, her voice betraying her confusion. "Everyone in Italy—"

"But you name the Pope specifically. Has Philippe mentioned him to you?" He was eager.

"Of course he has. We had my marriage to you annulled by the Pope."

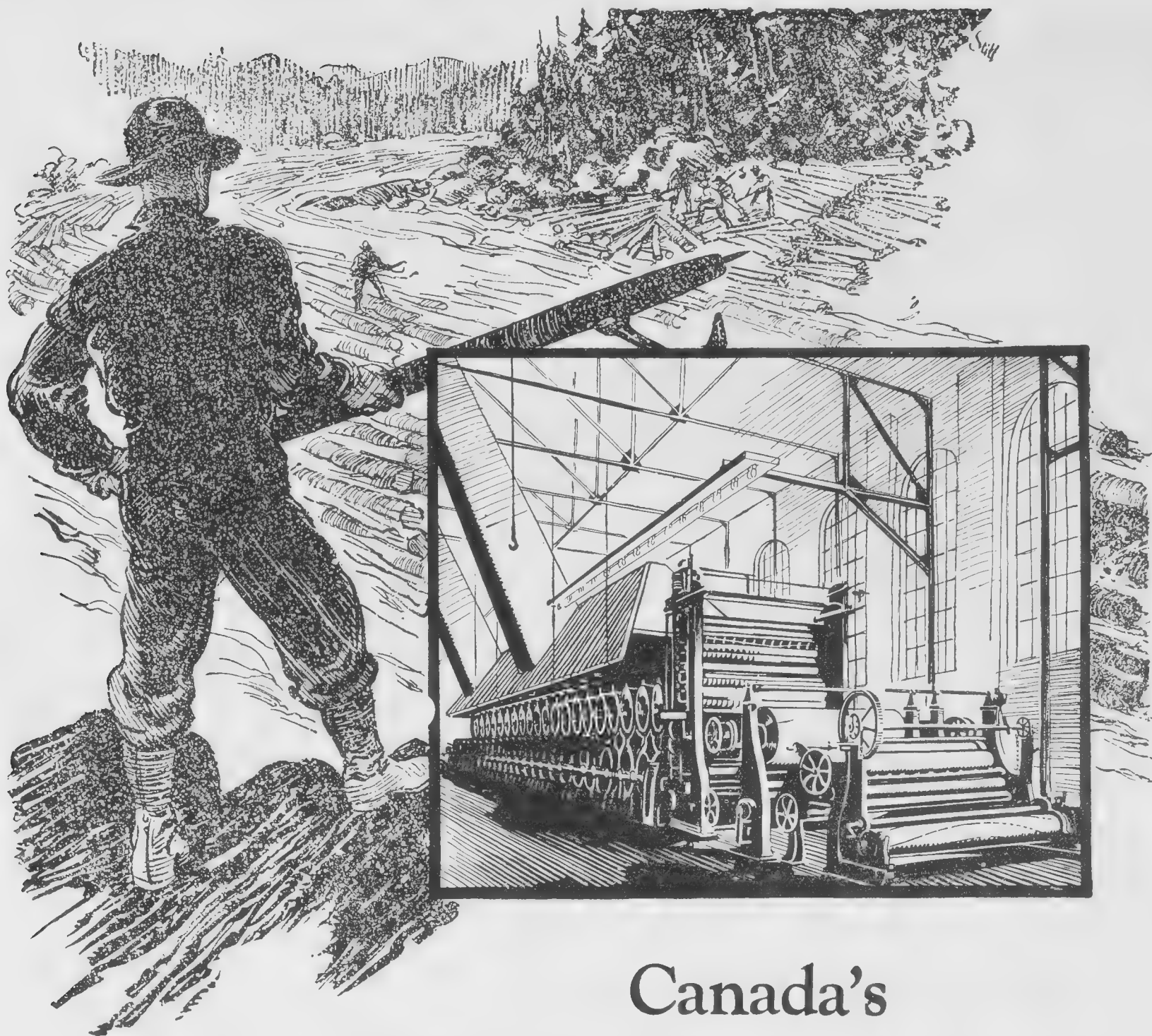
"But there is no league, no understanding between—say, Philippe, Ornando, and the Pope?" Peter squinted to her.

"Oh, Peter..."

"Don't you know that the Pope is absolutely opposed to the interests of France in Italy? He wants to keep the French out of Italy. If Philippe is in league with him, Philippe is a traitor!"

"Peter! Peter!" She began to sob. And then Peter knew that he had discovered the whole of her secret.

Continued on page 44



Canada's Pulp and Paper Industry



Information . . .

- 1803 First Paper Mill in Canada established.
- 1917 853,000 tons; valued at 58 million dollars, were produced.
- 1927 2,400,000 tons were produced, valued at more than 168 millions of dollars.
- 1917 83 mills.
- 1927 114 mills.
- 1917 Salaries and wages; 20 million dollars.
- 1927 They amounted to over 45 million dollars.
- 1917 23,000 employees.
- 1927 32,000 employees.

CANADA'S most important manufacturing industry, since 1803 always a growing one and always a stabilizer of our trade and our dollar.

The value of this huge business to Canada cannot be measured in terms of its own greatness—nor can it be weighed on ordinary scales.

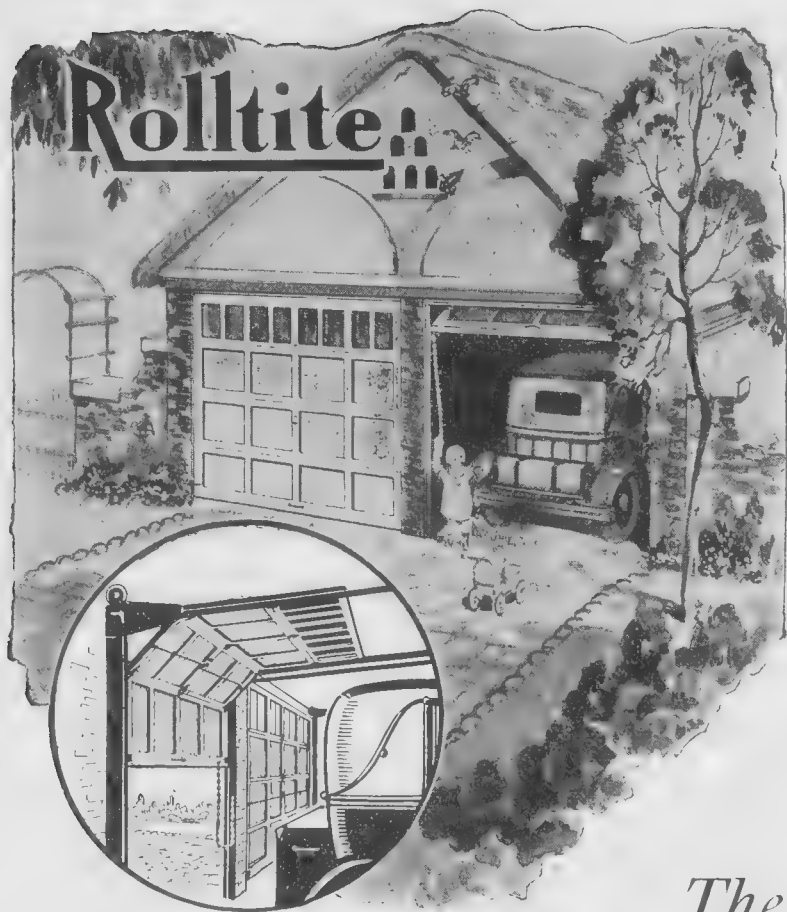
Its influence permeates all other business, and to an appreciable extent the tremendous purchasing power of the Dominion is due to the exportation of its manufactured paper.

The phenomenal growth of this industry in Canada is explained by the stupendous water

powers at hand for the development of electricity. The same waters that carry the logs from the forests in turn serve to pass them through the mills, yielding the basic power for every manufacturing operation. And improvements perfected in electrical devices have kept pace with and made possible this uninterrupted progress.

Thus, again, we see how intimate a part electricity plays in the development of our great enterprises, and the Northern Electric Company is pleased to be producing some of the necessary equipment for the proper application of this power.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service



The Space Saving Door

A Richards-Wilcox Product

Rolls up overhead where it is out of the way and where it does not occupy valuable space. No extra length is required in the garage, and the door is entirely out of the way.

Rolltite opens Inward

The wind cannot blow it open or shut . . . yet a child can move it easily. Snow and ice can never block doors that open Inward.

Rolltite is a Complete Unit

Made in four or more sections according to the height of opening and in any width up to twenty feet. The sections are hinged together and operated by a heavy spring winding on a ball-bearing shaft. The Guide Rollers which run in the guide track at the sides, are also ball-bearing. Rolltite Doors are made of selected white pine with three ply fir veneer panels.

A sturdily built door, tight fitting weather-proof and extremely easy to operate.

Send for a free copy of booklet "Distinctive Garage Door Hardware," describing Rolltite and other types of doors.

Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg London Ontario Montreal

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 42

As a woman it was not the political aspect of her situation that caused her pain—not the contentions and broils of nations—but the living emotions and destinies, of Peter, Philippe, and herself. But Peter forgot this. In the excitement of his discovery he neglected to give her a personal sympathy. He could have commanded her to do anything had he remained the lover. But his mind had run away with him.

"Do you mean," he cried, "that—"

"Hush, Peter, not so loud."

"I'm sorry. But if Philippe and the Pope—why this means that tomorrow Savona is signed over to the Italians!"

"Not quite." She was nettled. "My brother is not an Italian. He serves his King."

"I fail to see how. I fail to see how he serves his King by making a league with his King's enemies!"

"Peter, you insult him! You forget that they have threatened to kill him!"

Peter looked at her, realizing that she herself did not know the extent of Philippe's treachery. He decided to show her how deep Philippe's treachery probably was.

"Life," he said, more calmly. "Life and honor; have you weighed them?"

"Have YOU," she retorted, pushing his hand away from hers. His attitude was not that which her heart needed. These abstractions could not fill her heart.

"I have weighed them, yes. I would not allow my brother to save his life by lying to his king."

"And yet you have lied, Peter. I have heard you lie. You have said that you lie, sometimes for pleasure, sometimes to save life. And can't you see why I would lie to save Philippe?" She thought, bitterly: he is like all other men! he is a stranger.

"I have never lied to my king, Renée. Not to my nation."

"What is your nation? You have no nation. You have never been presented with a problem such as mine. You have never had a town to defend. You have only had yourself, always yourself! What do you know of the problems of the nobility? I have done the best that can be done, Monsieur le Lieutenant."

"The King of France is the one to decide that!"

"What does he know about it? What does he know about me, inside, or about Philippe, or the way I feel toward Philippe, or about the sacrifice I am making for Savona? He cannot see into ME—he is too far away, and too high up. Even you, sitting beside me, do not see into me!"

She turned away from him with her hands hiding her face—a gesture not so much of grief as of bitter loneliness, and of disillusionment; as if she did not want Peter, the new stranger, to look at her. Peter was helpless.

"I see, Renée! I see that your position is terrible. I do not blame you—"

"I do not care whether you blame me or not, because you don't see, really! If you did, you wouldn't say what you have said. You talk of honor as if you thought I had never heard of it! You preach! But as for seeing my problem, my anxiety—" She stood up, seeming almost to leave him.

He arose also. "Then, just what is your anxiety, dear?" he asked foolishly.

"I can't tell you any more than I have! I want to know how to save Philippe. I want to know whether my—I want to know whether I CAN save him by what he is asking me to do. There. Yet that isn't all of it, either. It is impossible. If you don't feel it—I—you—it is impossible!"

She threw her hands in the air, impetuously, then turned away from him, bowing her head.

"Well," said Peter firmly, "you can't save Philippe THAT way."

She turned back. "Why?"

"Because I won't allow it."

"YOU?"

"I won't allow it."

"What right have you?"

For a moment she seemed to accuse him of exercising a personal right which she had never given him. Peter realized

this. But it was too late to turn back now. He merely said: "I am His Majesty's representative at Savona. I shall protect the interests of France."

"So that is all you care! That is the way you love—passionately?"

"Don't, don't, don't, Renée. You have presented me with a terrible problem. Don't you see, I am protecting you also. You cannot save Philippe that way—you will both be killed as soon as the marriage is consummated. Don't you see that?"

"No! The world is not that wicked!"

"The world is incalculably wicked! As soon as Orlando has power over you, he will use it. The Pope will betray you. He hates the French."

"But Philippe, unless I do this, unless you let me do this, Philippe will be killed. She had difficulty in speaking."

"That's beside the point."

Renée gasped.

Though Philippe does not think his honor is worth more than his life, I have the contrary opinion of my own—and of yours!"

As if wanting to hurt him, she faced him angrily. But she was unable to speak. She cried at last: "You—you—you do not know HOW to love!" Then she turned and walked rapidly away.

Peter followed.

Suddenly she turned again. "You cannot stop my marriage!"

"I can. I must. You shall not marry tomorrow. I shall send a courier to the King informing him of the situation. I shall await his command. Everyone shall await his command!"

"Peter!" She could not believe that he was so merciless. He stood before her, his face drawn with stubbornness. Nor did she know what he was suffering just then.

"You will not tell the King!" she cried.

"Why not?" said he, squinting his eyes.

"Why, I—he would know what Philippe—he would know what I have done."

"Yes."

"But he mustn't! You mustn't punish me that way!"

"What choice have I? For God's sake. Renée! My duty is to the King. My love—Oh, I love you!"

He reached toward her. She put out her hands to keep him away, but without stepping backward.

"Love?" she asked. "Is it love to treat me this way? Can I believe that you love me when you do not see, do not understand, or care? And I trusted you!"

She broke down, then, no longer able to believe in her own loneliness. She laid her head upon his breast, sobbing.

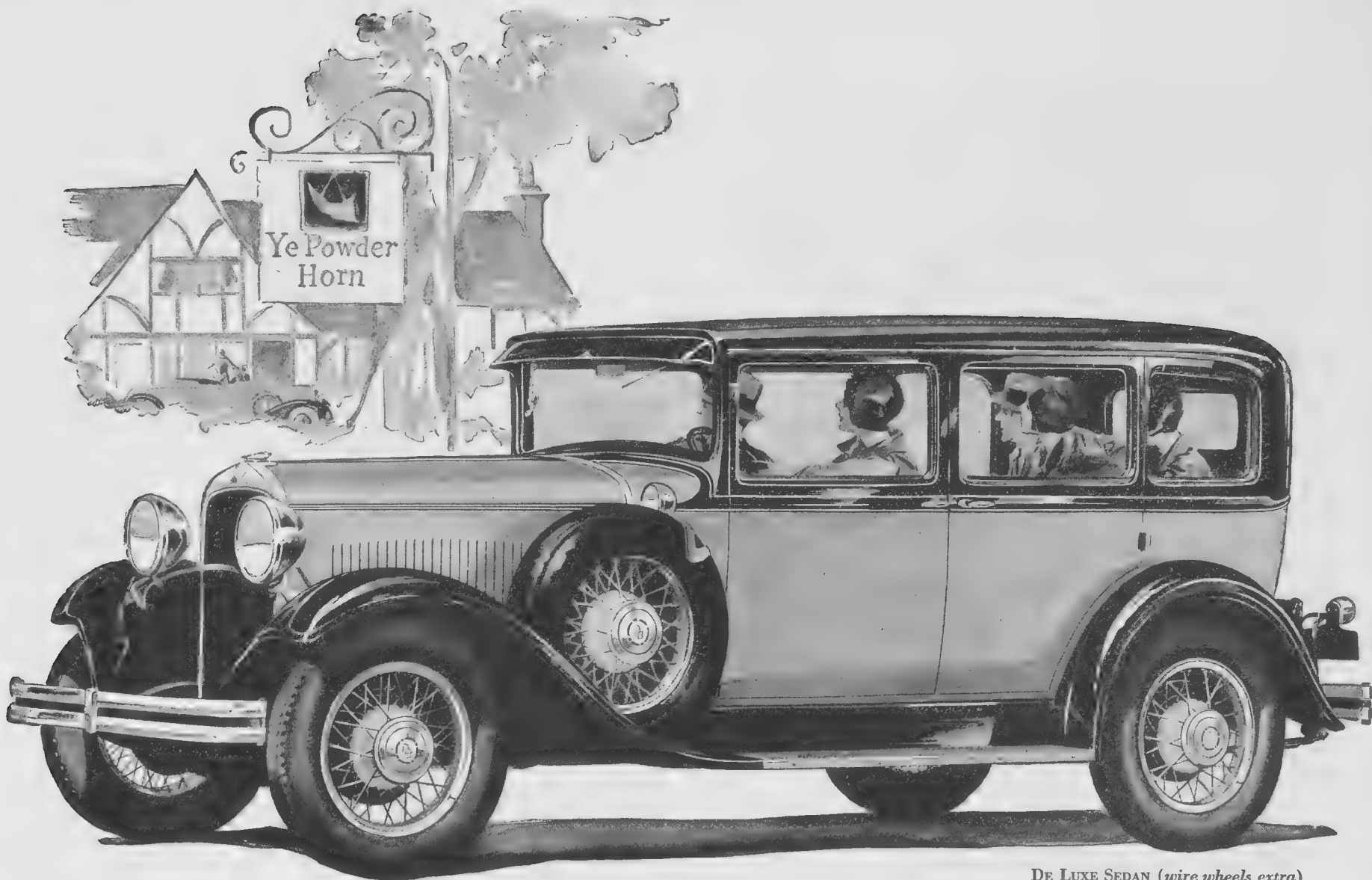
"You will not tell the King? You will not tell the King?"

It seemed to Peter as if two hands had seized his heart, their fingers tearing it in half. He put his arms around Renée. All his life he had longed for her; he had longed for love; he had come to see that without love he could never reach that sunset, that peace of which he had first dreamed behind Father Gaspard's thatched stable. And yet, behind the stable, he had also dreamed of war and service to his king, of becoming a knight, of honor, of renown. What was he to do now, who had to choose between these two? Renée was accusing him of loving her imperfectly. Yet should he do as she desired, should he allow her to marry Orlando? Allow Philippe to plot against France with the Pope? Would that be to love Renée perfectly? Graven upon his heart was the word "allegiance." He believed that to serve his King was to serve God—that was the belief of his age. Yet he held in his arms one who denied him all allegiance save his allegiance to her.

Duty struggled against love.

During one of those measureless durations of the soul, Peter wavered. He thought: If I send the courier I shall lose her forever; I shall have won her to lose her. For she is mine, now, mine! He pressed her body to his. He pressed

Continued on page 46



DE LUXE SEDAN (wire wheels extra)

EVEN FINER THAN THE NAME IMPLIES

It is significant that many men and women are buying the new Dodge Brothers Six on the sole recommendation of its name. The fact that it bears the honored name of Dodge Brothers means far more than any detailed recital of its many advanced engineering features and style attractions. But, confident as these buyers are, few are prepared for the many surprises the new Dodge Brothers Six actually holds in store. Not until you experience the performance of this splendid new car do you fully appreciate its comfort, its ease of control, its smooth, eager power and the roominess of its new Mono-piece Body. The new Dodge Brothers Six goes far beyond the highest previous Dodge Brothers standards. It offers the world an utterly new conception of a *more-for-the-money* motor car.

NEW

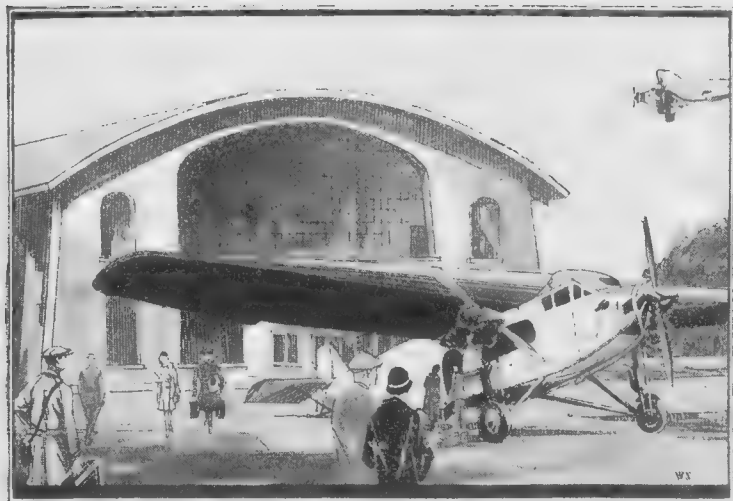
EIGHT BODY STYLES: \$1210 TO \$1365 - - - F. O. B. FACTORY
INCLUDING STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT - - - (Freight and Taxes Extra)

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



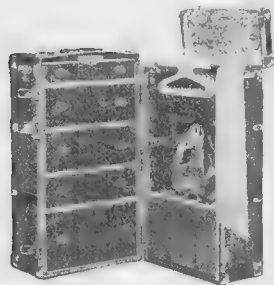
for the new tempo of travel . . .

AEROWOOD BAGGAGE



THE AEROPACK

Easily accommodates several dresses, two hats, shoes and all other necessary garments. The daintiest dresses are kept unwrinkled and immaculate while travelling with an Aeropack.



The McBrine-Mendel Wardrobe Trunk

New and accelerated modes of travel have created new requirements in hand baggage. Aerowood Baggage by McBrine combines a new lightness of weight, a new ruggedness—in short, adds a new convenience to travel.

The new Aeropack, an Aerowood piece, is small, light yet roomy enough for garments for a week or two. Wardrobe trunk convenience in hat box form. Other Aerowood pieces are designed for various requirements—for men and women.

Your next trip will hold added enjoyment with the convenience of Aerowood Baggage. Ask your dealer to show you the Aeropack and other Aerowood pieces by McBrine. Insist on the McBrine Around-the-world trademark and the word Aerowood. This is your assurance of getting genuine Aerowood Baggage.

"When Girls Leave Home" a new illustrated booklet is ready for you. Write for a copy.

McBrine-Mendel Wardrobe Trunk also may be seen at your dealer's. They offer the most in a wardrobe trunk and embody many new features. Write for illustrated trunk booklet.

L. McBRINE CO. LIMITED
KITCHENER - ONTARIO

McBRINE

AROUND-THE-WORLD



BAGGAGE

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information



ONE EYE ON THE CLOCK

"Camp" is the ideal breakfast coffee for all who have to keep an eye on the time. It's made in a moment—as soon as the kettle boils. And the flavour is perfectly delicious

"CAMP" COFFEE

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 44

her rich breast, her waist, to his, unable to speak.

And then he thought: I must do nothing unworthy of this perfect creature. Even as I refused to shoot Jean Sendrey I must refuse to betray my king! And then a cloud gathered upon Peter's perspiring forehead, throwing into relief the angularity of his face, producing an expression of extreme pain. Honor! He looked down at her in agony.

"Renée."

"Yes."

"The courier will leave tonight."

She lifted her head. She looked into his eyes. She clenched her fists and held them outward, at the level of her shoulders. Then, as if Peter had slapped her in the face, she recoiled, uttered an almost hysterical laugh; then ran down an alley-way of trees.

Peter stood with folded arms. He watched her hurrying up the stairs to the terrace above—lost sight of her there—watched her again, this side the light of the palace windows, mounting another stairway, reaching a door, vanishing into the torch-lit mystery of that Italian capital.

He waited in the silence, in the darkness. Suddenly he swore, turned on his heel, walked resolutely from the palace grounds and through the town; reached his company outside the walls. He did not even stop to ask Sir George. He did not want to think about his decision. He was afraid of himself. He entered the tent of the officer of the day, ordered a courier, sat down at a rough table to write his message. It took him nearly an hour. "I am obliged to inform Your Majesty that a plot with the Pope has been conceived by certain Italians by which to deprive France of Savona . . . A deception has been practiced upon

Your Majesty. Yet I assure that the lady in question was ignorant of its extent and it is due to her loyalty in informing me that we have uncovered it. I beg Your Majesty's indulgence for myself, who should have discovered this more promptly. I beg Your Majesty to send me secret instructions at your earliest convenience. Until then, I shall oppose this marriage with my life."

And then the messenger was gone, accompanied by three horsemen, with Peter's letter concealed in the sole of his boot to travel the plains of Lombardy, to cross the Alps, toward the beautiful Chateaux of Touraine. And Peter, darkly thoughtful, returned through the gate of the town answering the challenges of his own sentries; passed through the carved gateway of the palace, realizing more and more that his resolution had lost him all that he cared about in life.

He wanted to send another courier, to stop the message, to keep the King from knowing. Yet even as he was on the point of doing this he reached Sir George's room and was leaning over the captain, rousing him, telling him calmly of the plot to drive the French out of Savona; of Philippe's secret league with the Pope.

Peter took command. He set up a military government of which he himself was the dictator. He sent a courier to Orlando, forbidding the marriage until further instructions should arrive from France. Any aggression on the part of Orlando would be considered as an act of war. He closed the town gates and prepared his company outside the walls for an emergency. He doubled the palace guard. Toward dawn he retired to his room overlooking the sea, and sat down on his bed to think—and think—

(Continued next month)

A Breeze From the Ranges

By W. V. Newson

What do the prairies say to me?
What do they say,
As they roll on their great unbroken way?
They breathe of wisfulness and peace
And whisperings of a land's increase.

That's what the prairies mean to me
That's what they mean
With their miles of grayness and miles of green;
The fresh mornings, the cattle calling,
The solemn splendour of sunset falling.

There's a primitive urge for you and me,
For who can deny the conjuring spell
That distance weaves in the prairies' swell;
The tramp of a thousand roving cattle,
The scream of an outlaw's call to battle.

It's odd, the appeal it holds for me,
For I love the mountains and lordly ocean;
But give me the lope of a mustang's motion
The swank of a swaggering buckaroo,
And chill of a coyote's yallaloo.

It lifts me and holds me
This prairie wide,
I drink my measure of homely pride
A shack and acres of grain in stook
Are mine, and the breath of the warm,
chinook.

What do the prairies say to me?
What do they say,
As they roll on their great unbroken way?
They tell me of yearning beast and flower,
By hearing breast of a sleeping Power.

Lonesomeness

By Maude Laidman

High up was I on a mountain,
On a peak that reached into the clouds,
Midst the rolling, sun-kissed vapors
The veil that the heavens enshrouds.
The solitude? Ah, 'twas appalling!
The hush stilled the breath on my lips
And the voice of our God of Creation
Was felt in a silence that grips.

I wandered one time on the prairie,
All curtained in soft evening haze,
There was naught but the sere, brown meadow
Neath the setting sun's lingering rays.
Desolation? I still feel its presence—
Not a tree, not a bird, not a sound—
And I thought, "I am surely forsaken"
As I stood there in stillness profound.

High mountain! Drear prairie! Vast ocean!
Ah, these do not lonesomeness spell—
'Tis the person alone among thousands
Who knows the true meaning full well.

I sailed on the broad swelling ocean
With its limitless vastness of blue,
The great dome of Heaven arched o'er me
With a lone single star in view.
Loneliness seemed to engulf me—
The infinite spaces spread out—
The dark waters lapping the calmness—
The encircling gloom folding me 'bout.

Then I went to a city of people
Where bustle and motion were rife;
I saw aged couples together,
Content, in the evening of life;
Families, grouped round the fireside;
Little children, having fun without end,
Sweethearts in the first flush of young love,
And friend chatting happily with friend.



LIQUID GRANITE—THE MILLION-STEP-TEST FLOOR VARNISH



first ~ of a million steps on Liquid Granite

In many homes Liquid Granite has retained its beauty on floors and woodwork for two and three generations without refinishing. A million steps and more mean little to a floor varnish that can withstand the constant pounding of an air hammer, 26 hours of live steam, 235,000 scrubblings with soap and water and other gruelling tests conducted by an independent laboratory.

Liquid Granite *wears*. It is sanitary—will not gather dust—and a damp rag will wipe it clean. Rugs will not slip on its surface. Avoid the necessity for constant refinishing or care—use Liquid Granite on your floors. Write for our new booklet, dramatically illustrating scientific tests that prove Liquid Granite the most economical and durable of all floor varnishes. It will not oblige you.

Liquid Granite Varnish is produced by the maker of Berrycraft Enamel, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.
Principal Foreign Agencies: London, S. E. 15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road;
Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, Ober Wallstrasse 20; Turin, 16 Via Goito.

BERRY BROTHERS

Varnishes Enamels Lacquers

Walkerville, Ontario



The Assiniboia Plum

By H. Hassard

BBETTER know what you are up against before you start growing plums. Like many other varieties of the plum family, the Assiniboia, one of the hardiest and sweetest plums that grows, has the family failing of branch weakness at the point emerging from the trunk. This gives them a tendency to split off easily, either by high winds, heavy loads of fruit, or both combined.

It is indeed, a sorry sight, when your plum tree gets up to four or five years old, to find the branches splitting off one here and another there, all over your plum orchard, thus rendering the remaining portion of the tree that much weaker. This trouble may be provided against in either of the following ways: Plant out in some well sheltered nook several more seedlings than you actually require for permanent trees and at the two-year-old stage select those whose branches come out from the trunk firm and strong, as if part of the trunk developed into a branch. This kind of tree is what we might call an A1 tree as strong as any of the family can be. Another method, rather a new idea, but good nevertheless, and no doubt will be widely adopted when it comes to be better known, is to drive two or three little stakes in the ground at about equal distance apart on either side of your young tree, draw the branch on one side across the centre of the tree and fasten it to the stake on the opposite side, then incline the top upwards perpendicular with and fastened to the stake, and the same with the other branch or branches (but never more than three) and kept in this position for a year or so until they become permanently set. The branches should be kept far enough apart a little higher or a little lower at the points of intersection, so as to provide against friction when the tree gets large. It will thus be almost impossible for a branch to blow off or break down with heavy loads of fruit. The process may be repeated if it is found that branches higher up develop the same weakness, but in such case stakes

will not be required as material can be found on the tree for the purpose.

It may now be fairly assumed that the whole tree will have to blow down before a branch can split off.

There is no fruit tree more sure of bearing a crop every year than the Assiniboia, or Mammoth seedling plum.

If it has not reached, or has got over the open-blossom stage during a spring frost, you are fairly certain of a crop that year.

This is a free stone plum and no sweeter plum grows. It is of fair size, 1¼ inch in cross section and 1¾ inch in length of a deep red or light purplish color and ripening early in August. It is frost-proof as to winter and wind-proof if you follow the suggestions advanced above. Trees should be planted about twelve feet apart each way and pruned as little as possible, consistent with head-room, for scuffling and mulching.

The fruit are very easily harvested. Either have the surface of the ground fluffy and soft or throw a few empty sacks under the tree, then shake the tree quite gently from three points, the fruit that are ripe enough will fall down. Each tree should be dealt with in its turn. This process is repeated every morning or every evening until the last plum comes off. An occasional ripe plum falling of its own accord, will tell you it is time to commence harvesting. This plum when ripe is quite soft and juicy and will not stand shipping, if required for that purpose it must be harvested before getting quite ripe. This can easily be done by a more vigorous shake of the tree as above indicated, in this way they will stand shipping for several days in transit.

You are now armed with such information (born of experience) as will warrant you in starting a plum orchard. You are also informed of a first class dependable sweet, free-stone plum of good size, a scion of the prairie, frost-proof and will grow almost anywhere, a sheltered location preferred.

Old Stuff

Continued from page 13

"Next night," I continues heatedly, "we goes to the show. Ariel snuggles close to Ted and coos 'Teddee' in baby-like tones, till he don't know if he's coming or going. I mentions the world series, casual-like, to bring him to his senses but Ariel butts in, and won't 'Teddee' please tell her just what it's all about. She listens all mouth and eyes while Ted falls over hisself to explain to her and my presence don't mean as much as a fly in the soup. Of course, it's all over then, bar the shouting. Old stuff! Believe me, kid, from now on its old stuff for this buncha fluff every time."

Just then the phone rings. It's that Meharey boy what's so crazy about me. "May I speak to Miss Turnbull?" says he very gentlemanly.

"Speaking," I warbles in sweet soprano notes and Jen looks up in surprise.

He hems and haws and finally comes out that he'd like me to honor him with my presence at the show on Friday evening. Would I? My hat! When I knew that cat, Ariel and her husband, my ex-sweetie, had seats at the on Friday.

"I'd love tew," I burbles, unnatural but telling, "I haven't seen the this week. They say it's the duck—eee est show."

By this time Jen's got over her surprise and she's laughing like a hyena. "Old stuff! Old stuff!" she chants softly. "Atta baby! Yuh know your onions. Go to it, Greta Garbo. Yuh show him."

I frowns because she kinda cramps my style with her wit, but the Meharey prospect flows on and on about how tickled he is because I can come and

how come a good-looking skirt like me ain't dated up weeks ahead. Are all the boys in town blind and dumb? It sounds good so I gives him an Ariel and simpers, "Maybe—I—was—holding—off—"

"Why?" he gasps but I just laughs and wisely says nothing. Finally he stops raving and says good-bye till Friday.

"Yuh've sure learned your lesson, kid," says Jen. "I hand it to yuh. All I gotta say is lucky Ariel made sura her guy before yuh started or she'd sure have lost off, take it from me! It would have been 'good-bye, Teddee' for her," and she imitates Ariel's bird-like chirpings.

"If yuh are referring to Mr. Theodore Beatty," I answers, very haughty, "well don't. That guy don't exist as far as I am concerned. I gotta real guy with money, what likes to spend it—and how. From now on no upper balcony seats for this baby. Nor trolley cars either. And," I picks up my old umbrella, "I sure needs a new one and my birthday's next week. Red taffeta for mine."

"My eye, your birthday's next week," says Jen still laughing like I was Charlie Chaplin, "Your birthday is a week before mine and that is next October."

"Is that so?" and I give her a high-brow stare, but she just keeps on laughing and saying, "Old stuff! Old stuff!"

So tonight I goes to the show with that Meharey boy to give Ariel a few pointers and take it from me, dearie. no more pal-business for me. I'm offa that for life. From now on I'm for 'old stuff' every time—and how!!!"



Carefully made
for the
Careful
Buyer

Brilliant beauty, charming design and notable quality are inborn in every Keystone product. In Keystone Mirrors only the finest of flawless French Plate Glass is used. In Keystone Brushes only select, snow-white, long, lively Russian bristles are used.

Compare Keystone with all others, in design, materials, and quality of workmanship. The shrewd buyer seeking service, appearance and performance will find his or her ideal in Keystone toiletry appointments.

At your favorite drug, jewellery, departmental or leather goods store.

Stevens-Hepner Co.
Limited
Port Elgin, Ontario
Manufacturers of Keystone
Hutax Tooth Brushes

KEYSTONE

TOILETWARE
... in black and natural finish
ebony and natural and pastel
shades of pearl on amber.

JUST to remind you that the longer lasting, quicker acting floor and furniture beautifier you hear talked about so much, is called

Chan

THE ALL-PURPOSE POLISHING WAX

40c to \$3.25
sizes

Channell Limited
Toronto

BEST BRITISH STAMP ALBUMS

Printed, from 25c to \$15.
Blank loose-leaf from \$1.25 to \$18.

Ask your bookseller or write direct for
big FREE lists

STANLEY GIBBONS LIMITED
Dept. 98. 391 Strand, London, England.

Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed
toilet accessories—a most reliable method of
cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.
25c. each everywhere—Samples free of
"Cuticura," Box 2616, Montreal, Canada.

COMRADES

Tried and True



"COMRADES . . my Chevrolet and I. Boon companions of a thousand happy hours. Together we have travelled the long trails that lead out beyond the sunset. Together we have sought at nightfall the welcoming lights of way-side inns. Together we have greeted the dawn on the hill's brow . . and rejoiced because life was good.

"And never has cloud of trouble come between us. Never has hint of failure marred the pleasure of a trip. Tried through the long, swift-flowing miles . . the stiff, steep hills . . the rutted, prairie roads . . my Chevrolet has met each test eagerly and triumphantly.

"She rides in beauty. In the free, graceful lines of her. In the rich hues of her.

In the poise and the charm of her. There is beauty. The beauty of Body by Fisher.

"And no task has my Chevrolet ever performed grudgingly. No task has ever come hard. Her six cylinders have purred contentedly at thrilling speeds . . have hummed their own joy in achievement when some unusual grade has just been conquered.



The Outstanding
CHEVROLET
of CHEVROLET HISTORY

"This, in truth, is a car to take pride in . . a car to count on, as a comrade, tried and true. Alone, among all cars of its price, it combines the beauty, the luxury and the performance that every driver has dreamed of possessing."

Let your Chevrolet dealer furnish details and prices. A trial ride will place you under no obligation whatever.

The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History is on display at Chevrolet dealers' showrooms. There is a complete range of models priced from

\$665 up.

at Factory, Oshawa
Taxes extra

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED



Here is illustrated a complete BRIDAL SET consisting of Brassiere, Vest, Bloomer, Slip and Gown, all made in lovely shades of our best fabric daintily trimmed with lace in pastel shades to match garment. A most desirable gift for the bride.

The Bride

Bloomer No. 112 for Larger Figures

Ask to see our Bloomer No. 112, specially designed to fit larger figures. Size A for women of 125 lbs. Size B, 145 lbs. Size C, 175 lbs. Size O.S., over 175 lbs. This bloomer has regular leg length and is moulded to fit the figure perfectly.

The new trousseau sets of Servus Lingerie are truly creations of beauty.

Charming additions to each garment have been made without sacrificing anything to the modern demand for simplification, which will delight the Bride-to-be. Each set will round out a harmonious completeness to the entire ensemble of the trousseau.

These lovely Servus Lingerie sets are now on display at leading stores.

Servus LINGERIE

Made By
Houlding & Coleman Limited
TORONTO

If you have any difficulty in getting Servus Lingerie from your local store write us for descriptive booklet and we shall see that your needs are promptly taken care of.

L · E · A · D · E · R · S



"The Nickel Lunch"

Buy a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts, and the band starts playing dinner-music. Those big, crisp Virginia peanuts are "The Nickel Lunch." They lead the big parade when it comes to satisfying your hunger. Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Limited
TORONTO CANADA

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

Within Our Gates

Continued from page 20

"Neighbors! The Bates? They're away."

"The Cellinis; Rosie and her father and mother."

"But for Pete's sake, why?"

"Well, why not? I had tea or wine—at their house. And you spend quite a part of your evenings in the company of Rosie. Of course I shall have them to tea. I had thought of dinner, but was not sure of their Sunday hours. Get brushed up, after you have roused your father."

Roger went uncomfortably to his room. Unnecessarily cruel of the mater, he thought, to have dropped that little seed of Jean's background into his thoughts. He had always admired Jean's savoir faire; her blending into the elegance of her background. He had liked visiting with her cultured and congenial family and mingling with Jean's friends, the coast city's best.

But that was all there was of it. Though he admired Jean and stood in awe of her, any thoughts of himself in the role of her lover left him cold.

Whereas with Rosie Cellini, the wonder of her dark and dazzling beauty almost made his pulses stop. He was bored with every hour, outside his work, that was not spent in her presence. He was filled with a savage desire to "smash" every young man with whom he saw her talking.

Why, he wondered, was not the path of young love more smooth? Why did there have to be this business of her family and the Mater? Why hadn't she been born the princess she really was? Not that he cared a hang. But it would have made it so much easier for Rosie.

Well, there it all was. The cards today seemed to be in the hands of the Mater. And how skilfully she could play them at times. He devoutly hoped she was going to be a sport about it all. He'd hate to go ahead with anything that displeased her. Still, Rose was Rose.

Enrico Cellini's embarrassment at this unusual social flight was such that he preceded his ladies into the room, chose the stiffest chair and sat with his feet placed meticulously together and his bushy moustache bristling nervously. Marta's weight on the overstuffed couch made her "list to port" when she sat, a position she stiffly and nervously maintained, making no attempt to right herself or her hat, which had slipped askew.

The Mater seemed to be trying to make them feel comfortable. But was she? Somehow Roger knew she could have had them straightened up and at their ease in a jiffy, if she'd wanted to. And that she would have wanted to in any other circumstances.

"We will have tea at once," Mrs. Deering said. "Then we can talk."

She seated herself behind the tea table and Roger rose to pass cups.

"Cream and sugar, Mrs. Cellini?"

"Just any way you like. I don't care."

Mrs. Deering poured cream, placed two lumps of sugar on the saucer and handed it to Roger.

"And yours, Rosie?"

"Clear, please."

Rosie liked cream and sugar and lots of it, but the English Countess in "The Shantymann's Daughter" had had to say "clear, please."

"Mr. Cellini?"

"Oh, no, thanks, not me. I don't like it. I mean I like it with my supper. But not now, thanks."

The hostess smiled graciously and glanced at her husband, who opened a cellarette and poured for the guest a whisky and soda.

Accustomed to the fine, mild flavor of his own wines, Enrico hesitated. But a glance from his spouse told him he had refused enough. He drank the whisky and soda.

Instantly he felt better; saw the folly of his nervousness. He crossed his knees and tossed his hat aside. He talked. The loosened floods of long repression. He pounded the table beside him. Italy, he declared, had been a cultured power when the British Isles were peopled with savages. She had a glory in history and

art that Canadians could not even understand. He and his family were the equal of anyone in the valley. And Rosie was as good a catch as any girl in the valley, with ten thousand hers the day she married. His only hope was that she would marry one of her own land who would properly appreciate her.

Marta tried spasmodically but vainly to stem the tide of words. Rosie, fresh and cool-looking in a sports frock of yellow with a becoming little black hat, glanced indifferently in a magazine. But her eyes were slightly narrowed; her nostrils slightly spread.

"Couldn't have been better, could it?" Roger inquired of his mother when at last Marta had manoeuvred an exit with her daughter and her excited spouse.

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies, my son."

But Judith Deering caught her breath at something alien in the glance from her tall blonde son's steel-gray eyes.

"WHAT is it, Roger?" Mrs. Deering's anxious eyes were on her son.

"What is what?"

"You've hardly eaten or spoken for three days. Are you ill?"

"What have you done to Rosie?" he countered. "She won't see me or speak to me."

"As clever as that, eh? I have done nothing—except to accept an invitation to their house for Sunday afternoon."

"An invitation for whom?"

"For you and your father and me."

"What farce is this? I won't go."

"You were complaining of not seeing her."

"We-ell, I wouldn't go, but for that. But I warn you that I will take her off somewhere. I won't sit through another ghastly afternoon."

"It was ghastly. I would be glad to be done with it all. But of course you know that. And you have seen me turn out to be quite right a number of times."

"Look here, Mother. Rosie was a thoroughbred all through that awful afternoon. You couldn't have carried it off any better yourself, in her place. And after all, it's only her that I want to marry."

"That is what you want, then?"

"Of course. What else?"

"You misunderstand me. We had hoped that it was a mere passing admiration, for which, perhaps, no one could blame you. She is beautiful—startlingly so—but that may not last. And she has so much to learn."

"That will not last either. Considering where she started she has learned more than you already. She has imitated your upstage manner of Sunday and improved on it so that I can't even get near her."

THERE were roses on the Cellini tea table, and Mrs. Cellini, sans bonnet and in a new silk, behind the table, did not seem nearly so much at loss as on the previous Sunday.

Rosie, in a cream lace that, while possibly not eminently suitable, was pre-eminently becoming, was thinner for the week that had gone. It added beauty and fineness to her face. The shadows under her wonderful eyes lent them fresh mystery and allure; a fact not lost on the mother of Roger Deering.

Rosie's parents said little. Clearly it was her hour.

"Is the tea just right?" she inquired of Mrs. Deering. "We Italians are not good judges."

Roger came to Rosie's side to take a cup. "Let's get out," he whispered fiercely.

"Cream and sugar, you say?" she feigned to repeat. "And Major Deering? But he must not have tea. Father."

"No, no." Ricardo rose hastily. "Not tea for we men, eh?"

He poured a generous goblet of a yellow liquid for his guest and another for himself, raising his own in salute before drinking.

Continued on page 52



“You can't tell from the looks of a frog how far he can jump”

MANY a car you see on the road that looks as if it should have been scrapped long ago is still giving good service.

Autolene Oil will not make a new car out of an old one but, if used regularly, one of the five grades of this heat-resisting, friction-fighting lubricant will prolong the life of a car far beyond its normal period of usefulness.

Look for the British American Sign—the symbol of 23 years of conscientious service to car owners.

The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LIMITED
Super-Power and B.A. Ethyl Gasolenes—Autolene Oils



The LIFESAVER for GASOLENE ENGINES

5 GRADES
LIGHT
MEDIUM
HEAVY
SPECIAL HEAVY
EXTRA HEAVY

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: We have entered into contract with the Ethyl Gasolene Corporation of New York for our requirements of Tetraethyl of Lead and now have available:

British American Ethyl Anti-Knock Gasolene for use in high compression engines.

1WB

that blue fog of dullness disappears

leaving a fresh,
greaseless finish

It is a revelation to see the depth of color and the rich velvet lustre that the simple O-Cedar treatment gives to your furniture.

A few drops of O-Cedar Polish on a damp cloth removes the dust and grit which cloud and darken the surface. Then a brisk, brief polish with a dry cloth brings out all the natural, radiant beauty.

Get a bottle of O-Cedar Polish today. Use it regularly, and your furniture will always retain its fresh "new" lustre.

Sold at hardware, grocery and departmental stores everywhere, with a money-back guarantee. In 25c to \$3.50 sizes. Channell Limited, Toronto.



O-Cedar Polish

Your Hands
deserve these
beautiful
adornments

Time was when only the "idle rich" could have lovely hands, and lovely diamonds to enhance their charm....nowadays, beautiful hands are the vogue in every station....your hands deserve a Bluebird, always the finest in Diamonds and the newest in designs.

Bluebird Diamond Rings from \$35.00 to \$2,500.00.
Bluebird Wedding Rings from \$12.00 up.

BLUEBIRD

Registered Diamond Rings

The quality of the diamond is guaranteed by both maker and jeweller and, for your further protection, every ring is registered and price attached at the factory.

At
Jewellers
Exclusively

Send your jeweller's name and 10c in stamps for "The Book That Lovers Love".
MAURICE J. WALSH
LIMITED
Dept. 2 — Federal Bldg.
Toronto 2.

Within Our Gates

Continued from page 50

Avoiding the combination of pleading and desperation in the eyes of Roger, Rosie sat down by his father. She asked his opinion on many subjects. Now, the father of Roger liked giving his opinion on many subjects. Especially to enticing young women.

But, to even his own surprise, it did not today seem a worth-while pastime. Something about the weather, perhaps—or—He was filled with inwardly suppressed yawns.

"Roger tells me you care for music," Rosie pursued. "Would you care to hear Antony's violin?"

"Y-yes. Sh—d like—very much—"

The sentence was completed with yawns. Antony played, his lithe body swaying, his eyes on a far-off mountain peak. On a small but mellow-toned piano Rosie improvised an accompaniment, or rested her hands and let the notes wander and soar unaccompanied.

On the last clear, sweet high note he jerked his bow, swung his body and bowed, and was gone from the room in almost the same motion.

"Good kid!" exclaimed Roger. "He'll get on."

"Really wonderful," his mother seconded, and glanced at her husband for his usual appreciation of something fine in music.

But the usual appreciation was not forthcoming. Major Deering sat with his eyes closed; asleep. He was more than asleep. He was dead to the world.

Indignation arose in the breast of Judith Deering; indignation that gave place to swift thinking. What had Roger said of Rosie's quickness at learning; of her aptitude at imitation?

Also it became increasingly clear to Roger's mother that Rosie had seen her attempt to withdraw Roger and had retaliated by withdrawing herself—the cleverest possible checkmate. To all of his pleading glances she had been blind; intentionally, but none-the-less effectively blind. And somehow she knew, this astute mother, that it was Rosie's intention to leave matters where they were until Roger compelled his mother to bear the flag of truce.

Well, it was perhaps better so. It would mean that there would be no clandestine meetings, no sly manoeuvrings, as might have been the case with—yes, Mrs. Deering had to admit it—with a commoner girl.

"We really must go," she roused herself to say, not having heard a word of Marta's eulogy of Antony, her pride, "Mortimer!"

But there was no stir from Major Mortimer Deering.

"Most extraordinary," she said. "Just rouse him, Roger."

At Roger's hand on his shoulder the Major shrugged irritably and slid further into his chair. Roger put his hands in his pockets and waited. It was the Mater's doing. Let her get out of it.

The indignity stabbed Judith Deering. Her eyes challenged those of Rosie, to be met by a cool and level glance.

"What are we to do?" she asked. "If there has been trickery—"

"Why should you think that?" Rosie countered. "My father drank with him. It will be much better just to let him sleep it off. We will see that—"

"You go along, Mother," Roger offered. "I will stay with him."

"He will not need it," Rosie told him. "Take your mother home."

Judith Deering turned to the door. "You have liked our tea?" Rosie questioned.

Instantly Mrs. Deering remembered that Marta's thanks on taking leave the foregoing Sunday had been most profuse. She had, then, come to the pass of being reminded of her manners by the girl from whom she had been trying to rescue Roger.

"I asked," there was an absence of impertinence in Rosie's voice, "because I wanted to know whether I did all right. I think I learn quickly, but I have not had much chance. I want to go to Hollywood—Mr. Jeske said he would find me good parts as I screen so well—but he says that there one must just naturally do the right thing in social pictures—"

"Rose. You're joking!"

Roger had stepped forward, his mother forgotten, his eyes blazing into the girl's. The color had drained from his face and the grief written there gripped his mother's heart. She laid her hand on his arm but he shook it off.

Mrs. Cellini sat down and moaned. Rosie, alone of all in the room, was in possession of herself.

"No, Roger, I am not joking. Why should I be? I shall go and make a name for myself. I shall come back some day with fine manners and many clothes and you will all be glad to know me. I know that I will."

"That would part us, if nothing else did. I will not risk it. You must stay with me."

"It would be heaven to stay with you, if there could be happiness. But there could not, and you both know why. So I shall go."

"Rose!" Roger protested. "This is between you and me. What does anyone else matter? What," he became more explicit, for all had understood the implication of Rosie's words, "does my mother matter?"

"She does matter," Rosie insisted.

Then Roger turned to his mother.

Judith Deering knew that the situation was in her hands, not by virtue of deference on the part of her son, but by the ultimatum of Rosie Cellini. She could bid the girl stay and make Roger happy—temporarily. Or she could refuse to unbend, and save him from her, and from himself. And he would some day thank her. And she and the Major might yet have grandchildren of which they might—

She glanced into Roger's eyes, and away. Always it had been her inclination—her weakness—to give him everything he wanted. And never had anything mattered to him as this did—as he thought it did. She must not be weak—

A hand was on her arm.

"You cannot hate our Rosie," Marta was trying vehemently for control like that of her guest. "You must see that they were made for each other. If it is us you don't like, we will go away. We will give the farm to Rosie to put with his, and we will go to the Okanagan and there make another. We love our home, but better we like our child to be happy. We will not get in the way of that. Is it not so?" she turned to Ricardo, who, his voice out of control, nodded vehemently. "If she can come to see us sometimes, and maybe show us a grandchild, why, then, that's all right. We give her to you and go away."

Judith Deering turned to look in the face of the speaker. Peasant, its origin may have been; it was now glorified, like the face of a Madonna, with the tenderness of love, the light of sacrifice.

The stranger within our gates, though learning stumbingly and painstakingly from our Judith Deerings, had acquired, in the fires through which for generations her destiny had been worked out, the supreme lesson to teach to them.

Then Mrs. Deering rose to her son's high hopes of her, and proved that she also could learn. She took the hand that still lay on her arm, but it was to the girl that she spoke.

"I think that if you will stay you will find happiness."

"Mother! Rose!"

As Roger advanced toward Rosie she stepped back.

"No, Roger. I thought I only wanted your mother to say that. But it is not enough. She is right in feeling that I am not good enough. But perhaps I can make myself so. I am going away to work and study and try. There have been Russian stars and Swedish stars. Why not an Italian? Roger may write me sometimes, but he is to be free. And we will all see how matters stand in two years."

The tense silence following the declaration of Rosie disturbed the repose of the Major. He stirred.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "Truly remarkable! He should be sent to Italy to study. I myself—ah, my dear. You're going, I see. Perhaps it's better—er—perhaps it's better."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SCIENCE



MASTER PRODUCTS *born of a* BROTHERHOOD of CHEMICAL ENGINEERS

LAVOISIER, one of the founders of modern chemistry, developed the use of gunpowder not merely as a weapon of war but as an aid to the farmer, the miner and the pioneer.

Inspired by him, an ancestor of the present duPont family laid in the New World the foundation of an industry which has played a great part in its development. Later came Alfred Nobel who invented dynamite, which today is used widely in the mines, on the farms and for building railroads all over the world.

Without explosives, and particularly dynamite, much of the buried treasures of Canada would remain earth's secret. She would have few railroads while many of her fields now cultivated would be still barren wastes. Explosives have served to place Canada's resources within the reach of the world's markets.

Canadian Industries Limited exchange the benefits of their mutual research and discoveries with E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company, Inc., of the United States, and with Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, of Great Britain.

The oval trade-mark of Canadian Industries Limited on any of the products listed below, represents the utmost in reliability, and is a guarantee of the best Canadian workmanship based on the world's latest chemical engineering knowledge.



This is No. 6 of a series of illustrated talks on scientific research and modern industry.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

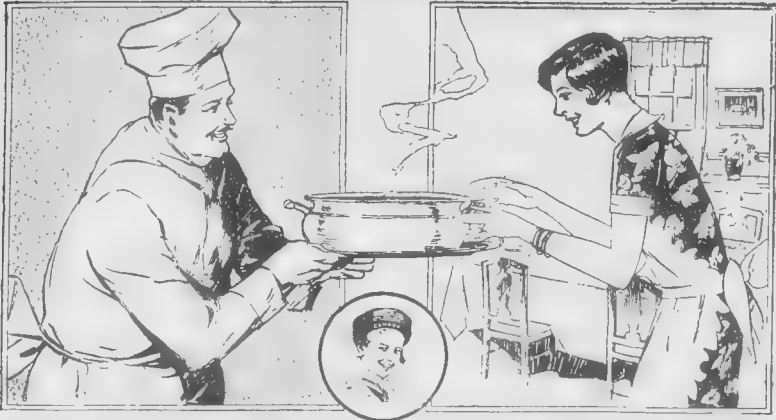
HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL - BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Dominion Ammunition Division
Canadian Salt Division
Pyralin Division

Canadian Explosives Division
Canadian Ammonia Division
Triangle Chemical Division

Flint Paint & Varnish Division
Grasselli Chemical Division
Fabrikoid Division

Let the Clark kitchens help you



"Madame. CLARK'S is the Vegetable Soup Unexcelled!"

You get the VITAMINS in rich abundance in this delicious CLARK Soup which preserves the full value of its fresh vegetables and wholesome beef stock. Serve it often.

Other excellent Clark Soups.

CHICKEN
TOMATO
CONSOMMÉ
OX-TAIL
MULLIGATAWNY
MOCK TURTLE
MUTTON BROTH
SCOTCH BROTH
CELERY
JULIENNE
GREEN PEA
PEA



Many CLARK Prepared Foods are helping housekeepers to serve better and quicker meals—the list includes:

CLARK'S Cooked Spaghetti, with Tomato Sauce and Cheese
Canadian Boiled Dinner
CLARK'S Loaf Meat
CLARK'S Potted Meats
CLARK'S Pork and Beans

12-29

Made from the Pride of Canadian Farm Vegetables—by Clark's Famous Chefs.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, Montreal, P.Q., St. Rémi, P.Q. and Harrow, Ont.

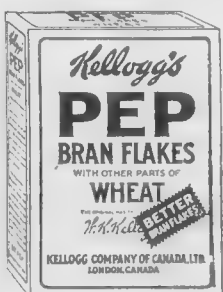
EVERY DAY KEEP **FIT** AND **PEPPY**

by eating these **BETTER BRAN FLAKES**

For your health's sake—for real pleasure in eating—help yourself to Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

Pep gives those bran flakes their better flavor. The healthful elements of the wheat make them nourishing. Just enough extra bran to be mildly laxative.

Everybody likes Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Just watch the children eat them. You couldn't give them a finer dish for their luncheon or evening meal.



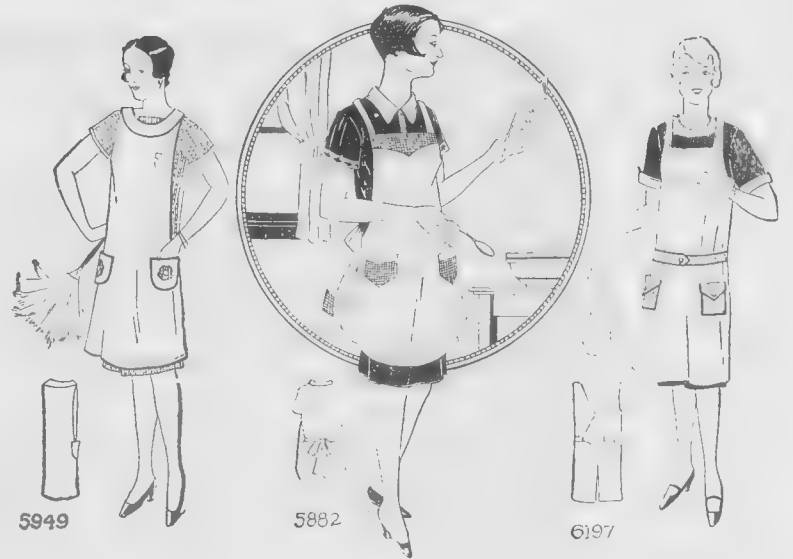
Your grocer has these better bran flakes. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

Sewing With Flour Bags



A HAPPY solution to the play garment problem is this little romper suit which is quickly made and quickly washed and ironed. Moreover, it costs but a trifle as three empty flour bags bought from a nearby baker will make two such play-suits.

The flour bag material takes an excellent dye and, of course, does not show the dirt so quickly when dyed. However, this step is not necessary as these little garments can be scrubbed and boiled with safety.

When the romper is worn as a sun suit for summer wear, the set-in sleeves may be omitted. Bind the armholes, neck and around the lower edge with

Pattern No. 5838. Child's one-piece pajamas. Comes in sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Price 15c.

HERE is a trio of useful and pretty aprons which any housewife can have by making two trips—one to her baker, for half a dozen used flour bags, and the other to her scrap box for odd bits of colored goods for trimming. In this way they should cost ten to twenty-five cents apiece.

The material, when ripped and laundered, measures a good yard square. The stamping need not present a troublesome problem if it is soaked in kerosene over night or covered with lard, and then laundered in lukewarm water. This material is especially good for aprons as it is closely woven and can be boiled to remove stains.

The first apron, Pattern No. 5949, is a slip-over model closed at the lower sides. There are four sizes—small, medium, large and extra large. The medium size can be made out of two flour bags. If extra length is needed, the bottom may be faced up with a strip of contrasting material. To bind the yoke, pockets and armholes, six yards of colored bias tape will be needed. The addition of a cross-stitch initial or some simple cretonne motif applied on the pockets, relieve the severity.

A simple bag is required for Pattern No. 5882, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of gingham, linen or figured cotton goods for facings. This style is especially suitable to make for bazaars. It comes in medium size only.

A good cleaning day apron is found in Pattern No. 6197, which may be had in the four sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. The materials needed are two flour bags and a quarter of a yard of contrasting material for pockets and belt.



colored bias tape and decorate the front with some simple, quickly worked juvenile design.

Many women have their own methods of removing stamping from flour bags. Two of the best ways are to cover the inked places with lard or to soak them in kerosene and leave over night. In the morning, wash the bags out in warm water.

Pattern No. 5568. Child's romper. Sizes, 6 mos., 1 and 2 yrs. Price 15c.

MORE than one captain of commerce today could confess—if he would—to having crawled into his trundle bed as a child, clad only in an empty flour sack with holes cut out for the head and arms. Strange to say, many a child of this generation does the same thing, only nowadays the flour bags are ripped, the stamping removed and the material then made up into smart little pajamas such as are shown here.

The cloth used in these flour bags, which may be bought from a baker for a few cents each, is firm and closely woven and will stand hard wear. It becomes softer and whiter with each washing. The stamping may be removed by soaking it in kerosene over night or covering it with lard. Then wash the material in lukewarm water.

This pattern is easy to make and is cut full, with a drop seat. It may be sleeveless or with short set-in sleeves. Facing the neck and front with a bit of contrasting material adds a note of color. Two flour bags are required for the eight-year size. A deep cuff of the colored material will give any extra length which may be needed. The addition of an amusing rabbit or squirrel pocket will be appreciated by the little ones.



Every woman in the home should obtain a copy of our booklet, "SEWING WITH FLOUR BAGS". This contains 32 pages of excellent designs of garments and also shows a good selection of embroidered articles that can be made at a very small expense from flour bags. Sewing societies, women's clubs, and those working for church bazaars should obtain copies of this book without fail. Price only ten cents postpaid to any address. Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Blondes ~ Brunettes ~ Red-heads

such widely varying types...

yet all screen stars alike have the vital appeal of smooth skin

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap...

AN exquisite velvety skin is any girl's greatest charm, and for the screen star it is *all* important, 39 leading motion picture directors say.

"I don't know a single girl without lovely skin who has won enough of the

public to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox.

"Exquisite smooth skin is the all important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up," Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You, too, will like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water! It is made by the famous French method. Buy several cakes—today.

BLONDES



Marion Davies says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap for deliciously smooth 'studio skin.'"



Esther Ralston, Paramount—"It is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."



Dorothy Mackaill, First National—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."



Anna Q. Nilsson, R.K.O.—"It is a splendid aid in keeping the skin velvety."

BRUNETTES



Bebe Daniels, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps so much to keep the skin smooth and lovely."



Billie Dove, First National—"I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing."



Lupe Velez, United Artists, says: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety."



Louise Brooks says: "It gives the skin the satin smoothness a screen star's skin must have."

RED-HEADS



Clara Bow, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep the skin in perfect condition."



Joan Crawford, M.G.M.—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."



Nancy Carroll, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep one's skin so flawless for the camera."



Janet Gaynor, Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin feel so soft and smooth."

More of the many stars who use this soap:

BLONDES

Phyllis Haver—Pathé
May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
Gilda Gray—Independent
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent

BRUNETTES

Madge Bellamy—Fox
Olive Borden—Independent
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Independent
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Dorothy Sebastian—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Virginia Valli—Independent

RED-HEADS

Mary Astor—Fox
Sally Eilers—Mack Sennett-Pathé
Merna Kennedy—Universal
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche Mehaffey—Independent

BROWN HAIR

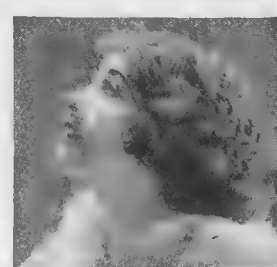
Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Patsy Ruth Miller—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal

And many, many other lovely stars

BROWN HAIR



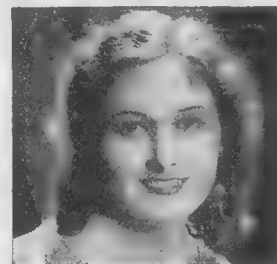
Evelyn Brent, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is so delightfully pleasing and soothing."



Renée Adorée, M.G.M.—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a beautiful smoothness."



Mary Brian, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping one's skin in perfect condition."



Eleanor Boardman says: "It is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have."

Lever Brothers
Limited, Toronto

LUX Toilet Soap

*Luxury such as you have found only in French
soaps at 50c and \$1.00 the cake... Now*

10¢

BAPCO

Keep Your Home Young



-with a fresh coat
of color!

YOUR home is only as old as it looks . . . with fresh, new color it will be preserved against time and weather, but neglected it will quickly age. Choose your paints as you would a suit or dress . . . by the material that's in it. Good paint never was expensive . . . it proves its worth over and over again holding its richness of color for years without fading or breaking down. Bapco Pure Paint is dependable for all exterior paintings, and is fully guaranteed by the makers.

Sold by Paint and Hardware Stores
Throughout Western Canada.

BAPCO
Pure Paint

Always Dependable

British America Paint Co. Ltd. 303

Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary,
Edmonton, Regina

Wholesale Distributors:

Sterling Millwork Limited, Saskatoon and North
Battleford, Sask.

Hoyt Hardware Ltd., Lethbridge, Alta.

When Baby is FRETFUL-

At teething time when Baby's tiny gums are inflamed and painful, a teaspoonful of Woodward's Gripe Water works wonders. So, too, when Baby's delicate stomach is disordered.

In fact, there is no other remedy so thoroughly reliable and so safe as Woodward's Gripe Water for any of the ills which are apt to trouble babies—Colic, Acidity, Flatulence, Looseness, Indigestion, Disordered Stomach, Constipation . . . You'll save yourself and Baby much discomfort by keeping Woodward's Gripe Water in the house. Any druggist can supply you.

Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Limited
10-18 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

WOODWARD'S
"Gripe" Water
KEEPS BABY WELL



Just Clocks

By Oliver S. Arata

EVERY time I think of clocks I think of that old piece entitled, "In a Clock Store". Maybe you have heard it? Many clocks in a clock store play a pretty tune, every clock having its own particular and peculiar melody to play, yet all clocks make a perfect whole and a really fascinating melody.

Clocks were primarily meant to tell the time of day or night it was, yet, they answer another purpose as well today. They act as ornaments now, some even rivaling beautiful statues. There is nothing more beautiful and even stately than a fine mahogany clock upon a fine mantelpiece, with a candle-holder on either side of it.

There are many types of clocks, including alarm clocks and the like. I shall, first of all and chiefly herein describe and write about mahogany clocks.

One of the most popular of mahogany clocks is the chime variety. These stately yet beautiful clocks have chimes that are really musical. A fine mahogany and chime clock will retail for about \$30 to \$90. Some are uprights, others are square in shape, while others are along Duncan Phyfe lines, or sort of pyramidal in shapes.

Such clocks may be effectively placed upon a serving-table, a side-board, a mantelpiece, a book-case, or in some out-of-the-way nook of your rooms.

Such clocks may be regarded as the subtle touches that change rooms from a mere collection of furniture and the like to something that is called "Life". The clock should be, preferably, when you plan your home, the central and vital point of nearly every room, or else all rooms should be built around the clock, whether that room be a nursery, a living-room, or any room, including the kitchen, for there are kitchen clocks.

A clock in a large and dark living-room breathes life, it is friendly to the person therein, and when one is alone it will keep anybody company.

ONE large maker of fine clocks makes what he calls a boudoir clock. It is a beautiful clock, made of two-tone mahogany. The Roman numbers on its golden face are large and artistic, while the unusually artistic and beautiful frame swings, just like a picture swings in a swinging frame. They retail for \$18, and also make excellent gifts.

Another clock of mahogany is shaped like a curved pyramid, with letters similar to the one described in the above chapter. It is almost twice as large as the boudoir clock with a swinging frame. Another boudoir clock is called by the maker, the Bijou. It stands upon a one-leg base, with an eight-sided frame. It is very effeminate in design, and a splendid ornament for milady's

dressing-table. It will indeed contribute greatly to the charm of a desk too. It has a so-called crotched mahogany case with a gold dial on its face. It is inexpensive, retailing for about \$20.

Again, if you have built a home, with its interior to match, along Colonial lines there are several standard clocks that will fit perfectly into that home's period. One is called the "Concord". Its case is of mahogany, made similar to the Early American clocks.

There are several other Colonial types being made, the "Sharon" and the "Gilt Column". The dial of the first is decorated while the case is made of mahogany. It has two short spirals on either side, at the top, with a pointed spiral in the very centre of its pointed top. The "Gilt Column" is oblong, with a set of gold-finished columns.

If you desire an alarm clock that looks like a real mahogany clock you can buy, for about \$10, one that stands upon a pedestal with a mahogany case which is round.

I must not here forget the beloved and ever-popular banjo clocks. One has a mahogany case with border designs in gold and is paneled with colored flowers. Another has a mahogany case, with glass and decorated panels. It strikes the hours as well as half-hours. A banjo clock is one made in the shape of a pendulum.

For the nursery there are several types of clocks, but none is so appropriate and becoming popular like the porcelain front nursery clock. It is square in shape, with animals romping gaily around the border of this charming friend of the children. It is white enamel, in reality. Decorations are in four colors.

Another clock, in shape similar to the nursery one just described, is that used for the kitchen wall. On it are pictures of scenes from foreign countries, etc.

Don't forget the old-style hall clocks, that towered above one's head. An ingenious model of the old hall clock is one being made today that has shelves for books in its stand part, where the pendulum would be in a real, old-fashioned hall-clock. And, to add to its beauty you may decorate the clock to your own taste. Thus, you can give expression to your creative ability.

There is nothing more beautiful as well as stately as one of the fine and tall mahogany hall clocks, especially in a large room or reception hall. They lend dignity to any home or hall. Just give a thought to clocks, when you think about interior decorations, and if you make a certain style of clock the pivoting point for the room you are designing you will be surprised what effect it will have, as clocks usually express a period of time.

The Joy Bells O' June

By George W. Tuttle

When the engine purrs as sweetly as some
ancient tabby cat,
While the weather man is smiling—nothing
hid beneath his hat;
When the thieving crow is cawing—he's a
rascal, sure's you're born,
Putting in his June petition for the lion's
share of corn!

When the birds are singing sweetly, and all
nature seems atune,
Then you hear the joybells ringing, and they
say: "'Tis June! 'Tis June!'

When your spirits are a flowing, and your
joy gets up in high
As you note the fleecy argosies that sail the
upper sky,
Or glance at velvet carpet that Dame Nature
now has laid,

With her borders fair of wild flowers of
every rainbow shade;
Then your troubles seem to vanish, and your
heartstrings are in tune
With those blessed joy bells ringing, as they
say: "'Tis June! 'Tis June!'

When the country—land of beauty—is
unreeling mile by mile,
While the traffic cop is harmless, giving you
a wave and smile;
When you feel so glad and happy that you
give each auto load
That you pass, the larger half of the apple
of the road;
Then you know—no doubts disturb you—
that old, familiar tune
That the joybells sweet are ringing, and you
shout: "'Tis June! 'Tis June!'





The Cold Control is a simple dial which regulates the freezing speed of ice cubes and desserts.



Frigidaire alone offers the new Cold Control

Turn the lever...and delicious new desserts freeze perfectly and more quickly

ONCE again FRIGIDAIRE has developed a new way to make refrigeration simpler, more convenient, and more truly automatic.

The new Frigidaire Cold Control is a simple dial with six freezing speeds. It enables you to *control* the time required to make sparkling full-size ice cubes....and to tap Frigidaire's surplus power for freezing unusual salads and desserts easily and quickly.

Now you can make entertaining simpler, easier, pleasanter. No longer need your party menus cause you worry and doubt. No longer need you be at a loss for an unusual salad...a new dessert. The New Frigidaire Cold Control.... its surplus ice freezing

power.... its many exclusive conveniences will simplify, immeasurably, the planning and preparation of your meals.

Frigidaire is unbelievably quiet. You don't hear it start, stop or run. There is no other electric refrigerator so beautiful. There is no other which offers the Cold Control. And, there is no other which can give you the dependable, trouble-free service assured by more than 750,000 successful installations.

New, Low Prices

See the complete Frigidaire line today. Find out about the remarkably low prices now in effect. Find out what we mean when we say that it costs you more in dollars and cents to do with-

out Frigidaire than it does to own one. The Frigidaire dealer will be glad to show you the complete Frigidaire line and quote you the new low prices.

New Frozen Desserts

Write for our new recipe book which shows you how to make hundreds of delicious new frozen delicacies with the Frigidaire Cold Control. It will be forwarded together with full information about Frigidaire.

Mail the coupon now. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ont.
Please send me copy of the Frigidaire Recipe Book.

Name

Address.....



FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator

When Choosing a Bank



The solidity and long experience of this Bank strongly invite consideration. On the personal side—our managers will be found to take a friendly interest in their customers, glad to talk over their problems and to be helpful in any business or personal matter.

Write for location of our nearest branch

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000

Reserve \$20,000,000

Resources \$270,000,000

General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

905

You Can Increase Your Life Insurance Now

A plan has been worked out which removes the financial difficulties which seem to loom so large as an obstacle to adequate protection for your loved ones.

The "Life Preferred" Plan of the North American Life can do this for you. It offers you these two definite advantages:

- (1) An exceptionally low premium for a period of seven years as shown by the following:
 Age 25—\$147.10 per \$10,000.
 Age 35—\$196.00 per \$10,000.
 Age 45—\$284.50 per \$10,000.
- (2) The option, at the end of seven years of sharing in profits, by payment of a slightly higher premium.

If you delay, Life Insurance will cost you increasingly more as you grow older. Now is the time you need its benefits and safeguards most. Men in good physical condition are today taking advantage of this economical "Life Preferred" Plan. Can you qualify?

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

President:
THOMAS BRADSHAW
Chairman of the Board:
J. H. GUNDY
General Manager:
D. E. KILGOUR



Agencies in All
Important Centres

Head Office:
TORONTO, CANADA



TWO RULES FOR SUCCESS ---
Spend Judiciously -- Save Carefully

BUY ALBERTA

4% Demand Savings Certificates

and Learn to Save

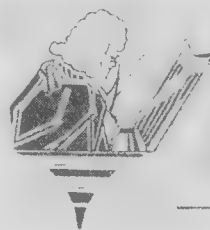
FIVE DOLLARS WILL OPEN AN ACCOUNT

For Further Particulars write or apply to

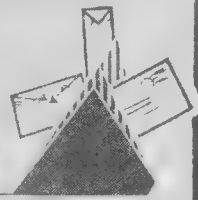
HON. R. G. REID
Provincial Treasurer

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Prov. Treasurer

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA



LEGAL INFORMATION



This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

A CERTAIN young man was engaged as a farm laborer by a farmer with whom he resided in a shack on the latter's farm. The shack was a wooden structure divided into two rooms, a kitchen, and a bedroom with two beds, one for the laborer and the other for the farmer. There was no door between the kitchen and the bedroom but only an opening. In the kitchen there was a coal stove or range with a 7-inch smoke pipe which rose from the stove and thence was carried along the ceiling to the middle of the room where it went through the roof. There was no chimney but on the roof where the smoke pipe passed, there was what is called a roof-jack, which served as a chimney and was itself enclosed in a wooden box filled with cement or sand from which the pipe emerged. For some time the coal stove had been smoking rather badly and to remedy the situation the farmer used to open the outside door. They examined the cause of the trouble and cleaned out the stove and pipes, but did not inspect the roof-jack. This brought about a slight improvement but later the stove gave trouble again.

One afternoon the laborer complained of a headache and he was told to go to bed by the farmer who said he would look after the stove. He went to bed fully dressed with three blankets over him, leaving the farmer seated by the stove with the outside door partly open. Two days later the laborer woke up to find that his feet were frozen. He proceeded to the kitchen to get some food, but found that there was no fire in the stove, the coal being fully burned out and on the kitchen floor in front of the stove and facing the door he found the dead body of the farmer. During the two days that he slept the temperature was 40 below zero. Subsequent investigations showed that on an examination of the roof-jack there was a rag stuffed in it which apparently had become frozen through condensation of the smoke. No direct evidence could be given as to the death of the farmer.

The laborer sued for his injuries and the court of appeal allowed him a substantial amount, but when the case was taken to the Supreme Court at Ottawa this verdict was over-ruled. The evidence showed that the farmer had done his best to keep the fire going and that he was also careful about the fire, i.e., the farmer made every effort to remedy the smoking condition of the stove and that the laborer joined with him in this attempt. Neither of them suspected that the cause of the trouble was in the roof-jack. The court held further that there was no negligence on the part of the farmer and even so the laborer had voluntarily undertaken to go to bed with a full knowledge of the smoking condition of the stove and that the farmer had taken every reasonable precaution to prevent the laborer from perishing from the cold on the one hand and from suffering from the coal gas on the other. The court held that the whole matter was one of pure misadventure and that there was no negligence whatsoever.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Alberta.

Q.—If a promissory note made payable to one person is transferred by him to another person is the amount owing payable to the note irrespective of who holds it? If so, has the name on the note to whom payable to be changed and what other legal steps are necessary if any?

A.—The amount secured by a promissory note is always payable to the holder thereof, if the holder has legally

acquired the note. If the original payee wishes to transfer his interest in the note to some other person all he needs to do is to endorse his name on the back of the note. Such endorsement may be made either in blank or restrictively. A blank endorsement is simply the signature of the endorser written on the back of the note. The note is then payable to the bearer. A restrictive endorsement is one which restricts the payment of the note to some particular person. An instance of this is found where the endorser writes on the note "Pay to John Brown only". John Brown can endorse to other parties but until he signs and delivers the note to another party the note cannot be further negotiated.

Alberta.

Q.—Will you please explain the meaning of the Mothers Allowance Act and oblige?

A.—Under the Alberta Mothers Allowance Act a widow with dependent children is entitled to the allowance. Similarly a wife whose husband is confined in a mental hospital is also entitled to the allowance if she has a child or children under the age of 15 years. Also if the husband is unable to support his family by reason of total disability from sickness or otherwise, which may be expected to continue for a year his wife may also obtain the allowance if they have been resident in the Province of Alberta. The allowance is primarily intended to assist in the support of the children. A widow or wife is entitled to the allowance only if she has a child or children under the age of 15 years in the case of boys and 16 years in the case of girls. Application may be made either by the mother or by anyone on her behalf to an Inspector of the Municipality in which she resides for assistance under the Act.

British Columbia.

Q.—I have been in Canada forty years, in British Columbia twelve years. Now if I go to the United States for a few years and return to Canada or British Columbia could I draw old age pension or would leaving for awhile disqualify for same?—E.M.C.J.

A.—Under the Old Age Pensions Act a pension is payable to a person who, at the date of the proposed commencement of the pension,

- (a) is a British subject or being a widow who is not a British subject, was such before her marriage;
- (b) has attained the age of 70 years;
- (c) has resided in Canada for the 20 years immediately preceding the date aforesaid;
- (d) has resided in the Province in which application for pension is made for the 5 years immediately preceding the said date.

It would appear to us that you could not reside in the United States for a few years and then return and draw your pension. Provision in the Act is made that once a person is in receipt of a pension if he then leaves to reside out of Canada his pension will cease but the right to receive the pension will revive when he returns to Canada. The amount of the pension is \$240.00 per year, subject to reduction for whatever income the pensioner has in excess of \$125.00 per year.

Butedale, B.C.

Q.—If one orders an expensive gold watch from a storekeeper who is running a store for a large firm and he furnished one with an old watch instead, what can be done to said storekeeper if the case can be proven against him? If one is unable to prove the case against him can he start, a law-suit

against one? Can different firms in connection with this be made to produce their account books?

A.—If the storekeeper did not sell you the particular goods which you ordered from him then upon discovery of the fraud or misrepresentation or failure to do so you are entitled to ask for your money back upon surrendering the article purchased. There is an alternative remedy in that you are permitted to retain the article and sue for the difference between the price which you paid for it and its real value. You will understand that the burden of proof, the difference in value and the quality of the article will fall upon you and if you are unable to prove it conclusively to the satisfaction of the court you will have to pay the costs of the law suit. This is the only liability to which you would be subjected upon your failure to prove your case. Under the rules of court the books of the two firms involved can be produced to show the real facts of the case.

Sayward, B.C.

Q.—A had a farm. He died intestate. His brother B sold the farm to C after obtaining the signature to a Quit Claim Deed of all the heirs excepting two minor children of a deceased sister and a brother in the insane asylum. B gave a Quit Claim Deed to C. C has been paying taxes on the farm for ten years. (1) Does this give C a secure claim to the property? (2) If not, what would be the best course to take in securing title? (3) If C were to let the property be put up at a tax sale in order to clear the title, if someone else bought it in would C have the privilege of redeeming it or would any of the above mentioned heirs be able to do so?—A.V.

A.—(1) There appears to us to be a defect in the title unless C has obtained a certificate of indefeasible title from the Land Registry Office. (2) The proper way to obtain approval of the sale is to obtain an order of court approving of the transaction on behalf of the minors and on behalf of the insane brother. If the minors are now of age they may ratify the transaction and give a Quit Claim Deed and there may be some party duly authorized to represent the insane brother and execute the necessary documents. In this case no order of the court would be required. (3) C will have a right to redeem the property from tax sale up until the time fixed by law for final foreclosure of C's interest. It is a very common device for persons with unsatisfactory titles to cure the defect by allowing the property to be sold for taxes and arranging with a friend to purchase the property at the tax sale, or for the friend to subsequently ask for an assignment of the tax sale certificates from the tax purchaser. The tax sale purchaser cannot refuse to give the assignment to C's nominee or at any rate if any serious difficulty presents itself C can always redeem from the tax sale. C may be able to obtain a certificate of the indefeasible title to the property with his present title by serving some notice on the minor children and insane brother. In such an event it would be advisable to consult a solicitor.

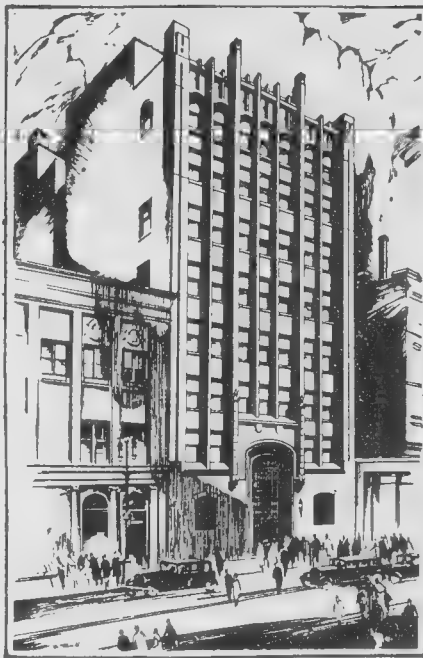
Mother Love

By Jean Mitchell Smith

*My wild birdling, you left the nest too soon,
To try your wings that sunny day in June,
You flew against the head winds and the night,
A prey to fowlers in your eager flight.*

*Child of my heart, crushed by the grim
world's pain,
Trust God's kind eyes to pierce the mists of rain,
Pray him to heal your bruised and broken wings,
'Tis oft the saddest heart that sweetest sings.*

*Fly back to food and warmth, my sweet
birdie,
The humble cot where trees and fields are green,
Sure hills look golden in a far off land,
And hearts oft ache before they understand.*



Alberta Wheat
Pool

Canadian Wheat
Pool

Canadian Pool
Agencies

Manitoba Wheat
Pool

Manitoba Pool
Elevators

Saskatchewan
Wheat Pool

Saskatchewan
Pool Elevators

Saskatchewan
Pool Terminals

CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF WHEAT POOL PROGRESS

All Wheat Pool Activities in Winnipeg
are now conducted under one roof in the
new eight storey Wheat Pool Building.

More convenient office premises
will mean additional service to Pool
members and reduction of overhead costs.

CANADIAN WHEAT POOL
CANADIAN CO-OPERATIVE WHEAT PRODUCERS LIMITED

Had you thought of a Holiday

—During—

June July - August

Canadian Rockies
Beautiful Banff
Lovely Lake Louise
Emerald Lake
Bungalow Camps
Pacific Coast
Alaska
West Coast Vancouver Island
Eastern Canada
Great Lakes
Atlantic Coast Resorts
Overseas Tours

It is the real Vacation period of the year, when Spring has rejuvenated nature to all her glory.

It is a season when the *Canadian Pacific* offers through its organization an array of *Summer Tours*, to Mountain, Lake and Seaside resorts at *Greatly Reduced Fares*.

Canadian Pacific Services are a standard the world over, providing the best in travel comfort and conveniences.

The Ticket Agent will gladly give literature and full information on Summer Tours, quote fares and assist with your plans, or Write

C. B. ANDREWS
Dist. Pass. Agent
WINNIPEG

J. W. DAWSON
Dist. Pass. Agent
REGINA

G. D. BROPHY
Dist. Pass. Agent
CALGARY

R. C. McNEILLIE
Gen. Pass. Agent
WINNIPEG

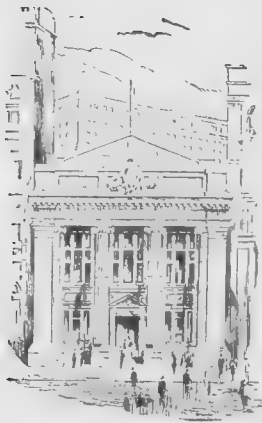
Route of the
De luxe
Trans-Canada Ltd.

Canadian Pacific

The World's Greatest Travel System

Five Trains
a Day Each Way
Across the Rockies

How Money Makes Money



IT IS easier to make money than it is to save it and invest it safely and profitably. Anyone in Canada who is willing to work can make more than a living. The trouble is that the surplus money earned is seldom saved—or, if saved, is not always wisely invested.

Those who are at the same time ambitious and cautious should seek the counsel and advice of a responsible investment house. This is very easy to do—by mail. All you need do is to clip, sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement.

The firm of James Richardson & Sons was established in 1857—seventy-two years ago, and for many years confined its operations to

dealing in grain. More recently, it has organized an investment department for the greater convenience and profit of the people of Canada—more particularly for those of the Western Provinces.

In furtherance of this purpose it has published a booklet, which tells plainly and simply of different kinds of investments and of the service given by its Bond Department. This booklet is FREE and you will incur no obligation by asking for it. Please use the coupon.

Tune in to our Radio talks on "Profitable Investment", CJRW and CJRX every Tuesday at 9.15 P.M. central time.

James Richardson & Sons

LIMITED
Established 1857

STOCKS - BONDS - GRAIN
WINNIPEG - CANADA

Montreal Toronto Kingston Winnipeg Brandon
Moose Jaw Saskatoon Edmonton



JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS, LIMITED,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Please send your FREE book—"HOW MONEY MAKES MONEY," without obligation to

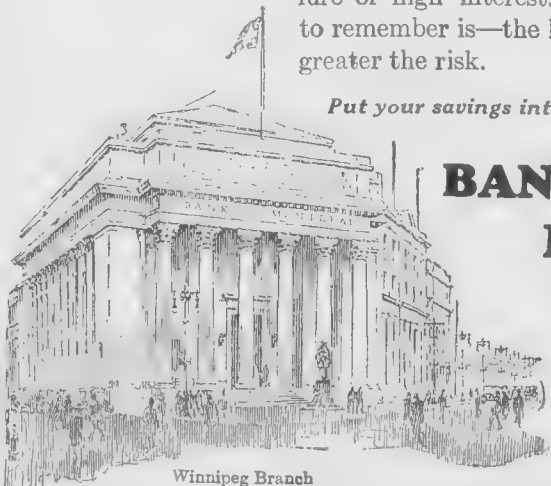
Name
Address

42

Safety versus High Interest

Many a man has lost his hard-earned savings because of the fatal lure of high interest. A safe general rule to remember is—the higher the interest, the greater the risk.

Put your savings into a savings account in the



Winnipeg Branch

BANK OF MONTREAL

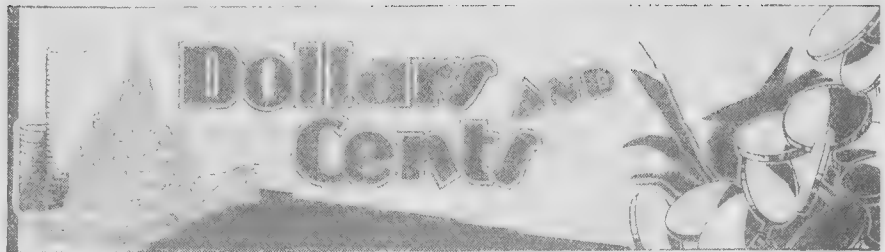
Established 1817

There
they will earn
a reasonable
interest
and be safe

Why Not
Join Our
Charmed
Circle ?

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY Winnipeg

Enclosed find one dollar for which send The Western Home Monthly for one year to—



IT IS expected that over four million dollars will be spent in development operations in the Wainwright field this year. A number of deep test wells have been announced by the companies who have been operating in this area. The interest that has been taken in the field by outside operators and oil companies is evidenced by the fact that any time any leases in this section of the country are offered on the market they are snapped up at a large premium and many new companies are under way in Waite Valley, New Black-diamond, Turney Highwood structure and most of the wells have some geological reason to recommend them. Thus do various newspapers carry reports in connection with the somewhat wonderful development which is now taking place in the Alberta oil field. Innumerable companies have been formed and oil stocks have not alone risen in a phenomenal manner but even in spite of the recent depression of the market they maintain their ground and thus afford a convincing belief in the future of this new industry. It is not a long stretch since the last Alberta boom exploded and for some time it was feared that this new development would end in the same disastrous results.

However, there is one fact that cannot be disputed and that is that in the Turner Valley today crude oil and naphtha is being produced in ever-increasing quantities. There are now in the Valley twenty-seven actual producing wells and during the month of April there were delivered to the two refineries in the district 69,207 barrels of naphtha and oil. During the month Home Oil No. 1 delivered 21,229 barrels.

No one can gainsay the speculative element in connection with oil drilling. Whereas a gold mine to be profitable must be worked for a long time yet oil wells may conceivably after five or six months drilling return to its promoters a tremendous profit. A profit of approximately \$4.00 per barrel is available, which in the case of the Home Oil No. 1 will bring in a revenue of over a million dollars a year. It requires no feat of imagination to estimate the possible profit any company is able to bring in three or four wells of the same size. We are informed that recently in the centre of the Turner Valley an offer for ten acres at \$50,000 per acre was refused. We do not know if this is true but it gives some idea of the value of the land in the mind of the ordinary person. Obviously there is the possibility of many wild cat propositions being offered to the public. It seems to us that the only way to speculate with some degree of safety is to scan very closely the directors and organizers of any particular company. Even at that the best and most reputable directors can only be guided by the advice of geologists who themselves are not infallible. In addition the next best advice is to invest in companies which are actually producing.

TO THE already inspiring number of handsome buildings that adorn Winnipeg's sky-line, there has been added the new Wheat Pool Building, in which are housed the various Wheat Pools of the Western provinces, together with the Central Selling Pool. The building is of an imposing nature with a full basement, and eight stories, having a frontage of 56 feet, and a depth of 120 feet. The whole is constructed of re-inforced concrete built on a pile foundation. The front is particularly beautiful, the white Tyndall limestone from Manitoba quarries, showing to good advantage. Every

modern device to bring about comfortable conditions has been adopted and many congratulations have been showered on the architect and builder. In addition to the department for the employees there has been installed a new Grain Research Laboratory, with completely modern equipment for testing, milling and baking. In charge of this department will be a Cereal Chemist.

The building is owned by an Eastern concern by whom it was constructed and leased to the Pool on a long term lease. This is a remarkable tribute to the patience and foresight of those early pioneers of the Wheat Pool who, in spite of opposition, steadily set their faces to the realization of their long-thought out plans. It was one thing to be convinced in their minds that the Pool had achieved a degree of permanency; it was another thing to bring this conviction home to the minds of Eastern financiers. There is the added feeling of satisfaction in the minds of the Wheat Pool officials that they have at last gathered themselves in a new home where they can concentrate all of their activities and thus give to their members more increasingly every day, "service at cost".

It goes without saying that a hearty invitation is extended both to Pool and non-Pool farmers to visit this splendid edifice, and to inspect each of the various departments of this great undertaking.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Port Hope, Ont.

Q.—As an Executor for an estate, I wish information regarding the following: Alberta Petroleum Consolidated Ltd. Capital twenty million, one hundred and seventy-five shares, certificates dated September 9th, 1914, at \$1 per share. This includes as follows: Herron Elder Gas & Oil Development Co. Ltd., Alberta Petroleum Ltd., Okalta Oil Companies. Shares issued by Western Securities Corporation Ltd., Herald Building, Calgary.—J.C.C.

A.—The Alberta Petroleum Consolidated Ltd. is now in liquidation. For information as to the company and possibility of dividend for the shareholders you might communicate with the liquidator R. Patterson, Lineham Building, Calgary, Alta. We understand that the company has been involved in some litigation with the Okalta Company, the claim being made by your company in respect of some oil property previously owned by Alberta Petroleum. There is a further complication in connection with the conduct of one of the past officers whose trial will be held on May 20th. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the facts of the matter to give you any opinion as to the outcome.

We also received a letter from a Western correspondent who wished information concerning the Commonwealth & Accident Insurance Company of Hamilton. This company commenced business in 1922 and at the beginning of 1928 had an authorized capital of \$2,000,000 of which \$1,067,600 had been subscribed and \$105,935 paid in cash. The total assets at the time were \$780,311 with total liabilities of \$342,848. The company's total income for the year 1927 was \$201,845. A recent rumor was to the effect that the Ontario Equitable Life Insurance Company, of Waterloo, had made an offer to purchase the company but that its officers had refused to sell. We cannot give you information as to the proposition referred to by our correspondent but as far as the financial standing of the company is concerned there should be no need to worry.

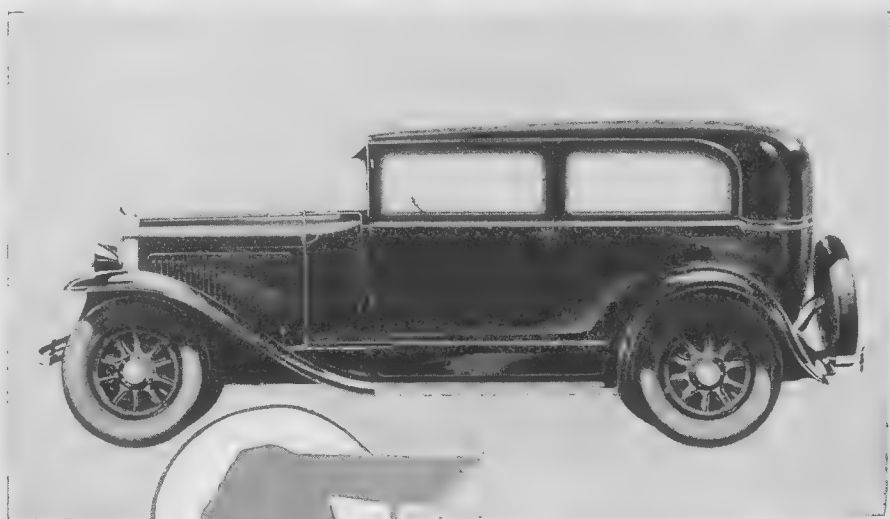
He values its *big* car performance



MOST men *do* value big car performance. They like to hear the smooth, steady purr of a Big Six engine. They like to feel the throb of its power as it takes all obstacles like a thoroughbred in the hunting-field. They like the calm assurance of a Big Six . . . the absence of strain and effort in everything it does. They like the ease with which it carries you mile after glorious mile.

Men . . . all men . . . all motorists, whether men or women . . . value these things, the things that only a Big Six can give. And Pontiac, knowing this, has built a Big Six. Past years' success made it possible for Pontiac to do it well . . . to make it a big six in every respect (save price) . . . to put into it every feature that contributes to Big Six performance, including a real Big Six engine with the new G.M.R. cylinder-head, fuel pump, big, internal-expanding four-wheel brakes, Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock-Absorbers . . . to give it flashing acceleration, astounding power on hills, sparkling speed on the open road and deep, luxurious comfort at all speeds, over all roads, at all times.

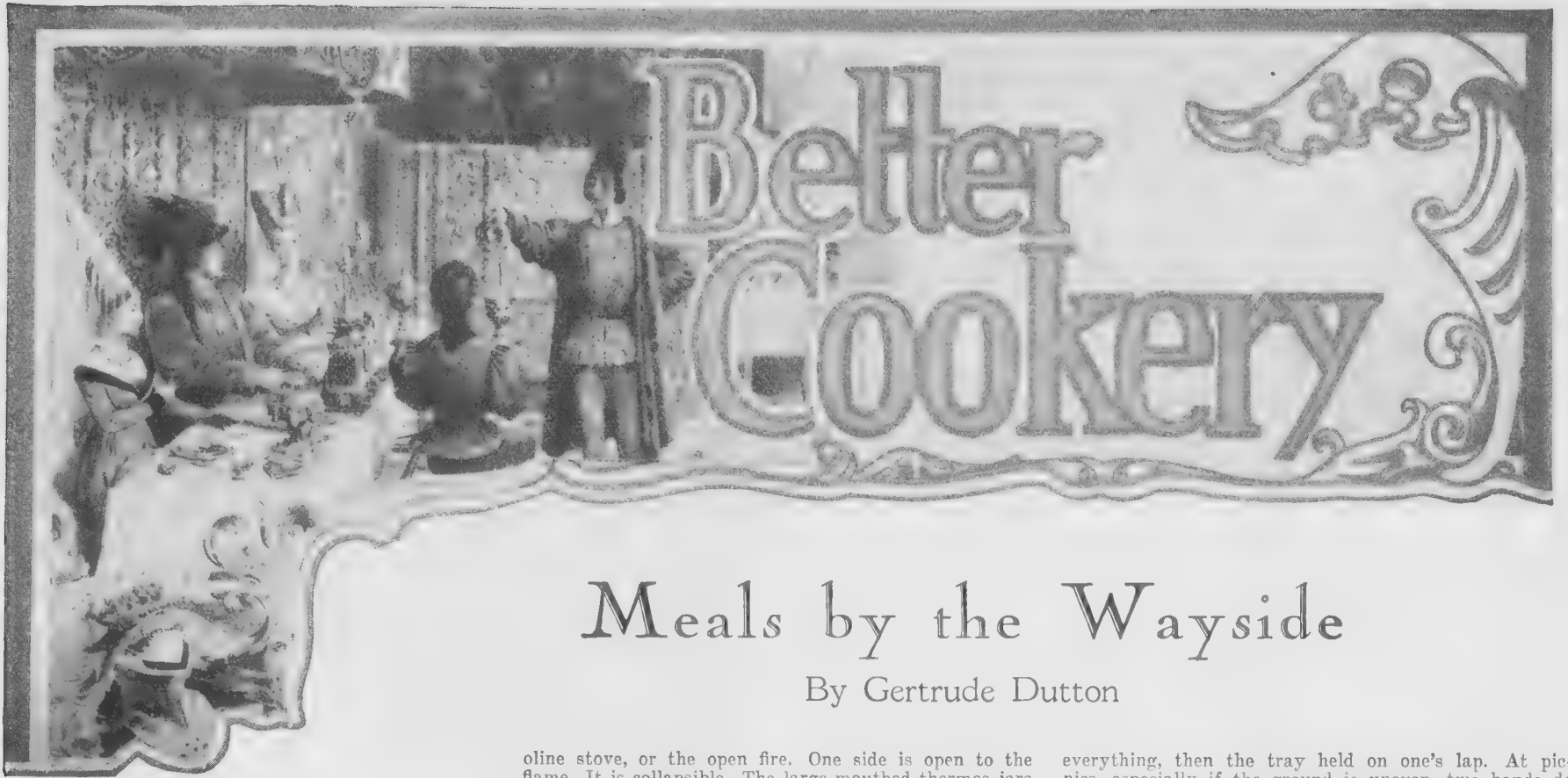
That is Big Car Performance as Pontiac sees it. And it is available at amazingly little cost. Let your Pontiac dealer explain.



Pontiac
big 6

PRODUCT OF
GENERAL
MOTORS
OF CANADA,
LIMITED

I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N



Meals by the Wayside

By Gertrude Dutton

EVERY year the popularity of picnics and of motor trips, grows rapidly. If one has a picnic shelf in the pantry, it is so little work to plan a meal out in the open, somewhere. The increasing number of tourists' camps makes it easier and less expensive to take vacations in the form of trips by automobile. They are delightful for adults, but not advisable for children. The men of the party may be enjoying life from the front seat, but the mother, trying to keep tired, restless children happy in the back seat, is not finding the holiday such a happy experience. If the children are taken, as much care in planning their meals must be taken as at home. Because outdoor air induces excellent appetites, it does not follow that the digestive system can take care of indigestible foods.

For a picnic, only one, or at most two, meals need be considered. The trip, unless one plans to eat at restaurants and hotels, which is a vastly different matter, needs the most careful planning. One must have sufficient equipment and supplies, without being burdened with non-essentials. Perhaps the most important consideration is the water supply. At a tourist camp in a city or good-sized town, where it is obtained from the city supply, it is sure to be all right. In smaller places, it may or may not. If in any doubt, boil it before using. For a picnic, it may be taken from home.

Cooking arrangements are important. There is now on the market an excellent little camper's gasoline stove, which folds into a small oblong, taking but little room. The tank attached to it holds enough gasoline for several meals. If an emergency arises, it can be secured from the car. Wire racks for use over a fire of wood are of many kinds. An old oven grate is good. Wire toasters with a long handle, the kind which cost about fifteen cents, are good for meat, toast, etc., but are not strong enough to hold heavy kettles. Some of the new racks, with four prongs or legs to stick in the ground, are made with an under-grate which may be lowered to hold the fire when the ground is too damp. A little experience teaches one how to make a good little fireplace of stones, with enough spaces between them for a good draft. A flat thin stone at the top, over part of the fire, will hold the coffee pot, while the wire rack may be put over the other part of the fire. Long-handled forks cost about ten cents apiece, and are fine for cooking bacon right over the fire. A smart boy can make two or three out of a little heavy wire and some kitchen forks. There is to be had, a portable oven, triangular in shape, which may be used with the gas-

oline stove, or the open fire. One side is open to the flame. It is collapsible. The large-mouthed thermos jars are now inexpensive enough to be within the reach of every person's pocket book. They may be used for either hot or cold foods. Something requiring long, slow cooking may be started on the fire at home, then allowed to finish cooking in the jar. Or a very tightly covered dish may be buried in a box or large can or pail, packed with some good non-conductor of heat, such as hay or sawdust or bran or torn newspapers, following the principle of the fireless cooker.

A coffee pot will be needed, and a frying-pan is most essential. A good-sized kettle will often hold all the other utensils. What they will be, depends on what one plans to cook. A paring knife, a large sharp knife for cutting bread and meat, a long-handled spoon and fork,

everything, then the tray held on one's lap. At picnics, especially if the ground is uneven, two hands do not seem to be enough. Silver-plated silverware may be bought at the ten-cent store. It has not the unpleasant taste of tin, nor does it rust. The one coating of silver will last for years with such occasional use. Paper forks and spoons are better than nothing, but are not of good shape. A hatchet should be included, if wood fires are to be used. And do not forget a tin box of matches, a can-opener and a salt-shaker. Paper napkins and table cloths of all kinds are to be had.

Perhaps the biggest problem is keeping cream, milk, butter, etc., cool. Very few people are fortunate enough to own little refrigerator baskets with a tin compartment for holding ice. If the food is wrapped in a cloth wrung from cold water, then left standing in a little water to prevent drying out, the evaporation from the cloth will keep the contents cool. Lettuce, etc., may be kept fresh and crisp for a day by wrapping in damp cheesecloth then shutting in a tightly covered tin pail.

There is a tendency to serve too many kinds of food outdoors. It is better to have all one wishes of just a few foods. Sandwiches with meat or fish dishes, are too rich, besides being more work than buttered bread or rolls. One kind of dessert is plenty, and for that fresh fruit or stewed fruit and plain cookies is preferable to rich cake or pies.

Potatoes Baked in the Coals

Wash the potatoes and wrap each one in heavy wet paper or green leaves and bury them in the bed of coals. They should be done, if of medium size, in forty-five minutes to an hour.

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Warm potatoes which have been boiled at home, and either sliced or chopped and seasoned, in the frying-pan, with butter and bacon-fat, using a long-handled spoon, fork, spatula, or pan-cake turner, to stir them. A little cooked, chopped, left-over meat mixed with them, makes a heartier dish. One who has not eaten them outdoors has no idea how good they are, nor what a huge quantity will be wanted. A little chopped onion is for many persons an improvement.

Coffee

It is a good plan to tie the ground coffee in a cheese cloth bag before leaving home, then it will not spill over other things, on the way to the picnic. After the coffee has been made, if it must stand while something else is being cooked, the bag may be removed, while the pot of coffee is placed where it will keep hot, without becoming too strong.

Continued on page 64



The Gyro Auto Tourist Camp at New Westminster, B.C., was erected by the Gyro Club at a cost of \$3500 and turned over to the city to operate three years ago, which they have done very successfully. It covers over ten acres in one of the city's natural parks and is considered one of the prettiest in the Dominion.

A canvas bag is good for carrying any utensils which are covered with soot from the open fire. Some people do not scour off the soot; because it prevents food from scorching. At the same time it rather slows up the cooking process.

An old suitcase is splendid for a picnic kit, and may be equipped at home to give just as much satisfaction as an expensive one from the store. The most satisfactory cups are of white enamel, with handles not connected at the bottom, so that they will nest into each other. They cost twenty-five cents each, but are worth it. Tin gets rusty and of a most unpleasant taste. Aluminium is too hot to drink from comfortably. China is heavy and apt to break. Plates may be of aluminum, graniteware or paper. Many of the new paper plates have a smooth glossy finish, preventing juicy food from soaking into them. A cheap tray for each person, is a great comfort. On it may be placed the cup, plate and



FINE WORK IS EASY WITH FINE TOOLS

EXPERIENCE has taught Mother that it is not only essential to choose good fruit, but that "Wear-Ever" utensils make possible that even, easily controlled heat, so necessary in making fine preserves.

Furthermore, it is easy and pleasant to teach Daughter the art. The thick, hard, sheet aluminum, used in "Wear-Ever" distributes the heat so evenly throughout the entire kettle that both the actual doing down of preserves and the teaching of others is simple.

Mother gets great satisfaction from her "Wear-Ever" now. She, also, knows that years hence she can pass on to Daughter tried and true cooking tools still good for years of service.

ALUMINIUM (VI) LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



Robin Hood FLOUR

Expert bread makers always take prizes at Western Exhibitions and Local Fairs by using Robin Hood flour

Positive "MONEY BACK" Guarantee in each bag.



Hot Cheese Sandwiches

Spread half of the pieces of bread and butter with well seasoned cheese. Put the remaining slices of bread and butter on top, and press together to form sandwiches.

(a) Toast the sandwiches.

(b) Dip the sandwiches in French toast mixture of egg and milk, seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown in the hot frying-pan.

(c) Brown in the frying-pan in plenty of butter. Eat hot.

Macaroni and Cheese or Tomatoes

Boil the macaroni or spaghetti, mix with rich cheese or tomato sauce, thoroughly heat in the double boiler and transfer to the thermos jar to remain hot, or cook in a closely covered casserole in the oven, wrap in many thicknesses of newspaper to keep hot till ready to eat.

Spanish rice may be prepared in the same way using:

Spanish Rice

Rice, washed, 1 c.	Sweet red pepper, ¼
Onion, small, 1	Salt pork, ¼ lb.
Salt	Green pepper, ½
Pepper	

Strained tomato, 1 pint.

Parboil the rice in boiling water for ten minutes. Chop the salt pork, and cook till the fat is dried out, add the chopped onions and cook till yellow, then the seeded and chopped pepper, and cook a few minutes. Mix with the rice and tomato, which may be used either strained or not, as one wishes. Some persons like to add a teaspoon of sugar. Cook in the double boiler or in a bake dish in the oven.

Corned Beef Hash

Use equal quantities of cooked diced potatoes, and cubes of cooked corned beef, cut the same size as the potatoes. Pack in a frying-pan with a little melted butter or bacon fat in the bottom. Moisten with soup stock or water, and cook till a brown crust forms on the bottom of the pan. The flavor will be better if some of the fat is left with the corned beef. The proportions of meat and potato may be altered to suit one's taste, or the amount of material on hand.

Hot Biscuit-Bacon Sandwiches

Make baking-powder biscuits, split and butter (do not cut them open). Cover the bottom piece with a thin slice of ripe tomato, well drained so it will not soak the biscuit, lay on it pieces of crisp hot bacon, put on the top half of biscuit, press together, and pack in the heated thermos jar.

Baked beans, chicken fricassee, beef and vegetable stew, scalloped potatoes, Swiss steak, are all good dishes to carry in the thermos jar.

Swiss Steak

Cut round steak in pieces for serving, wipe with a damp cloth, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and pound the flour in with the edge of a saucer, and brown in a greased frying-pan, and put in a covered baking dish. When all the pieces are browned, rinse out the frying-pan with hot water, and pour over the meat. Add enough water to cover the meat. Simmer in the oven till nearly tender, either transfer to the hot jar or wrap up well in the bake dish to keep hot. If wished, whole onions or carrots or both, and potatoes may be cooked with the meat.

Spanish Steak

Spanish steak is made like Swiss steak, adding tomato juice to the meat in place of all or part of the water. Onions are usually added. Either canned or cut-up ripe tomatoes may be used.

Beef Birds

Use half-inch slices of beef, cut in pieces about four inches square. Spread with sausage meat or well seasoned dressing, roll up and fasten with either thread or tooth-picks, brown in fat in



IN THE SHOW WINDOWS OF THE EMPIRE you'll see Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap. . . . The Luxury Soap that has preserved the loveliness of countless complexions in the century and a half since its luxurious touch first delighted lovely women.

Its perfect purity cleanses so delicately and so thoroughly . . . refines the skin so delightfully. And its lovable fragrance lingers long after use.

\$1 per box of 3 large cakes at all best druggists and department stores. Prices uniform throughout Canada.

YARDLEY'S
Old English
LAVENDER SOAP
SINCE 1770.



YARDLEY, 8 New Bond St., LONDON, England.

CANADA: 358-362, Adelaide Street W., Toronto 2, Ont.

U.S.A.: 452, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Ashdown's DIAMOND "A" HOUSE PAINT



The
J. H. ASHDOWN
HARDWARE CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG-REGINA-SASKATOON-CALGARY-EDMONTON

the pan, remove to a kettle, cover with broth or hot water, and simmer till nearly tender. Season well, and thicken the gravy with flour. Vegetable juice may be used instead of plain water.

Beef Steak

May be cooked over hot coals on the wire rack which has been greased, turning frequently, till well browned on both sides. Or it may be cooked in the frying-pan, rubbed with a little of the fat meat to prevent sticking to the pan.

Meat Cakes

Chop lean raw beef, season with salt and pepper, and if liked, a very little finely chopped onion, shape with the hands into round flat cakes, handling as lightly as possible, for if squeezed into a compact mass, they will be solid, and not specially good. An egg or two, slightly beaten, will help to hold them together, if mixed with the meat. Put in a box or other container till ready to cook at the picnic, where they are broiled either on the greased wire rack, or in the slightly greased frying-pan, till well done on both sides, turning frequently, as is done with the steak. Either meat cakes or steak put between slices of buttered bread or rolls, make the best sandwiches we know of. Some people like slices of raw onion with them.

Meat Balls

Make the chopped seasoned raw beef into balls, as lightly as possible, brown in the pan, then put in a kettle, cover with water or soup stock, and simmer till tender, season the stock and thicken with flour. Keep hot till ready to serve at the picnic.

Sausages

Well-seasoned sausage meat may be made into little cakes and cooked over the camp fire in the frying pan like meat cakes. Link sausages may be covered with boiling water in the frying-pan, boiled five minutes, drained then browned in the pan or on a sharp stick or long-handled fork, over the fire. In the latter case, fifteen minutes boiling in the water is not too long, to insure proper cooking.

Pork Chops

Pork chops may be cooked in the frying-pan after wiping with a damp cloth, just as readily as in the same pan at home.

Vegetables

Many fresh vegetables, such as green peas, string beans, cauliflower, green corn, may be cooked in a very short time in one of the kettles, and may well be used oftener on picnics than they are. Celery, lettuce, ripe tomatoes, cucumbers, may be used raw as they are, the celery and lettuce prepared at home, wrapped in a damp cheesecloth, will be

fresh and crisp when wanted. Pretty little red radishes are appealing.

It is not advisable to mix juicy salads ahead of time, as they wilt, and get sloppy and unappetizing. Some of them, such as potato, cabbage (unless it has walnuts in it, which turn the salad dark), etc., are none the worse for standing some time in an enamelled or porcelain dish. The others may be easily prepared at the last minute, if the dressing is carried in a jar, and the ingredients are easily prepared for use.

THE DESSERT

There is a tendency to have too much and too many varieties of dessert at a picnic. Raw fruit is excellent to finish a meal, the first part of which has no doubt been heavier than is usually eaten at home, due to the hearty appetites induced by the fresh air. Fresh berries may be prepared at home, and carried in a glass sealer. Such fruit as plums, pears, etc., may be washed, wrapped in clean paper or paper napkins, and put in a small basket by themselves, to avoid crushing. Watermelon merely needs to be cut when one is ready for it. Canned or stewed dried fruit, seems cool and refreshing to end a meal. Plain cookies, or sweet crackers are good with it. If one has a small freezer, for which there is room in the car, a frozen dessert may be taken. Everybody likes ice cream. If the thermos jar is thoroughly chilled with ice or ice water before being filled, ice cream will stay frozen in it for several hours.

Gelatin dishes are not desirable, because they are sure to melt and become mushy. A chilled milk pudding such as rice, tapioca or a custard would be specially good for the children.

Date Patty Cakes

Shortening ¼ c.	Nutmeg, ¼ t.
Baking powder, 3 t.	Eggs, 2
Milk, 1/3 c.	Dates, ½ lb.
Brown sugar, 1 c.	Flour, 1½ c.
Cinnamon, 2/3 t.	Salt, ½ t.

Mix the shortening and sugar, add the eggs and beat well, then milk and the flour sifted with the spices and salt and baking powder, then the dates, cut in pieces and floured. Beat hard for two minutes, and fill muffin pans half full of the batter. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Sugar Drop Cookies

Flour, 2 c.	Butter, ½ c.
Sugar, 1 c.	Baking powder, 2 t.
Salt, ½ t.	Eggs, 2
Flavoring	Milk, about ¼-1/3 c

Mix as any cake batter, using enough milk to make a drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls on a cookie sheet, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake in a hot oven.

Muffins

Shortening, 2 tbs.	Bran, 1 c.
Sugar, ¼ c.	Flour, 1 c.
Egg, 1	Soda, ½ tsp.
Sour milk, 1 c.	Salt, ½ tsp.
Baking powder, 1 tsp.	

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the slightly beaten egg and milk. Add the bran. Sift the flour, soda, baking powder and salt and add to the first mixture, stirring only until the flour disappears. Bake in greased muffin tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for twenty minutes.

If sweet milk is used in the above recipe, omit the soda and use three teaspoons baking powder.

Have a surprise for the family some morning and make honey date biscuits. Pat out the baking powder biscuit dough. Make a paste of ½ cup honey creamed

Continued on page 66

It doesn't seem possible that this simple array of food and utensils can make the delicious Strawberry Bavarian Cream pictured below. But they do!



Rare Indeed

is a summer dessert that can be made as easily and economically as this

JUNE brings strawberries—also hot kitchens. But torrid hours of cooking can be avoided. Make your strawberry and other delicious fresh fruit desserts with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. And in addition to these desserts, are countless other dishes—salads, jellied soups, meat or fish loaves, which you can quickly make and put in your refrigerator for serving hours later.

The recipes for these inviting dishes are presented in Mrs. Knox's recently published recipe book. There are new and unusual ideas for every course of your summer menus. Surprising ways to use leftovers. Special recipes for children's dishes which are light and nourishing for summer meals. And the economy of these recipes will certainly please you—one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts, as illustrated here, of six generous servings each.

Since Knox Gelatine is a pure protein, it is a perfect food. Ask your grocer for it. Recipes in every package. If you send us your name and address, Mrs. Knox's new recipe book will be sent you



STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM
(6 Servings)

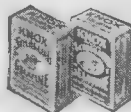
1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	½ cup sugar
¼ cup cold water	1½ cups heavy cream
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp	beaten until stiff
1 tablespoonful lemon juice	Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into fruit juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture on ice and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Use canned pineapple, fresh or canned strawberries, raspberries, peaches or any preferred fruit. This may also be molded in the trays of an electric refrigerator.

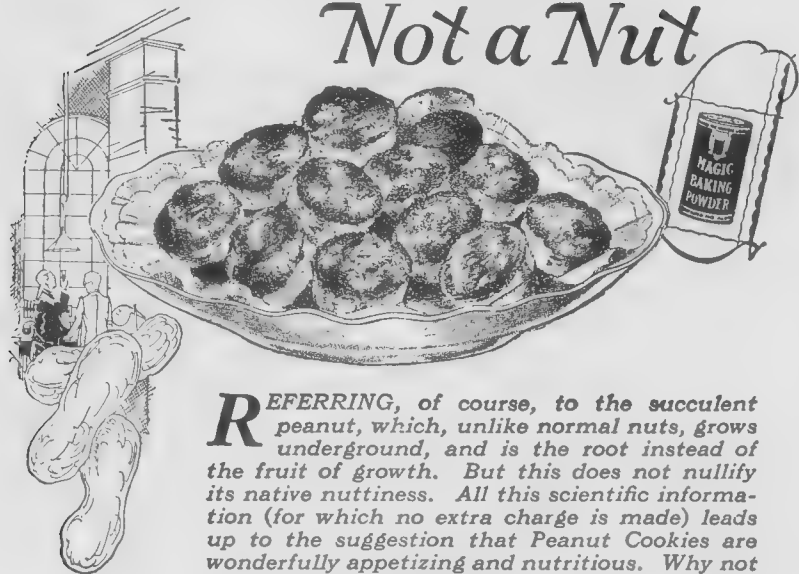
free. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. K, Montreal, Quebec.

One package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous helpings each.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE



A Nut that is Not a Nut



REFERRING, of course, to the succulent peanut, which, unlike normal nuts, grows underground, and is the root instead of the fruit of growth. But this does not nullify its native nuttiness. All this scientific information (for which no extra charge is made) leads up to the suggestion that Peanut Cookies are wonderfully appetizing and nutritious. Why not try a batch for that afternoon tea you are planning. Here's a recipe that gives fine results:

½ cup butter	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	2 cups chopped peanuts
1 egg	½ cup milk
2 cups flour	2 teaspoons lemon juice
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg; sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add to first mixture alternately with milk, then add chopped peanuts and lemon juice. Drop on greased baking sheet by the spoonful and bake from 12 to 15 minutes.

"Bake your own" with
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
for greater satisfaction and economy

First in
**FLAVOUR QUALITY
AND AROMA!**
**Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND COFFEE**

In two, one and half-pound
cans—whole, ground or fine
ground for percolator use.

120

NO FINGERPRINTS
ON THIS FASHIONABLE
FURNITURE POLISH

JOHNSON'S Wax, unlike other
polishes, is not oily, does not show
fingerprints, or retain dust. It
forms a hard, armour-like film
that wards off scuffs, scratches,
heat marks, water spots. The most
beautiful and practical of all fur-
niture polishes. Easy to use.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD.
Brantford, Canada
Branches: Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto,
Montreal

JOHNSON'S
Liquid
WAX

\$1.00

FULL PINT SIZE



with ¼ cup butter. Add ¼ cup chopped dates, ¼ cup chopped nut meats and ¼ cup bran. Spread this mixture on the biscuit dough and roll like a jelly roll. The roll can be made the night before, covered with a cloth, and put in the ice-box to chill. Cut into ¾-inch slices. Bake on a buttered sheet 25 minutes in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) Biscuit dough should not be mixed for a long time—just sufficiently to slightly blend the materials.

Waffles may be used for the breakfast luncheon or supper menu. They are delicious when served with a honey strawberry sauce.

There are so many bright waffle sets with which to make the breakfast table gay. The batter may be put in the pitcher and poured on the waffle iron at the table and thus the hostess will be able to spend all of the breakfast hour with her family.

Waffles

Flour, 1½ c.	Bran, ¾ c.
Salt, 1 tsp.	Eggs, 2
Sugar, ½ tsp.	Milk, 1¼ c.
Baking powder, 4 tsp.	
Melted shortening 4 tbs.	

Sift the flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder together; add the bran, the well beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Beat well. Bake in hot waffle iron.

Strawberry Sauce

Cream two tablespoons of butter with 1 cup of honey. Add slowly two-thirds cup of crushed strawberries. Stir until thoroughly blended.

COMPLICATIONS

A little negro schoolgirl down in Florida in answer to one question, "What is anatomy?" wrote:

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts—the haid, the chest, and the stummick. The haid holds the brains, if there is any; the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

The Love Call

By H. H. Fariss

Someone said last night that soon Spring
would come

And, listening, I heard, like a muffled drum,
The raindrops as they dripped, dripped
from the eaves,

Beating a tattoo on the fallen leaves;

Then someone else said tomorrow 'twill clear,

The wind is just right, and soon you will hear

The honking call of wild geese on their way

To the wind-swept north, winging night and

day.

When morning pinned back the curtains of
night

I looked from my window . . . what a glad
sight!

Spring had been in my garden and softly
spread

Patterns of beauty on each flower bed

That but yesterday seemed barren and bare,

But at Spring's soft touch what beauty
shone there;

Tulips, and hyacinths, purple and white

Vied with jonquils' gold in the morning light,

And pansies looked up with gay, winsome
grace;

How changed, how wonderful seemed the
old place.

See, the red-bud has blossomed in flowers of
flame!

Will ever my garden seem quite the same?

Then came a clear whistling note like a bird,

But my heart told me the whistle I heard

Was your love call, dear, and said you
would wait

For me where wistarias festoon the gate;

Then the blue bird suddenly tuned his throat

And softly echoes your call, note for note;

'Twas good to live in this blossoming world

Where trees and flowers in beauty uncured,

And I answered you, my call ringing clear,

"I love you . . . I love you . . . I'm coming,
dear!"

**Waste
not—want
not —**

Make all those cold
left-overs and scraps
appetising and deli-
cious with H.P. Sauce.
It is the thrifty house-
wife's standby—just a
little enables you to
make many a tempting
economical dish.
There's nothing like
the rich mellow, piquant
flavor of H.P.



**HP
SAUCE**



**Good for Children
and Grown-ups too—**

**OGILVIE
WHEAT
HEARTS**

**"CANADA'S BEST"
BREAKFAST FOOD**



The New Servus Turban Bandeau
of finely knitted rayon in an elastic weave
keeps the hair in place for the
most strenuous sport.

At all good stores.

Ask to see our Jaunty and
Collegiate Caps.

Very smart and becoming for the
teen age miss.

Made by
Houlding & Coleman Limited, Toronto
Makers of Servus Lingerie

A Tuft of Red Hair

Continued from page 17

and both seemed mightily relieved when they found who the interrupter was.

A little shame-faced, Slim Drew picked up an armful of wood and went inside with it.

Before following him, Mrs. Protheroe came over to me.

"You know, it's pretty lonesome at times up here. I don't know what I'd do without Slim around. He adds a bit of excitement to things and reminds me of the big city I never should have left."

"Guess he does," I answered, for I didn't really blame her then as I might do now, and I didn't really blame Slim either, although I didn't exactly condone him, for the straight and narrow path of virtue would sure be a hard one to follow with such a woman to love and her simply asking to be loved.

"But you take awful chances," I added, "with a man like Dave Protheroe, judging by the little I've seen of him."

She smiled with some show of assurance. "Pshaw! We've taken chances before, many a time, and we've always made it. Dave's blind, deaf and dumb. Besides, the only creature in all the world he wouldn't hurt, fortunately for us, is Slim. God knows why!—except that Slim's like a younger brother and Slim's folks raised Dave, and he hasn't forgotten it."

I went inside and lay down in my blanket on the floor beside McGregor, who was already sound asleep.

Behind the curtain separating the only bedroom in the house from our place, I heard the three—the woman and the two men—get ready for bed—Slim in one and Dave and his wife in the other, with another curtain, one that pulled across the room on a wire, separating them.

What a queer world this world of the North was in some of its aspects, I thought. What a mix-up! What possibilities right there for either a tragedy or a comedy!

EARLY next morning we were up and away, and not until a month later did a thought of the Protheroes at Norton's Point enter our heads.

We were cutting across Slavelly Lake on our patrol, making for the R.C.M.P. post at Fort Alwyn. Stopping at the trading post at the junction of Deer River and Slavelly Lake, twenty miles north of Protheroe's place, we were greeted by the post manager with the remark: "Guess you're making for Norton's Point?"

"Why there, of all places?" asked McGregor. "We were there a month ago."

"It might prove worth while going again. Funny kind of doings at Protheroe's. Worth investigating! Don't say I said it—just putting you wise."

"What's the trouble?" asked the Corporal. "Why don't you spit it out? Anybody murdered?"

"Might be for all I know. Paul Broley the Indian came in yesterday and told me Dave Protheroe had been drowned. Couldn't, or wouldn't, give me any particulars."

McGregor was on the jump at once.

What suspicions he may have had, he didn't voice, and I was wise enough to keep my mouth shut until I knew all the facts. We started off right away and reached Protheroe's just on supper time.

Neither Slim nor Mrs. Protheroe seemed in the least perturbed by our visit, knowing that sooner or later some of the police would be over to make inquiries. Both were naturally upset over the calamity to Dave, Slim probably more so than the woman.

McGregor lost no time in getting down to business with Slim, who was quite open and above-board.

"I had made up my mind to quit it here," he said, "and was going out to hunt a city job. Dave volunteered to come with me to the End of Steel. We loaded up and started out last Thursday. We made our first stop at Swampy Creek for dinner. When half a mile along the edge of the lake, I remembered I had left the axe stuck in a tree and started back for it. When I left Dave he was on ahead breaking trail for the dogs. He had his dogs trained to

follow him that way without guidance. I caught up with them in less than an hour, but saw no signs of Dave. The dogs were squatted on the ice in front of a fishing hole in the lake, with broken ice floating and Dave's cap at the edge of the break. The ice had given way and he'd evidently gone through. After that, there was no use me continuing on out. I had to come back here to Jean and the kids and look after them."

"And that's all?" said McGregor.

"That's all," repeated Slim.

"Let's have a look at the body, Slim," said McGregor.

"I didn't get the body, Corporal, I prodded round under the ice for quite a time, but couldn't find it—and—and was afraid to get too close in case I'd go through the way he did. Thought we'd easily get him as soon as somebody like you came along, or as soon as the ice broke up." Slim was quite unworried, except for a careful choice of words which was a habit with him, and, from the little we knew then his story held plausibly enough.

"We'll go out after it first thing in the morning, Slim. Hunt up some ropes, poles and ladders so's we can make an early start."

Next morning early we set out for Swampy Creek and in less than an hour's search at the lake, we fished Dave Protheroe's body from under the ice. There was nothing unusual about the fishing-hole. All around the snow was packed and hard-crusted, and well beaten with travelling backward and forward.

ALL the way back to Protheroe's, A Corporal McGregor was as silent as a clam. He did not answer when I spoke to him and he did not seem to be listening when Slim and I conversed together.

As soon as we were inside the cabin and Dave Protheroe's body was laid down on the floor in the corner of the bedroom, McGregor turned to Slim.

"Well, I guess you'd better get ready to come out with us today, Drew. And let me tell you right here, I'll stand for no monkey business. If you try any on, I'll plug you as fast as look at you."

Slim looked at him in a startled way and made to speak.

"Aye—and don't say anything you might be sorry for after, because we'll use it against you as sure as you stand."

"Against me?" said Slim, licking his lips and in a tone of surprise that had all the appearance of the genuine article. "What can you have against me? I didn't drown Dave. Surely you don't think I drowned him?"

"No, you bound—you didn't drown him—you shot him."

A deathly silence held for a moment, then Jean Protheroe came in, a horrified look on her face, her eyes wide with some unspoken dread.

Slim stood, shaken and looking foolish. "McGregor," he gasped out again, "I tell you I didn't do it. I didn't shoot him. Why, I don't know what you are driving at. You got him in the water, as I said. He was drowned, I tell you. You're trying to trump up a case out of nothing—trying to put me in wrong—but you can't do it."

"Come in here," ordered McGregor.

He threw the sheet from Dave Protheroe's body, bent down and turned the head around. "See that!—and say he was drowned. Shot!—and so close that it burned his skin. Trumped up case, eh?"

A blue-black bullet puncture showed in Dave's neck under the jaw near the left ear. The bullet, evidently, had deflected upward into the skull.

This was a complete knock-out to me. From an almost absolute belief in Slim's innocence, I was turned about in a moment to a firm conviction of his guilt.

Jean Protheroe ran over to Slim.

"Slim! Slim!" she cried weakly. "you—you—" She stopped and pulled herself together with an effort.

"Jean," cried Slim, "before God I didn't do this. Me—murder Dave! No matter what words we might have had or how badly we quarreled—" His

Continued on page 68

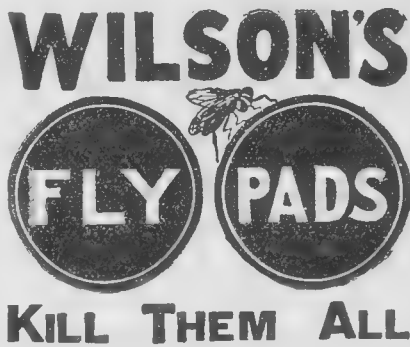
"The easiest way to KILL flies"



AUNT SALLY (Herself)

"I DO lose patience with people who let the house be full of flies. Flies are nasty annoying things. They carry disease and dirt, and they get into everything. It's so simple to get rid of them. Just a ten cent package or two of Wilson's Fly Pads, dampened and placed in plates in two or three of the rooms. That's the way to KILL the flies easily and cheaply according to my experience of a good many years."

Aunt Sally



For 10 Cents—Why Pay More
At all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores, 10 cents—Why Pay More?

\$25.00 IN PRIZES EACH MONTH

Each month prizes are awarded for the best letters received describing your experiences in the use of Wilson's Fly Pads. 1st prize \$10.00 2nd prize \$5. Also 5 prizes of \$2.00 each. Buy a ten cent package of Wilson's Fly Pads from your general store, grocer or druggist, and write us telling of your experience in their use. The Wilson Fly Pad Co., Box 335, Hamilton, Ont.

For Clearing the House
Follow Directions on
Package

What every woman wants

EVERY woman wants that vivacity and youthfulness of spirit which arise from a healthful, well-cared-for body. Beauty is only skin deep. It fades with the years.

But those other precious qualities which have so much to do with her happiness—her health and her charm—can be protected by the wise practice of feminine hygiene.

However, there is much misunderstanding and misinformation about this modern health safeguard.

That is why an eminent woman physician prepared the booklet offered below, at the request of the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It answers the intimate questions you would like to ask her in person.

Send the coupon now. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope by return mail. It is free.

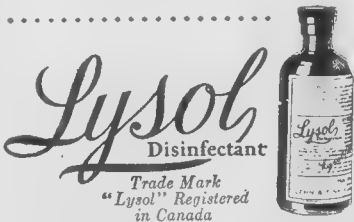
In the meantime buy a bottle of



"Lysol" Disinfectant today. Do not continue to take dangerous chances. Complete directions come with every bottle.

"Lysol" is the registered trade mark of LYSOL (CANADA) LIMITED, distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., Eastern time; 7 p.m., Central time.



LYSOL (CANADA) LIMITED, Dept. 82, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto (8), Can.

Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name
Street
City
Prov.

What does a young man think about?

Some of you have problems that are difficult to decide. Let us help you. The writer of the Young Man and his Problem in the Western Home Monthly has assisted many a one in some momentous decision and he will be pleased to do the same for you if you care to write him. Address your enquiries to H. J. Russell. Western Home Monthly. Winnipeg, Man.



CAMEO VELLUM

Like a charming woman, letter paper should be a source of inspiration. Not only must there be perfect quality—it should also indicate the personality of the writer. When exquisite style is considered Cameo Vellum is beyond reproach, and yet it is quite inexpensive.

Barber-Ellis
Limited

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876
Toronto Montreal Brantford Winnipeg
Calgary Regina Edmonton Vancouver

Apply
a few
drops for
prompt
relief

**cuts
bruises
and bumps**
cleansing-soothing
healing
Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
At all Druggists \$1.25

A Tuft of Red Hair

Continued from page 67

voice broke and he looked about strangely. "Why—I—I wouldn't murder Dave."

Jean Protheroe put the back of her hand to her mouth in a tremor of fear, and as if to stay Slim's words of self-incrimination. "Hush! Hush!" she murmured. "I—I know you didn't do it, Slim."

"Well—you'll have to tell all that to the judge and jury later, Drew, so you'd better save your breath now," put in McGregor a little callously. "Come on, get your duds together. We've no time to lose."

McGregor passed a few instructions to me, but he kept a close guard himself on Slim.

AFTER I got the sleighs partly loaded and the dogs harnessed, I went inside to report. McGregor pulled out his handcuffs for Slim Drew. "If you behave yourself, we'll take them off shortly."

It was not until that moment that Jean Protheroe seemed fully to realize the tremendous import of all that was taking place.

All her coldness and aloofness fled from her. She became the real woman she was. The slumbering fires of love and passion boiled up and over.

"No, no! No, no!" she wailed, running between and putting her arms about Slim's neck and her face closely against his.

"No, no! He didn't do it. He didn't do it, I tell you. Slim! Slim! Can't you explain something? Can't you tell them?"

Slim patted her cheek gently, then stroked her hair.

"What can I say, Jean, dear? I don't know. I just found Dave gone when I came up with the team."

Suddenly Jean Protheroe flashed round on us. Her face was pale, but her eyes glowed with a fierce fire. Her beautiful body became tense as in carved marble.

"I'll tell you the truth, then," she cried, "if you must have it, for he can't. I killed Dave. Yes—and I'd do it again!"

She glanced from one to the other of us. "Oh—don't stand there staring open-mouthed like the fools you are. I tell you I shot him, and if you want to know why—see this—"

She tore her thin sweater jacket from her shoulders, then stripped the white silk shirt below it, swinging her body round and displaying her bared back for our inspection.

Criss-crossed on that beautiful body were long, red weals that set my teeth and caused me to shudder involuntarily.

"He did that! He—did—that! And that is why I killed him!"

Slim Drew stood as dumbfounded as we were ourselves at this new turn of events.

"Dave had his suspicions of Slim and me, and well he might, for he never tried to hold my love," she went on. "He knew that Baby-boy is mine and Slim's, but he wouldn't say it. He just watched, and watched, and watched."

"Last week he came back two days sooner than he said he would; came back in the middle of the night, with his sneaking suspicions. Oh, yes, he found what he expected to find."

"He went blood-red mad with words, words, words, but he didn't raise a hand against Slim. He went outside and stayed away till morning. When he came back, he asked Slim to go to see what fish were in the nets two miles down the lake. When Slim was away, this is what he did to me."

Never once did she falter in her story, but her breath came in short gasps, betraying the terrible emotion under which she was working.

"He stripped me and dragged me out in the cold and tied me hands and feet to the tree beside the barn. He lashed me with his dog-whip. But he got no satisfaction from it."

"Scream!" he cried. "Scream, and I'll let up on you!"

"But I didn't scream, and he stopped, the coward! He had to stop, for he

knew finally that it would mean a hangman's rope for him before I'd scream."

"When Slim came back, he never knew, for I never told him. He didn't know till now." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she looked toward the man she really loved. "Yes, Slim—that's what friend Dave did to me for loving you."

After a short pause the poor woman continued: "He ordered Slim to get ready to leave, and he went with him to see that he got clean out of the north country."

"Soon after Dave and Slim went, I locked the kids in, and followed, taking with me an axe and a gun, ready to use either one when the chance came."

"When Slim turned back for his axe, I got my chance and shot Dave from behind a tree. I got frightened, but the idea came to me to make it look like a case of drowning. I drove the dogs to the mouth of the fishing-hole and threw him in and under."

"Yes, it was all over in a few moments and I was well on my way back here by the time Slim would find out. I—I—oh, you police—" She laughed hysterically. "You think you are all so damned—damned clever."

Jean Protheroe put her forearm across her eyes, swayed, then dropped to the floor in a dead faint.

WE DID what we could for the poor woman, and very soon she revived.

It was a harrowing affair and McGregor was in an agony of perspiration, but duty was duty, and the whole miserable business had to be gone through to its conclusion.

There was nothing for it now but to take both Jean and Slim Drew with us to headquarters, and the sooner we started the better. The children, who luckily were saved the spectacle by being out across the lake, were brought in and bundled up for the journey also, although it was our plan to leave them with Sandy Thompson's wife, six miles south, where we knew they would be well looked after until other arrangements were made for their well-being. Poor kids, it was for them I felt sorry. Their future looked anything but bright.

When all were ready, I went inside to wrap up Dave Protheroe's body for the trip out. As I was placing his hands across his chest, I noticed from between the fingers of his clenched fist some hair showing—hair of the most violent red.

I shouted to McGregor, who came in at a run, wondering what had got hold of me.

"See that, McGregor?" I pointed to the hair. The Corporal twisted the stiffened fingers apart. There was a whole tuft of carrot red hair in Protheroe's hand.

"My God!" muttered McGregor, between his teeth. "And that woman lied!"

"Sure," I answered. "And didn't she say she shot him from behind a tree—and didn't you say yourself that Protheroe had been shot at so close that his skin had been burned?"

"Gee!" went on McGregor, "wouldn't I give something to have a woman love me like that! And there's only one man with carrot red hair like this within a radius of a hundred miles of here—Pete Mullen—and, by God! the man who owned that hair is the man who murdered Dave Protheroe. Come on—let's get him when the getting's good!"

HARD WORK

"Ah, good mornin' Mrs. Murphy, an' how is everythin'?"

"Sure, between my husband and the furnace, I'm havin' one grand time uv it! If I keep me eye on the wan the other is sure to go out!"

Willie—"Did Mr. Edison make the first talking machine, pa?"

Pa—"No, my son. God made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off.—Bell Telephone News."

If your skin is a Spoil Sport



If yours is a "Spoil Sport" skin—if it cracks, chaps, flakes when the sun shines too strongly and the cutting winds blow suddenly, then be consoled... For there's a sedative for skins like yours.

Frostilla's its name—a delightful, fragrant lotion that conditions skins irritated by exposure.

Stroke a bit on your hands and face. Note how quickly it cools and consoles. It removes the sting of wind-burn—makes the skin smooth and healthy.

Frostilla is sold in 50c and \$1 sizes—new, beautiful, blue-labelled bottles. We'll gladly send an attractive, handy sample FREE on request. Dept. W-15, The Frostilla Company, Toronto, Canada. Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

FROSTILLA

When Answering Advertisers Please
Mention The Western Home Monthly



The "Baby's Own" Beauty Bath

The instant abundant creamy lather gently frees the pores, neutralizing perspiration and assuring exquisite daintiness—soothing healing oils keep the skin velvety soft and smooth—an elusive flower fragrance that clings for hours. Young and old revel luxuriously in a "Baby's Own" Soap Bath—deliciously refreshing and a true natural beautifier and aid to personal charm.

Five generations of Canadians have proved it the ideal toilet soap.

Sold everywhere—10c. a cake

"Best for You and Baby too"

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

Thoughts on Wedding Rings and Things

A Little Study of the Jewelry Business From Both Sides of the Counter

By E. G. Bayne

HISTORY records the fact that it was in the year 680 that the first wedding-ring was worn, and a cumbrous thing it was too, being made of iron no less. It evolved through various gradations and in different metals to the broad gold band of the Victorian era, which was designed to shout to the world the fact of one's wedded state. The modern vogue is kinder to the feminine hand in that the fashionable ring is now a slender platinum circle which readily hides itself between other rings on the same finger and is quite easily removed in case the wearer wishes to pose as a single sister for any reason, such as a dance! Men too have worn the symbol of the married state but not to any great extent on this continent. One of the encyclopedias describes the wearing of wedding rings as a "barbarous custom," meaning that it came to us from the people of barbarous nations. Our genial friend the jeweler has other ideas on the subject.

Unquestionably the window with the biggest "kick" to it, at least from the feminine point of view, is the plate-glass display of this gentleman. He knows his public, its craving for beauty, and the suppressed longings that a sight of his choicest stock charmingly displayed on white velvet will call forth. Salute the jeweler. He is a benefactor of the whole human race. All of us may not be able to buy of him but at least we may refresh our souls with a vision of the beautiful and unattainable ere we pass on to invest our hard-earned money in beefsteak and potatoes. We can't all purchase diamonds but anybody may look on the stars.

There is a vicarious thrill in working for a jeweler even though you may only write his ads., for not only is the daily proximity to and association with loveliness stimulating to one's aesthetic side but you learn a good deal about human nature. There are four annual peak-periods in the business—April, June, September and Christmas. You will perceive that these are the leading marriage months as well and any jeweler can tell you that his biggest sales run concurrently with the bridal business. Now that the rush season is upon us, one jeweler whom we know had his stock cleaned right out the other day. One heard of another who had his cleaned out too—but in the dead of night. A few days later this latter gentleman got all his rings back by registered mail and with them a note scrawled as follows: "Even a yegg has a heart at thought of the brides, and anyway I thought it was sparklers I was getting. My mistake."

STUDY the prospective grooms. They roll up in limousines, they sputter up in lizzies, they come on foot. Some advance like men going into battle, others enter the shop meekly, apologetically, as lambs submitting to the slaughter, while still others have a habit of tiptoeing in and down the aisle, as though traversing a cathedral nave, leaning forward to whisper sepulchrally in the salesman's ear the great secret of the imminence of the hymeneal rite. The more nervous will hem and haw and pretend to want to look at stick-pins before they can get up sufficient nerve to blurt out their desire, and not a few dispense with all trouble by bringing the girl along and leaving the matter up to her. Indeed, some few have been known to fetch the prospective mother-in-law so that she might make the all-important selection. But one and all, whatever their methods, are marked men. When they turn in at the jeweler's on the fatal errand they may as well carry a placard about their necks proclaiming: "I Want A Wedding Ring." The salesman can spot them instantly.

There seems to be something about the purchase of a plain gold or platinum band that renders an otherwise normal

Continued on page 70



Make Suds Quickly..
but be sure you make
SAFE SUDS!

One tub of suds looks much like any other tub of suds It's what the suds are made from that means either risky washing or safe washing.

And you should think of your hands . . . everyone knows what harsh suds will do to them!

The purity of Sunlight Soap means safety for both clothes and hands. It is this purity of Sunlight which makes it dissolve freely. And Sunlight's gentle suds, so quickly formed always cleanse thoroughly and above all . . . safely.

Other laundry soaps are never really satisfactory to the women who have once used Sunlight. That's why millions of bars the world over are bought for every wash day.

Look for the \$5,000 Sunlight Guarantee of Purity on every carton. It means real economy—longer life to your clothes—protection to your hands.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

S91

**Just in Case
Your
Subscription
Has
Expired!**

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$_____ for _____ years subscription to The Western Home Monthly, to be sent to

Name _____ Street _____

Post Office _____ Province _____

THREE YEARS FOR TWO DOLLARS

Look for the Nyal Drug Store..



*It gives you quality . . .
fair price . . . fair dealing*

At the Nyal Drug Store in your community, you will always receive the personal interest of proprietor and clerks, and the highest professional standards. The Nyal druggist guarantees every household preparation, toilette or other item that bears the name "Nyal". He owns his own store and belongs to your community in spirit, service and responsibility . . . Look for the Nyal store identified by the Nyal emblem on the window—support it, patronize it. In so doing you will secure better values and superior service.

Three popular Nyal items every family needs

Every Nyal product is prepared in pharmaceutical laboratories of 73 years' standing, made from the purest ingredients according to the most carefully tested formulas. Here are three Nyal items which are very popular in June.

Nyal Face Cream Keeps the skin clear, soft, fine. It relieves sunburn, is a fine foundation for powder. Cannot harm the most delicate skin and enhances the face value of all who use it.

Par Shaving Cream Unusually effective with safety razors. A big generous tube for 50c. Leaves the face soft, relieves redness and raw feeling. Use Par for fewer strokes and a smoother shave.

Dentaclor Tooth Paste This dentifrice is not only agreeable to the taste and effective in oral hygiene, but it acts as a preventive of pyorrhea, corrects acidity, keeps the mouth sweet and wholesome, and heals sore or bleeding gums.

NYAL Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario



Does YOUR Husband Smile at Breakfast Time?

PUT CHEERY smiles into all your menus! If you would have your family thoroughly enjoy all their meals, be particular about your salt—very particular.

Windsor Salt brings out, puts real life into the delightful, wheaty and all other natural food flavors, making them really enticing.

Just salt will not do—ordinary impure salt kills flavor. You will realize the DIFFERENCE in Windsor Salt by its snowy whiteness and mild taste, by the transformation it will make in all your cooking. Insist upon Windsor Salt.

Write for FREE Booklet, "The Romance of Salt," containing many recipes for the use of salt in the home.

WINDSOR SALT



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES
LIMITED

Windsor - Ontario



Thoughts on Wedding Rings and Things

Continued from page 69

individual droll, eccentric, even temperamental, and that lays bare his mind so that you can see the wheels go round and the mainspring kicking. He is placed completely at the mercy of the gods of chance and whoever happens to be standing behind the counter. At that moment a man will reveal more of his true nature and disposition than a bride can learn about him in ten years of wedded up-and-downs. And the salesman who aspires to success in his particular line must be a diplomat, a psycho-analyst, a lightning calculator, a father-confessor, a memory expert, and a mind-reader all rolled into one.

You can almost tell what kind of girl is going to wear the ring. If he says: "May I have these sent up on trial?" you know instinctively that his days of liberty are indeed numbered and that after a certain engraved date he will be as good as hog-tied and branded. Some men don't marry wives at all—they merely marry back-seat drivers. If a couple begin sparring over the width or the size or the price it isn't hard to foretell for them a future filled with daily scraps about nothing. If she inveigles him into buying her a ring costing four-hundred dollars and gets him a set of shirt-studs marked down to four-ninety-eight she'll be the sort of wife who will make him bring home his pay-envelope unopened. Many's the sympathetic salesman who, given his chance, would prefer to say in-tead of: "Shall we send it, sir?"—"Son, run while the running is good!" But of course that wouldn't be good salesmanship.

One customer will bite the ring, meanwhile wearing a suspicious expression reminiscent of the sentiment of a once-popular song which was called: "Take Back Your Lavalier, My Neck Is Turning Green." Another breezes in with a hang-the-expense air designed to impress his future bride accompanying him. Oh, yes, at this critical juncture of his life the customer not infrequently gives a fairly accurate indication of his business future. You can recognize the easy-going fellow who will never keep more than two jumps ahead of the bill-collector; the fussy crank who will make life interesting, if not serene, for some little yes-dear wife; and—most easily of all perhaps—the man who has been to the jeweler's on similar errands. He is strictly out of the nervous-amateur class and novices must envy him his self-confidence and air of unhurried calm as he chooses the circle which is to adorn the fair hand of wife number three.

THE jeweler draws many strange fish to his net. There are the children after calendars—they come in any time from January to June; the flapper dragging her dad in to buy her a wrist-watch; the sentimental widow desiring two rings welded together—her wedding and her engagement-ring; the old lady with an old-fashioned silver butter-dish which she wants us to melt down into a card-receiver; and the opportunist who has again to learn the value of a valise-full of ancient heirlooms in the form of bracelets, necklets, chains, brooches, bangles, and so forth.

The purchasers of diamonds are an equally-revealing class, all the way from the discriminating gent who knows his karats to the casual young mechanic who orders: "A piece of ice for my girl—something that'll knock 'em cold, see?" To size up a prospect is instinct number one in the salesman's code. He must be able instantly to tell the difference between a chap who is obviously a truck-driver but who may have a good healthy bank-roll concealed on his person, and the swaggering toff who in reality and the language of the elect may be a poor prune. Infinite tact and an urbane manner should be cultivated. A customer must never be hurried into a sale. That's bad business as well as poor psychology. Here for instance is an inarticulate and bewildered individual requiring the guidance of superior judgment—which, however, mustn't be tendered too obviously—while on the

Continued on page 72

When Locks Stick 3-in-One



When hinges squeak, when the sewing machine runs heavily, or anything else about home or office needs oiling—3-in-One!

It's the oil supreme for all light mechanisms. Penetrates at once. Stays put. Provides perfect lubrication.

There is no reason to use ordinary oil, when 3-in-One is so easily obtainable at only a few pennies more.

Sold everywhere by grocery, drug, hardware, notion, department and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York City
Canadian Factory at Montreal



In Home and Business
A Rochester, N. Y., man says:
"I don't believe we could keep house without 3-in-One; and in the automobile business, I find it indispensable."
(Name on request.)



In the office or in the home—at work or at play—neatness counts!

And, by the way, did you "Nugget" your shoes this morning?

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

THE "NUGGET" TIN OPENS WITH A TWIST! 60

Fashion-Wise Youth Wears This Smart Apparel



6507. Peter Pan cloth, linen, broadcloth, pongee, flannel or tweed may be selected for this natty little suit. The blouse is closed on a diagonal line from left to right, and is finished with a collar in Peter Pan style. A short sleeve speaks for comfort. The trousers are wide at the lower edges.

The pattern for this popular model is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. To make the suit for a 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material. For the blouse of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32 inch material is required. For the trousers of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required. Pockets and trousers facings of twill or lining will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of buttonholed banding is required for the trousers.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

6508. Pongee in a natural shade was used in this instance. One could use broadcloth or crepe de chine in white or pastel shades or in conservative brown or black. Contrasting material may be used for collar and revers facings and for the facings on cuffs and pockets. This style is unique in its shaping, on the revers and back. The right front laps over the left in a diagonal line, and the coat is cut to flare at the sides.

The pattern for this chic model is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. To make the coat for a 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. If the coat is to be lined, this will require 2 yards, 32 inches wide. For facing of contrasting material on collar, cuffs, revers and for pocket facings will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard cut lengthwise or cross-

wise. To finish the scalloped edges on revers, collar, back, and cuffs with bias binding will require $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

6510. Printed silk, rayon metal cloth, crepe and crepe de chine are attractive materials for this model. The waist portions are lengthened by scalloped peplum portions, above which the waist blouses. A kerchief collar trims the neck edge and is knotted at the left shoulder. The sleeve is in bishop style finished with a narrow tie cuff.

The pattern for this distinctive style is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the blouse for a 38 inch size will require 3 yards of 39 inch material if made with the kerchief. Without the kerchief $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be required. To make kerchief, sleevebands and belt of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

6511. Silk crepe, tweed, velvet, satin or broadcloth may be used for this design. As pictured black and white checked faille was used with facings and cuffs of white crepe. Pique and linen are also suggested for this model. The jacket is semi-fitted and is cut like a cardigan. The sleeve is a one-piece fitted model trimmed with a cuff that flares slightly.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Continued on page 72



THE silky appearance of "LUVISCA" never fails to charm. It is a fabric which every member of the household can wear.

There are designs specially suited to Ladies' Pyjamas, plain shades for Lingerie and striped patterns or self-colours for Jumpers, Frocks, etc. Children's Garments in "LUVISCA" are always dainty and durable.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Agent for Canada, Mr. F. B. Foster, Room 409, 275 Craig Street West, Montreal.

"Luvisca"
REGISTERED

is sold by all Leading Drapers and Stores (37-38" wide) in latest shades and colourings, plain shades, and self coloured check effects. Also "Luvisca" Garments ready-to-wear in newest styles and designs.



Outdoor time—health and play time—these are the days when every boy wants a new Aberley Pull-Over or Jersey.

For "Aberley" on a garment means that it is going to withstand rough usage; that it is 100% pure wool, knit from the famous Aberley yarns that wear and wash for lasting service.

Each garment is individually tailored as though specially made to order! This insures snug-fitting comfort that stays snug.

In smart heather mixtures and new designs that boys will be proud of.

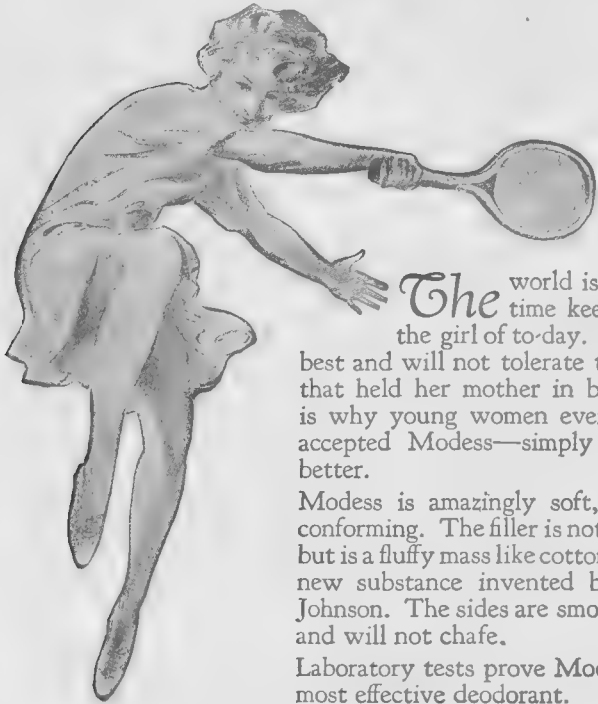
Go to your favorite store and—Start off his vacation with an ABERLEY!

Aberley
PULL OVERS AND JERSEYS

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE ABERLEY KNITTING MILLS LIMITED TORONTO

TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE MODERN WOMAN

The Girl of To-day Demands Perfect Freedom and Comfort



The world is having a hard time keeping up with the girl of to-day. She wants the best and will not tolerate the drudgeries that held her mother in bondage. That is why young women everywhere, have accepted Modess—simply because it is better.

Modess is amazingly soft, yielding and conforming. The filler is not in stiff layers, but is a fluffy mass like cotton—an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. The sides are smoothly rounded and will not chafe.

Laboratory tests prove Modess to be the most effective deodorant.

Modess

A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

21-M

Johnson & Johnson are the world's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, absorbent cotton, etc.

Weldrest
Full Fashioned
Silk Hosiery



It Pays to Dress with Weldrest

Weldrest Hosiery combines to an unusual degree every wanted fashion feature with wearing qualities that appeal to the women who must achieve distinction with economy.

If silk hosiery is absorbing too large a percentage of your dress allowance, try Weldrest. The saving is worth while.

A Few of the Newest Shades

MISTERY, SUNTAN, SILVERWING, SUNBRONZE, NAIVE
AT ALL BETTER CLASS STORES

Thoughts of Wedding Rings and Things

Continued from page 70

other hand there is always the argumentative and know-it-all person who infers that all jewelers are first cousins to Ali Baba and his forty thieves. A little flattery here, a little firmness there, and you have control of the situation.

Jewelry salesmanship is a liberal education. It is a field, moreover, with a future. One may confidently look for advancement therein and the tyro need have no fear of making it a life-work. When the young salesman-psychologist, etc. has at length mastered the fine points of the business—or should we say, the art?—it will be a great moment when he can look up and spot his first wedding ring prospect. There is, they say, a peculiar thrill, exhilaration, “kick,” to this experience that is never again duplicated, not if one lives to sell ten tons of cut-glass berry-bowls. Through the doorway comes an apologetic-looking individual, ill-at-ease, and with an almost hand-dog air. Presto! You know him. He wants one of those tiny circlelets that are so easy to point to and so hard to ask for. Help the poor bozo out. And the salesman accordingly does.

With what pride will he then step forward to meet his customer, and he will murmur with just the right shade of meaning that delicately-insinuating “approach” which is neither statement nor query but a subtle blending of both, and which leaves the customer in a glow of gratitude: “Something in plain gold bands today, sir?”

Fashion-Wise Youth Wears This Smart Apparel

Continued from page 71

To make a 38 inch size will require 2½ yards of material 39 inches wide. For facings and cuffs of contrasting material ½ yard is required 39 inches wide and cut crosswise. For lining size 38 will require 2¾ yards 32 inches wide or wider.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

6512. The model is in wrap around style and is suitable for wide materials. Tweed, crepe, jersey weaves, velvet or flannel are suggested. A group of tucks on the back of the skirt are a feature of this style.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure. To make the skirt for a 31 inch size will require 1½ yard of 54 inch material. 1 yard of belting is required for an inside waist band. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 52 inches.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Satisfied?

By Ernest S. Woulds

Satisfied? Ah, Yes!

For even when the skies are gray
My faith tells me, the sun's bright ray
Will bring me yet, a glorious day
When the shades of gloom are past.

Satisfied? Ah, Yes!

And will be while the flowers are gay,
And children sing, and laugh and play,
And tall trees gently swing and sway
To the rhythm of the breeze.

Satisfied? Ah, Yes!

For life has aye been good to me
With the love of song, and eyes that see
Behind all things, Eternity,
The past and yet to come.

Yet satisfied? Oh, No!

How could ambition's urge be still
With seas to sail and many a thrill,
To seek behind the nearest hill
Along the way of life.

Not satisfied? Oh, No!

How can I be while I yet know
There are books to read, and room to grow,
And a chance a greater love to show
For all mankind.

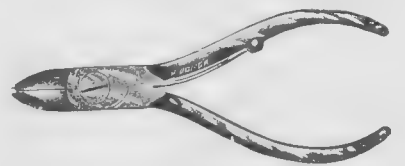
Windy

days are hard on Eyes.
Protect them this way

Windy days fill Eyes with dust and make them look and feel just miserable. Often a bloodshot condition results. Use Murine immediately after exposure to wind and dust to free your Eyes from irritating particles and prevent them from becoming bloodshot. It's entirely harmless. Try it!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

H. BOKER & CO.



Curved Nail Nippers

HANDY to trim troublesome toe-nails. Let your dealer supply one—size 4", \$1.25, size 4¾", \$2.50. Or we will mail on receipt of either sum.

H. Dorwal, P.O. Box 580 Montreal

CHIVERS'
CARPET SOAP

Use Chivers' Carpet Soap, it works wonders. Removes all dirt, grease and ink, and restores the colors too—just like new. Sold at all Stores. Sample on receipt of postcard. Mention this Paper. F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., Albany Works, Bath - England.

**CLEANS CARPETS
EASILY**

"I Don't Worry About Clothes Any More"



"I DON'T have much money to spend on clothes, but I am always well-dressed because I can make any dress I want for a third or a half of store prices.

"I'm not afraid to cut into even the most expensive materials, because I know everything is going to turn out right. My clothes are smart and stylish because the Woman's Institute has taught me how to design, cut, fit and finish."

Write for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today for handsome 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." Prove to yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to make smart, stylish clothes for ½ to ¾ the usual cost or earn \$20 to \$40 a week.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-25 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Music in the Home

By F. S. F.

MUSIC is a universal language. A multitude of the most dissimilar people will thrill in unison listening to national hymns, to harmonies happy or sad. Music speaks to the heart of each one of us, and it should be the queen of the hearth.

Since music is so much enjoyed it should become better known and have one of the first places in the home. To those who are looking for diversion to make them forget the cares of the day, music with all its beauties offers itself as a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

Music because of its divine quality has no drawbacks, advantages of all kinds are associated with singing and instrumental music. Those who study singing become accustomed to deep breathing and healthy activity of their lungs are assured. Singing is like sunshine in our lives, songs tell our joys and soothe our griefs. Music promotes happiness in the home, it brings together members of the family, ensures harmony and promotes peace, as well as entertaining you while it instructs you. Other diversions often cause trouble, bring about disputes and disturb the family peace.

For a large family I cannot think of anything nicer, than for each member to study a different instrument, thereby enabling them to get splendid effects, as well as being a great asset to their community. A musical home is one place of all places that young people like to congregate in, and always feel they have been well entertained and entertaining as well, if they have been able to contribute to the music.

If in future boys and girls forget the old home, it is because they were given no reason to love it. Music, the sweet balm that heals and soothes, was excluded, and therefore the wrong side of life cultivated, or the right side cultivated in the wrong way. Music,

it has been said, is man's fourth need, food, clothing, shelter, then music.

We are beginning to realize the true meaning and significance of music in every day life, the use to which music is put, after a boy or girl leaves school, when compared to some of the other subjects they learn, does not substantiate its absence from our school curriculum. Music has been classed among the cultural subjects. It is indeed unfortunate, that we have been so intent upon practical education that we put certain subjects in a separate class, especially music, which contributes so wholesomely to the best development of the child's emotional life. A famous author was known to remark: "If I had the largest family on earth, I would wish them all to study music, not to make musicians of them, but mainly for the enrichment of their lives, that would come from an intimate and direct acquaintance with the noble and beautiful thoughts of music literature."

Take music from our national institutions, our camps, our churches, and our homes, and Canada would be a sorry place indeed in which to live.

Music is essential to the best development of home life, home comfort and home atmosphere. Let music no longer be considered a luxury in the homes of either the rich or the poor, but develop it as a vital force on the impulse for better living and our nation will have made a mighty step forward.

Since the school curriculum is undergoing a change, this would be a good time indeed to record as citizens of Alberta our wishes to the Hon. Perrin Baker, Minister of Education, to have music added to the school curriculum and to the extent that an examination is taken on the rudiments and fundamentals.

"A Little Bit of Old Ireland on Pacific Coast"

By Avicus

A FAMILIAR sight on the Island Highway of Vancouver Island, B.C., to the thousands of U.S. and Canadian tourists and motorists, is that of Mr. Stephen Kenyon, of Chemainus, who runs a small dairy, poultry and fruit farm. Living about four miles from the coal mining town of Ladysmith he finds a very lucrative market for his butter, eggs, and small fruits among the old country miners there, the greater proportion of whom are originally from Erin's Isle.

Questioned recently as to whether he would not make more money if he ran a car instead of the old "moke," Mr. Kenyon, who is nearly always dressed in a corduroy suit affected by game-keepers in the Old Country, answered, with a twinkle in his eye that he had tried a car when his first donkey died, and the change had about ruined his

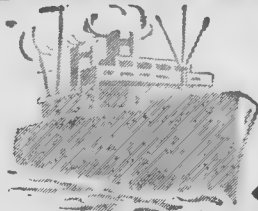
trade. He said the Irish ladies in the town like to come out to the donkey cart and pull Paddy's ears, whilst his owner asks after the health of "Mike" and the Childer.

During the tourist season, Mr. Kenyon complained that it took him nearly three hours to traverse the four miles to town, owing to the numerous requests from delighted American motorists for information and permission to take snaps of the outfit. He claimed that he has been photographed oftener than any rancher in Canada. Many tourists, with camping outfits, will persist in unpacking their kit to get a piece of sugar for "Paddy," and many times the groceries are packed in the most inaccessible part of the car. However, Mr. Kenyon is a true philosopher, and a shrewd business man.

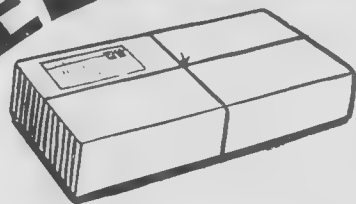


Mr. Kenyon and his "moke"

IRISH LINENS



DIRECT FROM BELFAST



Specimen Offers:

SHEETS at the price of cotton. Made of the finest yarns, pure white—and heavy quality. Very outstanding value. Size 2 x 3 yards (single bed). **PER PR. 4.78**

Linen Pillow cases to match above sheets, 20 x 30 ins. **EACH 71c**

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS, obtainable in two choice designs. Hemmed—marvellous offer. Size 2x2 yds. **EACH 2.52**
Damask Napkins to match, 22 x 22 ins. **SIX FOR 1.28**

TEA CLOTHS, will not leave fluff on glassware. "Tea" or "Glass" printed in colour on border. Size 22 x 32 ins. **SIX FOR 1.22**

FACE TOWELS, with white or red borders. Hemmed ends; exceptional value. Size 24 x 40 ins. **SIX FOR 2.33**

COLOURED DRESS LINEN—"Tyroen." Fadeless and unshrinkable. Guaranteed fast dyed in all the leading shades; 36 ins. wide. **PER YARD 61c**

Orders over \$50.00 carriage paid by parcels post to destination, or by steamer to port of landing



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S are Makers

THAT is why their linens are so superlatively good yet cost so remarkably little. Buy from the Makers, the ONLY safe way of buying.

Obtain Genuine Irish Linens at Manufacturer's Prices GET THIS CATALOGUE

Beautifully illustrated catalogue No. F-7, together with samples of linen will be sent POST FREE on request.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

THE ROYAL IRISH LINEN HOUSE,

BELFAST,

N. IRELAND

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

When You Go Away

Take ENO with you. Change of air and water . . . change of food . . . change from work to play. This is the time to remember this simple rule of health—a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt" in a glass of water every morning.

ENO'S
TRADE MARK
"FRUIT SALT"

21

Sales Representatives for North America:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
10-18 McCaul Street Toronto

The Mode as Declared in the Recent Fashion Shows

By Martha Kyle



The scarf is as necessary as the skirt

THE openings have come and gone. In the fashion departments of the great stores, in the exclusive salons of Madame who imports from Paris only, the mannequins have crossed fashions stage and left behind them that composite picture which is The New Mode.

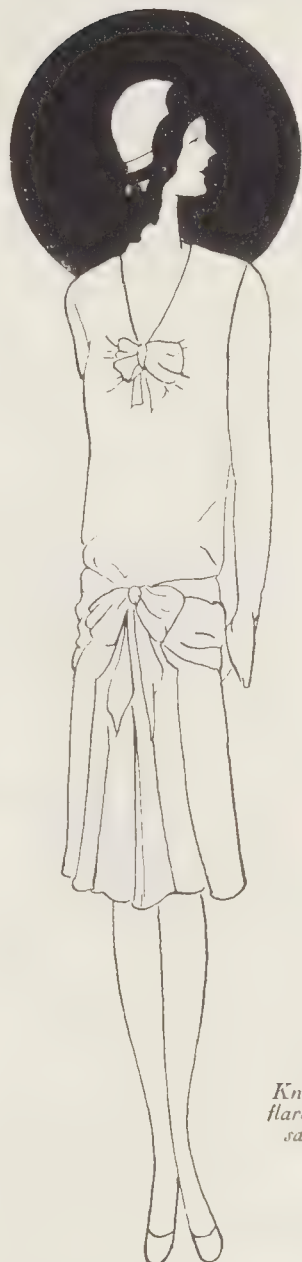
At the bidding of The Western Home Monthly's editor, I attended opening after opening; sat entranced through special showings (strictly invitational affairs), by houses which represent authority. I have summed up for the readers of the Monthly the points which stand out as markers of the mode, and which permit practical application to the wardrobe of the average well-dressed Canadian woman.

Prints—the one note that is being accentuated by every leading house—are used for all frocks, sports, afternoon and informal evening wear. And could there be anything more youthful and flattering?

First, to speak of the jaunty sport outfit. Gay dashes of color flare across the very popular over-blouse and perhaps in the scarf that is being worn with the softly-woven tweed suit. The blouses are frequently made on yokes or



The frock sprays out below the tightly wrapped short cloak



Knowing flares and sashes

in raglan style, carrying out a softer tailored line than was seen in last year's models. Often a crushed, snugly-fitting hip line or intricately cut and flared peplum is used to lessen their austerity. The print may be small and many colored, or of large modernistic design worked out in squares, angles or stripes and showing an inclination toward the use of fewer colors, often two or three tones of the same color; and charcoal patterns of black and white are very new.

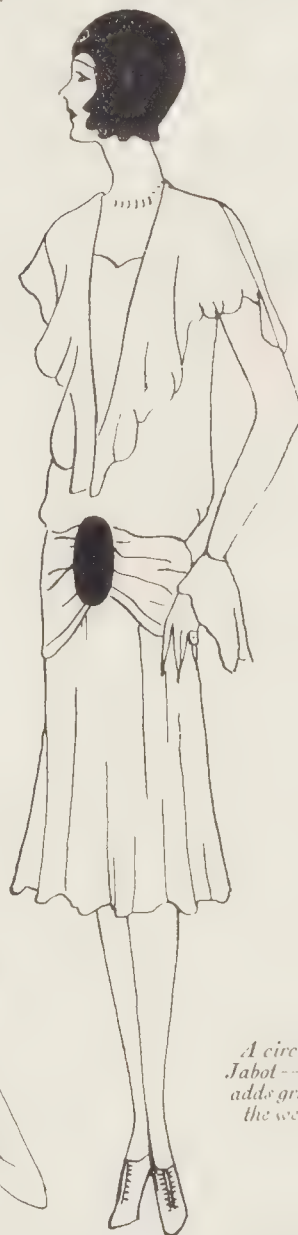
Suits embrace flares or hidden pleats in their still abbreviated skirts, with the hip line always snug, and the short straight jackets are frequently trimmed with a small oddly shaped flat fur collar. Others have scarves and facings of a blending shade. The leading colors are leaf green, biscuit, sun brown and, of course, black and white. To be correctly suited one must have all accessories to match, shoes and handbag of the same leather or cloth and hand-stitched slip-on gloves to match or blend perfectly.

In order to acquire the necessary tan demanded by Dame Fashion, the

modern miss is wearing only sleeveless frocks for outdoor sports. Many of these have a circular back cut out as low as the most daring evening gown and only caught together at the neck by a narrow strap fastened with a buckle, button or bow. Two-piece frocks have proved themselves very adaptable for sports and so are still the most popular. The over-blouse may be cut like a jacket and buttoned up the front or perhaps made in slip-over style.

Trimmings are mainly bands or appliqué of self-material.

Of necessity the skirt must be full enough to permit free and rapid action—so pleats of every type are as popular as ever.



A circular Jabot-bertha adds grace to the wearer

A note of individuality may be struck by a belt of unusual pattern and color, perhaps with matching buttons on an otherwise white costume.

To the white frock add a coat of definite sporty lines, made of plain white or modernistic blocked material, and you have the complete three-piece suit so favored in the South this last winter.

NEXT—the afternoon gowns, for both informal and formal wear have reached the peak of sophisticated simplicity. Trimmings are rare, the knowing flares, drapes and sashes being carried out almost always in the same material. Circular jabot berthas, and bolera backs adorn many

bodices, adding much grace to the wearer. Many of these frocks are accompanied by hip-length jackets of plain material. The favorite materials for this type of frock are flat crêpe, crêpe romaine and the flat brilliant silks carrying names of individual manufacturers. Of course, the supremely popular chiffon is much used for the more formal occasion. The patterns employ every known manner of blending diverse colors and different tones of one or two colors.

Hemlines become more irregular every day, dropping into points from drapes and into scallops from the circular sweeeps.

The subtle use of many colors against one clear accent, was beautifully exemplified in an ensemble I noticed particularly at a recent wedding. It was fashioned of chiffon, the background being of pale tea color with a small cubist over-pattern that included every pastel shade. The sleeveless bodice was cut long, dipping well down in the front and back and up nearly to the hip-bone on the sides. A deep yoke of plain tea-colored chiffon followed the same dipping lines. The circular skirt dropped to a point on both sides and was finished with a six-inch band of plain chiffon. The ensemble was completed by a short, plain jacket of crêpe romaine, a medium sized, turned-up hat of soft straw, kid gloves and shoes of exactly the same tea shade.

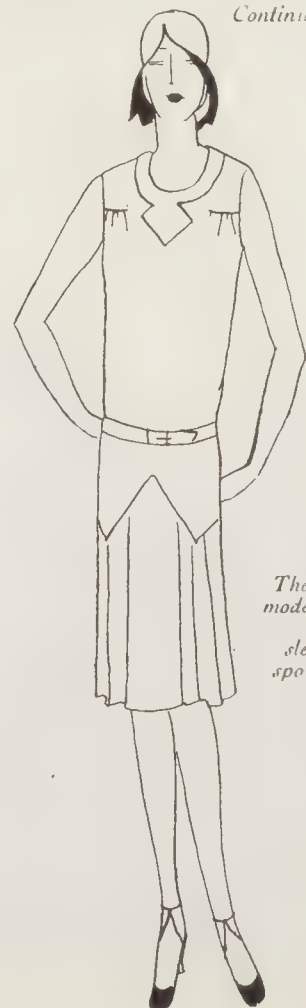
This year's evening frocks have reached the sublime. Frilled bouffant skirts of organdy, net and chiffon, rival the draped long-bodied type. Fluttering effects are in evidence. For instance, handkerchief squares of different sizes are caught at the corners to the slimly extended bodice about five inches above the knee, and hang in a profusion of many layers and lengths, as shown in one of my sketches. This type of frock is more becoming to the fuller figure than is the bouffant style.

Fish-tails of chiffon cut circular and flowing almost to the ground, vie with the stiffer peplum for popularity. Some have sashes tied in cascading bows at the back or side-back, which drop almost to the ground or even form a diminutive train. All these touches tend to

Continued on 78



Fluttering effects are in evidence



The sun-tan mode declares for sleeveless sports frocks

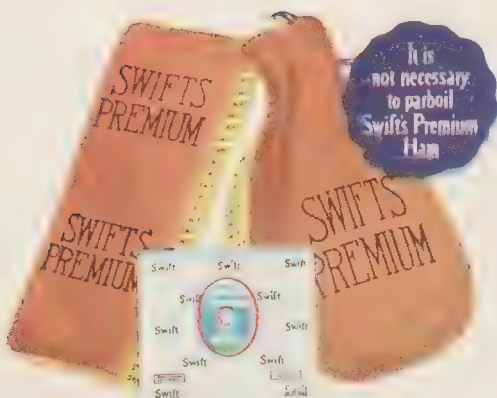
S W I F T



IS there anything more delectable in all the world than a Breakfast Dish of Premium Ham or Bacon, served with Brookfield Eggs!

The appetising flavor—tenderness and unvarying goodness of these famous Hams and Bacon have established for them a very decided preference in tens of thousands of Canadian homes.

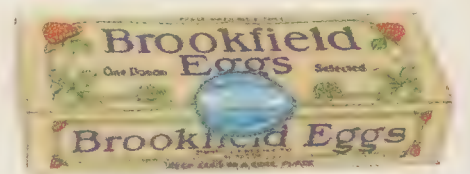
Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for the Branding—These famous Swift products are easily identified by distinctive package and branding, but as a further safeguard to you and protection for your dealer, the name "Swift" is branded in dots on the side of each Ham or Bacon.

The smallest purchase will show whether you have or have not obtained the genuine Swift's Premium.

Brookfield Eggs are packed in easily recognizable cartons. Brookfield Eggs are large eggs carefully graded to measure up to Brookfield Standards.



Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

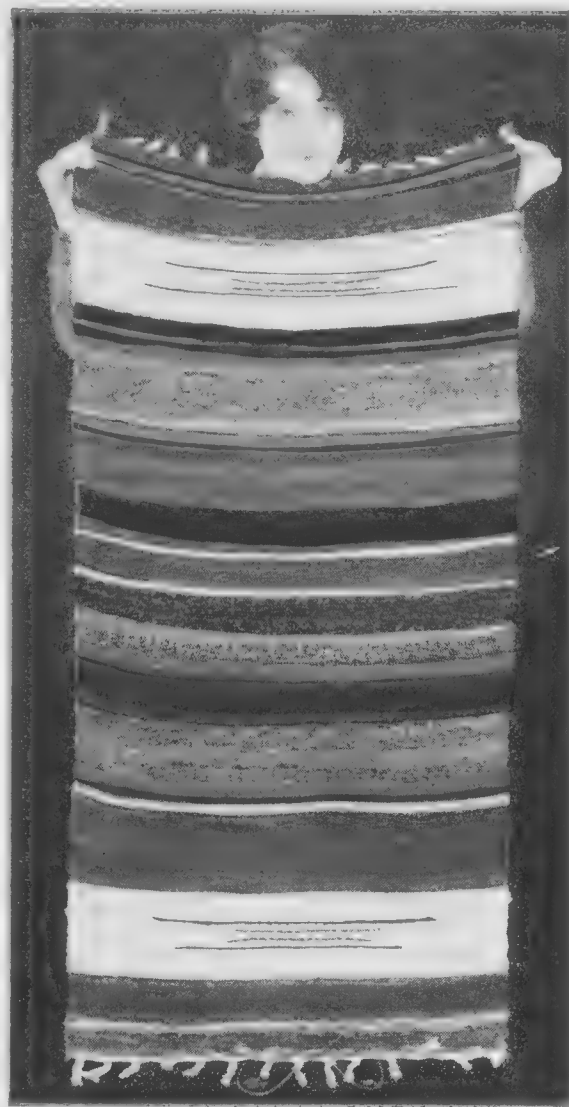
"Famous for Brookfield Butter and Cheese"

This Beautiful Rug

Note Our Offer

We will send you one of these rugs, charges paid, to your address in return for a three years' subscription to **The Western Home Monthly** at the usual rate of \$2.00. *en en en*

Please note, however, that a limited quantity only of these rugs (bought by us at a remarkable price concession) is available for distribution, and immediate acceptance is therefore urged. *en*



THE above illustration does not begin to do justice to this strikingly colored, Colonial Rug, a product of skilful weavers in the Orient, of generous size, being 54 x 27 inches, and most attractive design. It is useful as well as ornamental and in keeping with the furnishings of any well-appointed home.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find \$2.00 and please send me the Western Home Monthly for a period of three years and include free of charge a Colonial Rug as described above.

Name.....

Address.....

"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring" on the Western Prairies

By H. H. Pittman

WILD FLOWERS are plentiful on the Western prairies. Strangers picture the great plains as uninteresting and indeed from the train windows they often seem so, but those who follow the counsel of Job and "look to the earth" are well rewarded. At certain seasons large areas are bright with color and fragrant with perfume. Naturally, here as elsewhere, the abundance and variety depend upon the composition or character of the soil, but almost everywhere flowers are numerous and their brilliant colors add charm and relieve the monotony of the flat landscape.

The first of our flowers is the blue anemone or "crocus", which appears while there is still some snow on the ground, common in light soils and favoring roadsides, especially where these are closely grazed. The color is sometimes nearer a pale mauve than blue and the stamens are yellow. The silky hairs on the sepals give the buds a silky appearance and the children call them "furcoats". They are leafless and short-stemmed at first; indeed the leaves do not show until the early blossoms have faded. The later plants are taller and sometimes bear leaves although these are not very noticeable as a rule, until the flowers are over. The blue anemones are, perhaps, at their best about the third week of April, but much depends upon the season.

Some buttercups come about ten days after the first anemones, beside the neglected trails, and then several tiny flowers generally overlooked by all but keen botanists. April weather is uncertain and the flowers seem to hesitate, but what is lacking in variety is made up by an abundance of individuals.

During the first week of May, on sheltered slopes we can find the leafy musineon, rather a strange plant in a way. At the same time, on sandy soil where the grass is sparse and short, the wide-spreading silvery bladder-pod appears. The name is rather a disagreeable one for this pretty yellow flower. The prairie catfoot shows next, forming little carpets here and there.

To the delight of the children the beginning of May brings the modest blue violet in sheltered spots, but, unfortunately, it is unscented. This, together with a dwarfed dandelion and some wild-strawberry-like blossoms, are generally the earliest flowers of the month. The field chickweed usually comes very early also, first odd, white stars here and there, but shortly becoming so plentiful that in some districts the prairie appears covered with patches of snow. From where I am making these notes I can see an acre or more of these beautiful little flowers.

Nicholas Culpepper, writing many years ago of chickweed, said: "Boil a handful of chickweed and a handful of red rose leaves dried in a quart of muscadine until a fourth part be consumed, then put to them a pint of oil of trotters or sheeps' feet; let them boil a good while still stirring them well, which being strained, anoint the grieved part therewith warm against the fire, rubbing it well with one hand; and bind also some of the herb, if you will, to the place, and with God's blessing it will help in three times dressing." The difficulty of obtaining the muscadine may deter many people from trying this, but perhaps there are substitutes.

Before the middle of May the beautiful hoary puccoon is in bud and in favored spots the first brilliant orange flowers can be seen. It is most plentiful on light land that has been cultivated and then allowed to run wild again. It is a conspicuous plant worthy of a place in the garden and is liked by prairie children on account of its sweet nectar. The curious name, I believe, is of Indian origin.

The cut-leaved nightshade with its curious leaves and simple white flowers,

can be found about this time. Although superficially so unlike, it is related to the potato and is a favorite food of the potato-beetle. *Solanum rostratum*, another related plant, may, perhaps, be the original plant on which this pest of our fields and gardens developed and possibly first appeared. The cut-leaved, or three-flowered nightshade blooms from the middle of May until the end of June.

MAY also brings the quaint three-flowered avens which, I believe, have medicinal properties, and the lovely marsh marigolds. The latter, the



The Blue Anemone or "Crocus"

"kingcups" of our youth are among the showiest flowers of the spring. We are tempted to gather armfuls and well may, for they are abundant and last well in water. There are few flowers more striking and one regrets that their season is so short, for they add a touch of beauty to the waste places—the ditches, the slow streams meandering through mud-flats—that even the most indifferent cannot ignore. A marsh aflame with a golden glow presents a wonderful picture and where there is a background of cranberry and willow, red-osier dogwood and rushes, an artist wants to transfer its glories to canvas.

The saskatoons, which later provide attractive fruit, show their odd blossoms by the middle of the month and, if the season is suitable, are quickly plentiful. Now is the time that a severe frost can do so much damage to the wild fruit supply and some years the bushes suffer severely. They are followed immediately by the pin-cherry blooms and in favored localities the bluffs show banks and masses of lovely white flowers, while the air is pleasantly scented. Trails running through these bluffs now seem like vistas of fairyland.

The choke-cherry bushes by this time are covered with long racemes of buds looking like clusters of tiny white grapes, and the blossoms quickly follow those of the other cherries. Then the thorn-bushes begin to turn white and the air is fragrant with the scent of fruit-blossoms until the end of the month.

Around May 22nd the dainty, fragile mauve flowers of the narrow-leaved vetch begin to show, followed closely by those of the somewhat similar but, coarser "buffalo beans". The violets now appear in clumps bearing as many as twenty or twenty-five flowers and the beautiful larkspur violet, later than the common variety, can be found. The stems are sometimes six or eight inches long and the flowers an inch across—a veritable giant amongst the violets. The white flowers of the hoary cinquefoil come next and then the pretty veined Canada violets may be seen in moist shady spots.

Another attractive flower of May is the golden corydalis, which has

beautiful foliage also. On the prairie it averages six or eight inches but in damp shade I have found it eighteen inches high.

So the pageant goes on while spring merges into summer. Fresh flowers are constantly showing and every day brings something new. The prairie slowly changes from brown to green and then the green carpet gets its bright pattern, for Nature is always lavish and heaps high with both hands.

LATE in May the upright stems of the Frenchweed show and the green heart-shaped pods, each containing ten or twelve seeds, follow quickly. This plant is particularly undesirable on a dairy farm on account of the bad flavor it gives to the milk. Another erect plant of this time is Holboell's cress. Usually the flowers are purple and the long slender pods hang down. It grows to a height of ten or twelve inches as a rule but like so many other plants it appreciates shelter, where it sometimes reaches thirty inches.

The early meadow-rue comes next and most of us consider the foliage as attractive as the flowers. Dioscorides said that the leaves of the European variety, when bruised, would heal old sores, and an early English book says that "in Italy it is used against the plague, and in Saxony against the jaundice". Garden or cultivated rue, according to old writers, seems to have been a remedy for nearly everything, from colic and gout to dropsy and even, as one quaintly puts it, "to extenuate fat corpulent bodies".

A curious plant of this time is the prairie wild onion, dwarfed or tall according to the situation. It is plentiful and the heads are really beautiful but the onion-like smell is rather strong. The tumbling mustard makes its appearance now, innocent and even attractive at first, but later becoming a great infliction to the farmers.

By May 24th practically all the trees are in leaf with the noticeable exception of the oak, which is generally a few days later. The leaves at the beginning of the season are small and the shadows in the bluffs now are more alluring and less dense than they will be in another month.

May closes with a blaze of yellow for beside the trails the bright flowers of the humble silver-weed appear and the sturdy heads of the Western wall-flower show above the grasses. The tall stems of the ragwort grow along the roads, looking so like their European representatives that one instinctively looks for the banded larvae of the cinnabar moths. Old writers called this plant St. James' Wort and credited it with many virtues, from cleansing sores and ulcers of the mouth, to relieving sciatica and pains "in the nerves and sinews".

The last flowers of May and so the last flowers of the prairie spring, are the pretty daisy, *Erigeron philadelphicus*, and still another yellow one, the conspicuous early meadow parsnip.

With the coming of June one feels that spring has passed and Nature loses some of its delightful mad rush to settle down to what may be called the "routine" of summer. Each month still has its fresh flowers until the fall of the leaf and growing things on the prairie once more retire for their long winter sleep.

Looking through my notebooks I find that June is the best month for flowers, but as I have already stated, so much depends upon the weather. What chiefly impresses a stranger is the abundance of everything, for if a species deserves the term "common", in nearly every case the word "plentiful" may be substituted and one realizes the truth of Kingsley's words:—

"Nature was never more magnificent than in her waste."

Nature's Finest Insulator Makes Cham- pion the Better SPARK PLUG



THE insulator is the most important part of any spark plug. Without it there can be no spark, no operation of the engine.

The insulator is subject to more stress and strain than any part in the engine. In most spark plugs, porcelain is used.

But in Champion Spark Plugs—and only in Champion—the insulator is sillimanite. Ceramic science—disinterested and seeking the finest—unanimously agrees that sillimanite is the finest insulating material known today.

To its supreme insulating qualities, superior strength, and heat-resisting properties, Champion adds a remarkable glaze which prevents carbon and oily deposits. Special analysis electrodes resist pitting and burning to the utmost.

There is a special type Champion Spark Plug which is better for every engine and every operating condition. Consult your dealers' chart and buy by number. Champion Spark Plug of Canada Limited, Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

How OLD is she . . ?



SHE has young, smooth, satiny shoulders. She looks young . . . but is she? The shoulders, you see, stay young indefinitely. The face does not.

You see, your face is exposed to all kinds of conditions. It ages. Your shoulders—protected from this constant exposure—stay young.

Sunscorch is weathering in its most violent form. It does more than anything else to age the skin—because it parches from the skin its natural moisture.

When your skin gets sunscorched—smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond



Hinds Honey & Almond Cream now 50c in Canada
A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto

Cream. It cools and relieves—instantly. Takes out the heat. Makes the skin soft and dewy fresh again. And to prevent that fiery sunscorch in the first place—before going on the beach, smooth on Hinds Cream, and powder over it. It'll keep your skin lovely through long, sunny hours outdoors.

For Hinds Cream protects from all weathering. It is a fragrant liquid cream. Light, soft and thin—it seeps gently into the skin and is absorbed gratefully.

Smooth Hinds Cream into your skin—generously and often. Before going out on the beach, and after you come in—it protects from violent sunscorch. Smooth it on every morning—it protects from the day's weathering; last thing at night—it revives your skin while you sleep.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? Then just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7:00 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6:00 p.m., Central Standard time.



A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Ltd.
Dept. 1659, 9 Davies Avenue
Toronto 8, Canada

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....

The spirit of '98
still lives in

Alaska and the Yukon



Follow in comfort, the trail of the hardy adventurers who amassed fortunes overnight or who staked their all and failed. From Skagway through

the White Horse Pass, reminders of these historic days are seen on every side.

Palatial Steamships From Vancouver or Prince Rupert

Enthralling in its history, Alaska's scenic grandeur is unparalleled. Snow-capped mountains. Giant glaciers. Ancient totem poles of a departed race. Wild flowers. Cruise through a thousand miles of sheltered waters. Visit Ketchikan, Wrangell and Juneau en route.

LOW TO VANCOUVER ON SALE DAILY
FARES VICTORIA At ticketing stations Port Arthur, Ont. to Eastern Boundry of B.C.
SEATTLE

Fare—Vancouver to Skagway and return, including meals and berth—10 day voyage—\$90.00. All outside rooms.

Reservations and full particulars

From Any Ticket Agent, C. N. Rys.
or write

Osborne Scott, General Passenger Agent,
Winnipeg, Man

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Mode as Declared in the Recent Fashion Shows

Continued from page 74

slenderize the figure and add the illusive charm of grace.

The fresh pertness of flowers is seen—they appear diagonally across the back, spraying from left shoulder to right hip, or forming a tightly-massed girdle across the back; or they may bloom in the again-popular corsage at the front hip-line.

EVENING wraps are made with softer lines this year and more often in coat style than in cape form. Large raglan or low kimona sleeves end in wide and ornately cut cuffs or flare into the very becoming large cape sleeves.

Long flat scarves frequently finish the neck line; sometimes high flared collars carry up the line of a tucked or closely gathered yoke. In order to synchronize the wrap with the long floating evening frock, the former is made very short and wrapped around tightly to make the frock spray out below it, in a cascade of ripples.

The favorite fabrics of the large houses are transparent velvet, metallic cloths, georgette, crêpe, crêpe romaine and ripple silk.

Evening bags—the very necessary accompaniment to a perfect ensemble—are made pouch fashion, of heavy moiré silk embroidered with silver, gold or cut steel beads; or solid sequins of blending colors are worked in intricate designs. Metallic materials show heavy angular embroidery of every color.

Coats for street wear are following the dress-maker lines predicted by Paris in the early spring (excepting, of course, the strictly sports coat). White flannel is as much in vogue as ever for this member of the coat clan, with the modernistic fabric as a close runner-up. Raglan sleeves and shoulders, but straighter lines for the body, express the trend and almost invariably a belt or half-belt is present. The tweed coats express more individuality of line and cut this summer, being allowed to lose their severely tailored look and take on the softer dress-maker lines.

Yokes take a firm hold upon many coats and are designed in odd patterns—scallop and deep or shallow vandyke points are combined with raglan or drop sleeves.

There is a coat for every degree of formality this year, from the stunning tweed for sports, shopping and traveling, to the broadcloth and kindred smooth weaves; and then to the dull silks, silk moiré and velvets.

Individuality is the keynote and is carried out by means of soft furs which form fluttering collars and scarves. The favorite furs are fox, galyak, broad-tail, mole, kid and kolinski, which are made into collars, throw ties, bows and scarves, but seldom appear in cuffs.

Capes—some detachable, some split and still others appearing over one shoulder only—swing in debonair fashion on many models.

The sleeves vary from the full continuation of the raglan and drop shoulders to the closely-fitting sleeve, plain or embellished with deep gauntlet cuffs.

The dressier the type of coat, the more tiers and flares there are. If the figure is tall and slim enough to carry the style, a long straight-lined coat with a shoulder cape and a similarly flared over-skirt starting just below the hip line, is both good looking and good style.

MILLINERS have decreed that the interesting new straws will supplant the erstwhile favored felt. These straws are all very pliable and lend themselves readily to the soft drapings and twistings of the new and becoming styles. Balibunt, coolie, baker, bankok, sisal, Paris-mème, visca and novelty braids are among the most favored. Hats are off the face definitely and fit well down on the neck. Diversely shaped ear-tabs appear in self-material, in appliquéd plaques of felt, ribbon or silk, or in colored ribbon cockades. These are the preferences of the trim, close fitting hat suitable for suit or street ensemble.

Continued on page 79



LINA BASQUETTE
applying Boncilla clastic pack in preparation for appearance in "SHOW FOLKS."

How Beauties Beautify

This—Above all

Before the make-up comes the wake-up . . . always. The first step in beauty is a clean, clear radiant skin . . . all that clogs the skin must be removed . . . not washed off, but drawn out.

That includes dirt and grime, dead skin, hardened oil, old make-up. It includes the causes of blackheads and pimples.

Stars of the stage and screen do that with Boncilla clastic pack. So do beauty experts the world over. No one has found another way that compares.

Boncilla clastic pack cleans the skin to the depths. It makes the skin alive. Then use Boncilla Cold Cream, and wipe it off. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then Boncilla Powder of the proper shade.

That is the way in which real students of beauty get the results you envy.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla Clastic Pack—in jars at \$3.50 and \$1.50—in tubes at \$1.00 and 50c. They also supply Boncilla creams and powders.—Try it, and see.

Send for the special package mentioned below



ONE WEEK TEST (30)

BONCILLA, 77 Peter St., TORONTO

Mail me one-week treatment of Boncilla with the two creams and face powder which go with it—four samples. I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address..... W-30-6

ARE YOU LIVING OR JUST EXISTING?

Is life a dull round of monotonous, dreary duties? Have you ideals and dreams for success and prosperity you long to see fulfilled? Others are not successful merely because of luck or coincidence. There are natural, occult principles that govern YOU through life. The ROSICRUCIAN ORDER has shown thousands of men and women how to use their inner psychic faculties, their inner self in overcoming these daily problems, how to master conditions through the use of simple metaphysical principles. YOU may LEARN TO REALLY LIVE and not just exist. A free, explanatory book, "LIGHT OF EGYPT", will be sent you if you are sincere in your desire to learn how a new life can be opened to you. Just address

ROSICRUCIAN LIBRARY
Librarian U.R. San Jose, Calif.

The Mode as Declared in the Recent Fashion Shows

Continued from page 78

The brims are very intriguing with their decisively off-face turns. Paris milliners have chosen the definite forehead line to make both eyes visible. The line dips decidedly on either side or on both, to form a flattering frame for the face, in place of the hair which is not allowed to show.

The beret is still very popular, being fitted into the head by slashes, tucks or pleats over the ears and side-locks.

For these small models, unique arrangements of grosgrain and similar ribbons, small feathers—uncurled ones made into flat plaques and curled feathers used singly or in pairs—are popular trimmings. In this manner it is possible to add the dash of color that may be needed by the costume.

The hats for the more important ensemble in many cases grow larger, expanding more and more to the sides and back and even attain a small becoming, face-shading brim in the front. Flowers have once more made their appearance, their new position on the hat being at the back. In every case they are flat, and attached as smoothly and decorously as possible.

AS EVERYONE knows, the scarf is as necessary as the skirt in the modern ensemble—and so varied in style and color that it is hard to give an out-

line of their types without neglecting many of the important ones. The gypsy scarf—made of gay, dancing colors, in vivid bands, angles and circles, is very popular. Then there are sophisticated combinations of different materials of many tones or colors. The ends are finished in points, scallops and large ovals. Three colors may be sewn together in three-inch bands, each band ending in a point which gives a pretty and irregular finish. Again, the scarf may take the form of an elongated oval and spray out in numerous colors from a central point.

Triangles of every size are used, because there are so many intriguing ways to arrange them. The point may be worn squarely in the middle of the back or over one shoulder, and the scarf knotted, or pulled through a bright colored ring. Then again, the scarf may be tied by one end around the throat and left to wave in a graceful single point behind the wearer.

A split may be made toward one corner, and the other end slipped through, to give a flat and unusual line. Another type of rectangular scarf is stiffened slightly across the ends to make it ripple in an attractive manner.

French houses have even adopted the bib outline and made the scarves of several fitted bands or in tiers.

Federated Women's Institutes

News Notes from Alberta

Lomond has arranged with the local Agricultural Society to put on a baby clinic at the annual fair time this fall; is planting trees in the fair grounds, and planning picnic grounds on the shore of Lake McGregor.

Langdon sees that the club room which it owns is opened every Saturday and used as a rest room for the country women.

Cowley is beautifying the cemetery this year.

Lousana has built a community hall 30 feet by 60 feet. It was financed entirely by donations, including the labor, gravel and rock hauling, the W.I. serving meals to the men workers.

Munson is carrying on the annual oratorical contest as usual. Other objectives for the year are—a dental clinic, beautifying the cemetery, starting a library, and supporting a widow with eight children until she gets the mother's pension.

Seasmith has pledged itself to support a small maternity home. The W.I. pays the rent and telephone and supplies many other necessities of linen, etc.

Busby has purchased chairs for the community hall.

Grande Prairie is furnishing a room in the new hospital at a cost of \$180.

Wayne has donated a hospital carriage to the Wayne Hospital, has completed arrangements for an eye and ear clinic, served hot cocoa daily to the school children, and sews monthly for the hospital.

Benton Valley has voted \$100 to the community hall.

Alix is offering a prize to the member attending the most meetings this year.

Queenstown Milo has bought chairs for community use.

Consort has donated a pair of blankets to a needy family.

Neutral Valley is paying half the price of a piano for the district school.

Penhold has voted over a hundred dollars to the building of a permanent rink.

Rio Grande members are sewing for the new Grande Prairie hospital.

Bassano W.I. has taken on two objectives for the year—the purchase of playground equipment and beautifying the cemetery.

Chancellor conducted such a successful baby clinic last year, that it will repeat this venture this year.

Lens W.I. has been raising money to repair the piano at the hall.

Wainwright is looking into the matter of providing a rest room for the many country women who come in to shop.

Lacombe is soliciting the co-operation of other organizations in beautifying the cemetery.

Shepard W.I., a new branch, realized \$80 from putting on a play, "Safety First."

Carmangay got one of its first settlers, Mrs. Bastin, to prepare a paper on the community's early history to help the teachers at school. This proved an interesting programme feature of a recent meeting.

Mirror Library put on a carnival and play to replenish the treasury.

Westlock W.I. is looking into the ringing of the curfew at nights to gather the children in.

Wetaskiwin voted \$100 to clear off the debt on the W.I. building. Recent activities include providing layettes for expectant mothers, sponsoring a baby clinic, a short course in millinery, and raising \$205 at a concert.

Foremost voted \$20.00 to the Red Cross hospital in Calgary.

Beaver River is purchasing a drinking fountain and window blinds for the new school.

Leduc has provided eight pairs of stockings to four children of a needy family, also given a donation to the Boy Scouts.

Sylvan Lake has cooperated with the Ladies' Aid in purchasing dishes for community use.

Sibbald W.I. is giving a programme of three half-hour plays.

Patricia is giving efficiency prizes to the school.

Milk River has provided a Grade VIII honor roll for successful Grade VIII pupils, the names being duly inscribed and read at a recent meeting.

Hughenden Village has been stressing the use of Alberta-made goods and the promotion of Canadian industries. A resolution was passed to use and patronize these wherever and whenever possible. It has also voted \$2.50 to the four school rooms for library books.

Condor is buying a hospital cot for a nursing room at Eckville.

Flat Lake is co-operating with the Lutheran Ladies' Aid in looking after the cemetery.

Duffield is enquiring into the best way of getting a doctor to locate in the district.

Vermilion has offered its support to the town in a "Town Beautifying" campaign. Cluny is starting a drive to raise funds for a community hall.

Busy Bees at Walhalla had a clean-up day at the school in March.

Continued on page 80

Facts About Tea series—No. 3.

Tea-400 B.C.

Apparently it was the Chinese who discovered that a beverage could be made from the leaves of the tea-plant, for a Chinese author in the 4th century B.C., writes of a beverage that could be produced by steeping the leaves of the tea-plant in hot water.

"SALADA"

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Our new Catalogue will be of great assistance to you in selecting from a wide assortment of the best standard make instruments at lowest prices, including

Violins Saxophones
Drum Outfits Banjos

SHEET MUSIC. We can supply you with the most complete stock of teachers' and students' supplies—popular and standard orchestration always available.

PLAYER PIANO ROLLS. Let us send you our monthly list of latest rolls.

RADIOS ON EASY TERMS

We carry in stock various styles of many of the more prominent standard makes. Write us for illustrated folders, lowest prices and easy terms of payment on the following sets: Victor, DeForest Crosley, Sparton, Marconi, Atwater Kent.

WRITE TODAY for Catalogues and terms—but state what particular instrument you are interested in.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333
PORTAGE
AVE.

The home of Mason & Risch—Canada's Finest Piano.

Rock Bottom Prices And EASY TERMS

BEST PIANO VALUES

Over ninety different styles from which to choose: Cabinet Uprights, Players and Grand Pianos, Standard Makes, all finishes and styles. Small payments and balance arranged to suit the buyer's convenience.

Upright Pianos from \$325. Player Pianos from \$595. Slightly used 6-octave Organs from \$60.

Slightly Used Pianos from \$255

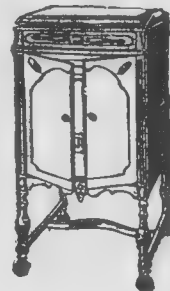
ORTHOPHONIC VICTROLAS

New 1929 Models are now on hand. You have but to hear the New Orthophonic to realize its supreme value.

All Models from \$115—\$485

VICTOR RECORDS

Latest Dance, Popular and Classical Numbers.



The Continental Life Insurance Company

Provincial Office - 504 Union Trust Bldg. - Phone 23 575
WINNIPEG MANITOBA

Is a strong, progressive company thirty years serving the Dominion. It has the last word in up-to-the-minute policies, which gives a man protection as long as he needs it then pays him the cash in full to enjoy in later life.

WANTED—ONE DISTRICT MANAGER, MUST BE A WORKER.

W. H. RICHARDS, Provincial Manager

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 79

Cremona has presented cups to two new babies of members.

Drumheller has co-operated with the town in looking after several needy cases.

High Prairie has financed a skating rink for the children of the town, this being thoroughly enjoyed all winter.

Rose Willow has voted its allotment to the constituency scholarship, to be awarded for home economics at the Agricultural School of the district.

Wainwright held its annual entertainment of the grandmothers of the community recently.

Mohaska sponsored a "movie" to augment the nurses fund, also intends having a basketry course.

Kinsella has been looking after a number of children with skin infection in order to prevent its spreading.

Didsbury W.I. is trying to see that reading facilities are provided for the women of the surrounding district.

Jasper W.I. is seeing about a public library.

Hughenden is giving \$5.00 in prizes for the school fair, \$2.50 to the grade VII girl making the best pair of pyjamas and \$2.50 to the grade VII boy making the best rustic fern stand.

Eighty Women's Institutes in England and Wales are now provided with W.I. correspondents in other parts of the empire, Canada, New Zealand and Rhodesia, Natal, Zululand and Australia. If any Women's Institute in Canada would like to have a W.I. "overseas partner" send this request to this department, 39 Eccleston Street, London, S.W. 1, England.

British Columbia Notes

Armstrong derived a good deal of entertainment from a roll call "What Would You Do with an Unexpected Gift of \$1,000?" The Manager of the Bank of Commerce gave an illuminating talk on banking. A Bazaar Committee has been formed, and it was decided to send the usual donation to the Crippled Children's Hospital. The North Okanagan Shield for the Musical Festival was completed satisfactorily.

Coghlan has replenished the first-aid kit at both schools, and has presented a baby spoon to a member's baby. The Secretary was instructed to purchase stumping powder as required, after which the members enjoyed a tatting demonstration.

Coquillam held two well attended and busy meetings in connection with the May Day celebrations, and have decided to make their Fancy Dress Ball an annual occurrence.

Crawford Bay won all the prizes for rugs at the Grey Creek Winter Fair. A heater has been purchased for the hall, towards the cost of which the Institute gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$18. Harrop has invited Crawford Bay to their Flower Show.

Field greatly enjoyed a song and health drill by small children during the Child Welfare evening, under the convenership of Mrs. Henry.

Prince George, in an endeavour to still further increase their membership, have got out an attractive program for the forthcoming year, in which is incorporated a foreword outlining the aims and ideals of Women's Institute. This is to be given to every woman in the community.

South Saanich voted \$10 to the Social Service Summer Camp and \$5 to the Saanich Agricultural Association for prizes. Mr. L. Taylor gave a talk on "Lillies and How to Grow Them."

South Salt Spring Island held their annual 24th of May celebrations, May Queen Contest, etc. It was decided to put on a Health Exhibit at the Fall Fair.

Whonnock and Ruskin held a birthday party, when each member contributed one cent for each year of her age, and quite a large sum was collected! Mrs. Showler gave an interesting outline of the work done since the organization of the Institute four years ago. The Institute catered for a badminton tournament, and have invited Hatzic and Mission to attend the next meeting.

Salmon Arm has compiled an interesting program for the forthcoming year, including short demonstrations of all descriptions: fruit fritters, beefsteak pie, crystalized fruit, hard soap, mending silk hose, set-in sleeves and pockets, glove making, and historical or literary papers, and quilting bees for ten members at a time, when the owner of the quilt provides tea. Mrs. Hanna has demonstrated reed basket making, and Mr. W. H. Grant showed a most interesting series of slides in color, depicting scenes in garden effects from all over the world. By means of a bridge and dance \$82 was raised to send the Intermediate Basket Ball Champions to the coast. \$5 was voted to the Solarium, and Mr. E. S. Keeling spoke on the objects of forming a Red Cross Society in Salmon Arm, i.e. to bring in a District Nurse for the outlying districts.

Agassiz—Concert showed a balance of over \$88. Donations were voted to the Ex-Service Men's Association and the Agricultural Association, and it was

decided to provide ice cream for the children on Sports Day, since a private member offered to pay half the cost. May Day celebrations (for the first time) were held, with the assistance of the School Teachers at the School Sports. Mrs. McBean read a paper on "Women's Work on the Farm," and demonstrated cottage cheese. The Flower Show will be held in June.

Beaver have received the promise of the school teachers to help with the children's sewing for the Flower Show contest.

Colwood held their Health Day celebrations on May 1st. The institute decided to join the League of Nations. Miss Kelly described some Scottish cities, and Mrs. Godfrey gave a most interesting report on the Educational Conference.

Grindrod enjoyed a visit from the Superintendent, who spoke on Institute work and method.

Howe Sound have elected their Fair Committee; have decided to buy a lot, with a view to building an Institute Hall, and celebrated their decision with a wonderful lunch.

Huntingdon entertained 40 guests at their Annual Social. At the monthly meeting, Fair matters were arranged, a donation voted to the Crippled Children's Hospital, and Mrs. Fadden gave a most interesting report on the Federated Institute Convention in Nova Scotia two years ago.

Langley Prairie held a whist drive on May 8th, when the Institute bedspread was raffled. Miss Le Seur spoke on "Girl's Work of a Probation Officer."

Mission City have distributed flower and vegetable seeds to 101 children for their garden contest. It was decided to provide 15 per cent of the cost of the District Nurse's car, and \$10 was voted to the Agricultural Association. Prizes were also voted to W. Clark for competing in the Oratorical Contest, and to the pupil gaining highest marks in the Entrance Examination. A whist drive was held on May 9th, for the Nurse's Car Fund.

Okanagan Centre made a donation for the upkeep of the shrubs on the tennis court. Mrs. Maile read a paper on "Immigration," and plans were completed for an illustrated lecture on "Wild Flowers of B.C."

Okanagan Falls enjoyed an address from Mrs. McGregor, District President, on "Institute Ideals." The new hall was opened by the Lieutenant Governor and Miss Mackenzie on May 10th. Mrs. Carroll Aikins will speak at the June meeting.

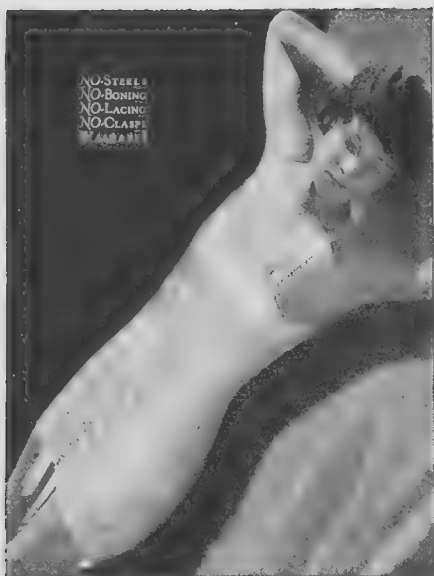
Sayward received names of members willing to grow certified seed potatoes for the Winter Fair.

Shirley has again organized a Boys' and Girls' Poultry Club.

Strawberry Hill are working hard for a child who has been sent to the Sunlight Clinic by the Institute. A concert and sale of home cooking was held in May to raise funds.

Victoria appreciated a most instructive talk on "The Care and Culture of House Plants," by Mr. E. W. White of the Horticultural Branch. It was decided to send a donation to the Social Service Camp Fund. Mrs. Brown reported on the usual monthly entertainments for the tuberculosis patients in the hospital. Lunch and tea were served at the Spring Flower Show.

Continued on page 81



Lovers-Form

The CORSET of YOUTH

To be moderne—wear the feather-light LOVERS-FORM next. Experience for yourself the glorious freedom . . . the smart curves . . . soft, silken, smoothing control. Sitting or standing . . . bend as you will, LOVERS-FORM, the Corset of Youth, always stays smartly in place.

Wear LOVERS-FORM next.

Sensibly Priced

\$4.95, \$6.95, \$8.50, \$10.00, etc.

Priced according to size and quality
Size 30" to 50" Bust

SEEK OUT the LOVERS-FORM dealer, otherwise send us your bust, waist and hip measurements, your weight and height, and we will see that your needs are taken care of immediately. Ask for Moderne Booklet WHM 5 "Glorious Freedom."

WOOLNOUGH CORSETIERS

384 Yonge St. • Toronto 2, Ont.

Examine a
Sidway
TRADE MARK

Baby Carriage
Note these 5 distinctive Features of Superiority

- (1) UPHOLSTERING—Fine quality corduroy. Only pure, new sanitary cotton fillings used.
- (2) DESIGN—Beautiful designs, individual and distinctive.
- (3) BODY—Reinforced frame with steel angle-braces, an exclusive Sidway feature—provides rigidity and long life. Fibre covering expertly hand-rolled; Sliding hood attachment.
- (4) UNDERCARRIAGE—Full length tubular pusher on all better numbers. Springs of special resilient steel. Ball-bearing wheels, nickel-plated bicycle spokes, or standard artillery wheels, optional.
- (5) BRAKE—Operated by DOWNWARD pressure of toe, both in setting and releasing brake; no injury to shoes.

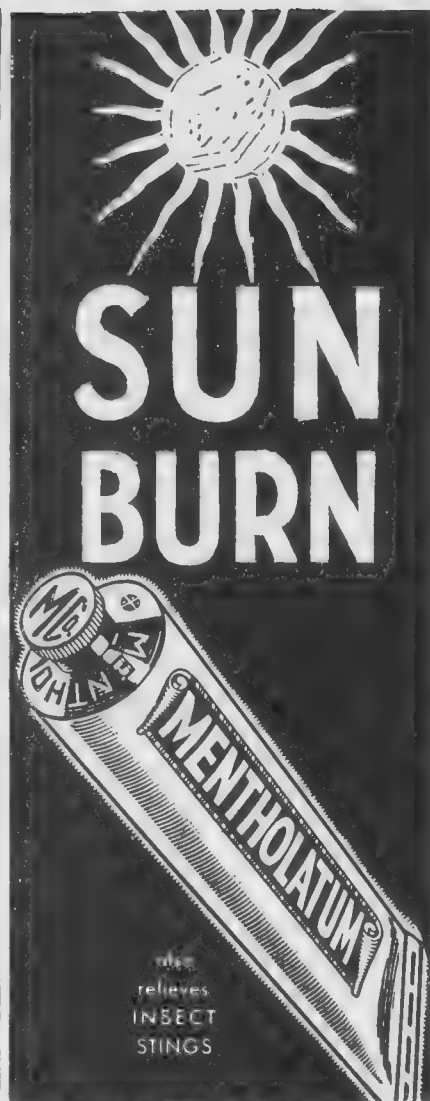
—and CANADIAN MADE from first to last. See the Sidway line of Baby Carriages, Strollers and Wheel Toys at your dealer's store. If he does not have them, write us, and we will send name of Sidway dealer in your locality.

**SIDWAY-TOPLIFF
COMPANY,
LIMITED**
Pelham Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario.

ST-31



Send for—
FREE booklet



**SEND COUPON
FOR TRIAL BOX**

TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 10 cents for mailing costs to Dept. W. M-1, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. You will get a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum, free. "Feel it Heal."

Name

Address

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐

FRECKLES



Remove
this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 80

South Vancouver voted a donation to the Alexandra Orphanage Fresh Air Fund. Dr. Young's letter was read and discussed, and Mrs. Delmage spoke on "Goodwill Day."

Ymir has bought 10 new books for the library, and made a donation to the Eileen Anderson Fund. Mrs. Buchanan read an interesting paper on "Canada."

Manitoba News

Amaranth entertained the school children on a recent holiday.

Arnaud heard talks on "Starting Your Annuals" and "Hot Beds and Cold Frames."

Arrow River—New rackets have been purchased and old ones re-strung for the tennis court built and maintained by the Institute.

Austin read report of Peace Conference held in Winnipeg on April 4th.

Avonlea had paper on "Teaching Children Etiquette."

Balmoral gave a donation of \$150 to the Community Hall fund. The bazaar brought in the sum of \$174.26.

Beausejour held a "Gift Night," when each member made a gift and all were later drawn from a box by the members.

Belmont discussed purchasing cups and saucers. (Belmont is agitating for a "Clean-up Campaign.")

Benito heard paper on "The Care of Mothers at Childbirth," also poem on "Mother Love."

Beulah donated \$70 to Rink Fund and \$3 for prizes at Miniota Horticultural Society. Had paper on "Courtesy in the Home."

Binscarth enjoyed musical program.

Birtle has purchased 32 new books for the Library.

Bowsman has decided to have a "Membership Drive," lasting one month. Captains were chosen; the losing side will entertain the winners.

Carman heard a talk on "Junior Red Cross Work and W.I. Work," by Mrs. H. M. Speechly, also report of the Peace Conference held in Winnipeg. Donated the sum of \$25 to the Horticultural Society.

Cartwright—The Institute has offered two prizes each for "best flower garden" and "best kept lawn and yard."

Cromarty had debate on "Immigration," also a very good discussion on "The League of Nations."

Crystal City discussed ways of raising money and how to beautify the park.

Culross heard paper on "Horticulture."

Deloraine is working for rest room.

Dominion City had paper on "A Vacation for the Homemaker."

Dugald is publishing cook book.

Edrans—Secretary gave account of trip to Ontario.

Elkville had paper on "Making the Home a Better Place in Which to Live." Delegates gave report of Peace Conference.

Elphinstone heard paper on "Planning the Garden."

Elva has printed W.I. card to go with fruit and other things sent to the sick.

Endcliffe is arranging a picnic for the school children.

Ewart has divided the members into groups of five, each group to arrange some entertainment and make \$10.

Foxwarren discussed ways and means of raising money to repair rest room.

Gimli will sell goods for the Blind as usual at the Annual Apron Sale.

Gladstone heard report of the Peace Conference.

Great Falls is preparing for annual bazaar to be held in October.

Guntton heard papers on "Travels Through Alberta" and "House Plants."

Hamiota held a grandmothers' quilting bee, about 50 members and friends were present. Prizes were given for the oldest and the youngest grandmother present. Afternoon tea was served by the ladies of the Institute.

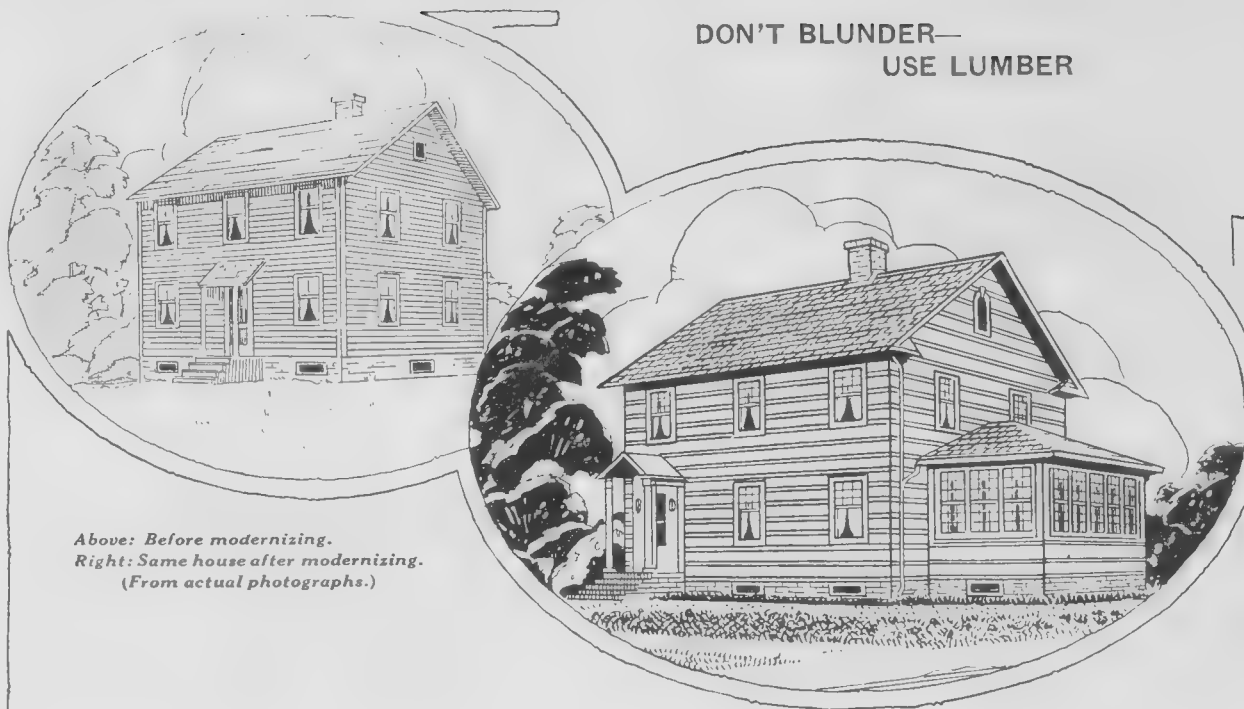
Harding heard paper on "The Culture of Roses."

Hartney sold work of the Blind at a tea.

H. G. T. has added \$97 to the building fund for the rest room.

Iroquois is making quilt for the Gimli Fresh Air Camp.

Continued on page 82



Above: Before modernizing.
Right: Same house after modernizing.
(From actual photographs.)

DON'T BLUNDER—
USE LUMBER

Modernize Your Home

Modernizing—this is the idea that is giving people everywhere new homes from plain, unattractive houses.

Take the house illustrated for instance—what an improvement can be seen—yet only a little needed to be done. A sunroom added and a new porch entrance, along with a few interior changes make it an up-to-date home at a very moderate cost.

How to Modernize

If you are living in an old house and would like to make it new, both inside and out, consult the lumber dealer in your town. He will work with you and suggest plans and ideas to help you in every possible way. Remember the lumber dealer is able to offer expert practical advice on plans and materials, and as well has at his disposal the assistance of trained building experts and architects provided by the lumber industry to aid people like yourself.

Modernize the old house this season—make it an up-to-date, homey and livable place. The nearby lumber dealer will help you.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.



**One drop
Stops
PAIN**

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anaesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort! No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it. Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. Get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

Summer is Here

The Western Home Monthly
Summer 1929

FASHION CATALOGUE

is easily the most pretentious that we have ever offered our readers. Up-to-the-minute styles are described in such an understandable manner as to make dressmaking simple to the youngest amateur. Many helpful suggestions are put forth to the needlewoman and practical clothing ideas for the whole family may be gleaned from its 48 well-illustrated pages. Send 20c. to cover postage and packing and we will gladly forward you a copy.



Summer Prices

on

FURS

at Holt, Renfrew's

Save you at least 20%

Take advantage of this opportunity to secure a famous Holt, Renfrew fur coat for next season at a wonderful saving. Summer prices are now in effect on new style coats, and are substantially lower than they will be next fall owing to the great advance in prices at the recent Raw Fur Sales.

Summer Prices range from:

CHAPAL SEAL

Self Trimmed\$79.50

Alaska Sable Trimmed. 110.00

HUDSON SEAL

Self Trimmed 289.00

Alaska Sable Trimmed 325.00

PERSIAN LAMB

Alaska Sable Trimmed 345.00

MUSKRAT

Self Trimmed 165.00

Values equally attractive on other coats in these and other furs.

Write today stating kind of fur, size and bank or business reference. We will ship at our expense a selection of coats for your approval.

Budget Buying Plan

Pay 10% down, 1/3 before delivery and the balance on convenient terms. No storage charge. No interest to pay.

Fur Storage

Two plans of storage to choose from. Summer storage for 2% of value or all year round protection at 3%. Ask for particulars.

Repairs

Have your furs repaired or remodelled during the summer months. Our prices save you 25% and more.

Holt Renfrew & Co. Limited

Canada's Largest Furriers

WINNIPEG

MAN.

BLONDES!

Wash Sunlight into your hair

IS your blonde hair darkening? Here's an easy way to bring back all its sunny sheen and sparkle. Get Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. The very first shampoo leaves hair brighter—gleaming with new life and luster. Blondex is absolutely safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO The Western Home Monthly? WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 81

Kenton heard report of Peace Conference, and address by Principal of the School on "The Progress of the League of Nations."

Killarney will hold a "Baby Welfare Clinic" at the Exhibition in July.

Lidstone heard paper on "Beekeeping." Linwood heard paper on "Manitoba's Industries."

Livingstone heard a talk on "Poultry Diseases."

Lyleton discussed the growing of "Dahlias and Gladiolus."

Makaroff discussed gardening and best methods of controlling cut-worms. Had papers on "Preparing for the Hatching Season," and "Why and How of Incubator Operation."

Mayfield sent flowers to a sick member. Medora—Each member is to get one new member if possible before the next meeting.

Melita heard papers on the growing of "Dahlias and Gladiolus."

Minot discussed "Beautification of Our Home Grounds," heard report of Peace Conference.

Minnedosa—Demonstrations were given on jessa work and cone painting, and on rug making.

Napinka will put up cemetery gate purchased by the Institute last fall.

Northcote distributed blocks for a quilt.

Ochre River heard paper on "Nerves and How to Control Them," also a talk and demonstration on "Wear Ever" aluminum ware.

Pilot Mound entertained the members from the Crystal City society. The Institute will purchase softball outfit for the High School.

Pipestone held a "round-table conference" on gardening, poultry raising, etc., at which all matters of interest to the members were discussed.

Reston reviewed "Far Away and Long Ago," by W. H. Hudson.

Roblin will assist the Institute for the Blind by selling articles made by the blind.

Roland discussed "Aims and Objects of the W.I."

Russell gave donation to the Horticultural Society and Agricultural Society.

Sidney has decided to enlarge the Hall.

Strathclair is collecting money for a much needed dressing house at Salt Lake Beach.

Tilston heard report on Peace Conference. Discussed playground equipment for the school; a committee was appointed to meet with the school board re providing same.

Tumbell heard a talk on "Gardening."

Virden had talk on "My Trip to the Flin Flon," also paper on "Hints for Housecleaning."

Warren donated \$15 to the Agricultural Society for prizes in the ladies' section. Discussed "Feeding of Baby Chicks," and "Rearing of Turkeys."

Waskada held a concert in aid of the cemetery fund, which brought in \$63.05. Lunch served at the Bonspiel brought in \$48.20.

Winnipeg heard talk on "Flowers Suitable for a Small Garden," and "How to Dress Window Boxes."

Winnipegosis held silver tea to raise money for "Emergency Chest."

In Old Missouri

By Frances L. Garside

THEY were married in Tennessee, and following the custom of those days, a custom that intrigued a spirit of adventure, they said good-bye to kith and kin and rode away, the boy on a horse with his girl-bride behind him, another horse following on which were piled a little bedding, an axe, a few pots and pans. They were bound for Missouri, where rich land was to be had just for the pre-empting.

When I saw Mrs. Frakes seventy years later her mind had not retained much of that adventuresome journey. They had slept on the ground; reaching their destination, after many weeks, they had pre-empted land on the banks of the Missouri River, living for many months in a lean-to made of logs, to which there was no window, and only a small hole in one side for a door, small to make the place warmer. It was here her first baby was born, the boy-husband serving as physician and nurse. She could not recall how many children she had had after that; she believed there had been fourteen, but she did recall that she mothered the four orphan children of a friend. She had much to do. The babies were cross, and following a custom of the pioneers, she would make a whisky "tit," of sugar soaked in whisky, which she put in their mouths. Always, beside the door, there stood a bucket of whisky, and over the bucket there hung a gourd.

She had to combine housework with

work out-of-doors, and assisted her husband in cutting down trees, chopping them, after which they were corded and sold to passing steamboats. One boat had several victims of cholera on board, and after it had gone two of Mrs. Frakes' children fell ill, and died.

"We had no coffins in them days," she said, "so Pap and me cut down two trees, hollowed them out, and put the children in them, and then buried them."

She had never had a hat on her head. A sun-bonnet in summer and a hood in winter. She had never been to a theatre; she had never been to a concert, she had never seen a play. She could not read, and she could not write. She bore baby after baby, and one time, when her husband was off "voting," she delivered herself. Always she was up the second day, holding onto a chair-back for support while she went about her accustomed tasks.

I asked her what was her first name. "Pishy."

Missouri, in the old days, was a veritable gold-mine for those interested in unusual names, but this was most unusual. "Pishy," I repeated; "how do you spell it?"

"You forget I can't read, and I can't write, but there's a picture of it in the next room, pinned on the wall."

It was a time-yellowed, fly-specked bit of newspaper, showing a girl looking at her reflection in a pool of water.

She had been named for Psyche, the Butterfly Girl!

Who Am I?

"YOU know me, but sometimes you forget me. You had better take care of me.

"Perhaps you don't think much of me at times, but if you were to wake up some morning and realize you did not have me you would start the day with an uneasy feeling.

"From me you get food, clothing, shelter and such luxuries as you enjoy.

"If you want me to—badly enough—I'll get you a twelve-cylinder motor car and a home on the avenue.

"But I am exacting. I am a jealous mistress. Sometimes you appear hardly to appreciate me at all. In fact, you

make slighting remarks about me at times and neglect me.

"Considering that you need me not only for the material things of life but spiritually as well, I wonder, sometimes, that you do not take greater pains to hold me.

"What if I should get away from you? Your happiness would flee, for a time at least, and your friends would worry and your bank account would dwindle.

"So, after all, I'm pretty important. I'm your job!

"Cherish me. Take good care of me and I'll take care of you."—The Ediphone News.



.. and the bride wore her GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS

It had been safeguarded through the years. Are you protecting your reminders of thrilling happiness? Let an Heirloom throw a mantle of protection around them.

HEIRLOOM CHESTS

Select an Heirloom in cedar lined, walnut, or solid Tennessee Heartwood. Wide variety. Write for interesting booklet.



The Chesley Chair Co., Ltd.
Chesley - Canada



Cute Kiddie Togs PRISCILLA TRIMMED

It is easy to beautify and add durability to simply made kiddie togs, with colorful Priscilla Bias Fold Tape. Even amateur needlewomen can obtain exquisite trimming, binding and fagoting effects with Priscilla.

Ready folded on a true bias, Priscilla halves the time it takes to bind irregular edges. And your work won't show a pucker. 30 tubfast shades in Silk and Lawn, and in Gingham checks and striped Percale—finest obtainable quality.

Six Yards to a card in Lawn
Three Yards to a card in Silk
Everywhere—inexpensively priced
SEND FOR FASHION BOOK

Sixteen pages of fashion news, and full-size trial card of Priscilla. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for Lawn, or 25 cents for silk, as desired.
State color desired. Write your name and address plainly. Address your letter to Dept. "K".

Priscilla
BIAS FOLD TAPE
SILK-LAWN-GINGHAM-PERCALE
The Kay Manufacturing Co.
Limited
999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal

What Have You Been Reading?

Continued from page 28

love. Mary Borden has, I think, struck a much truer proportion, because she looks through the eyes of wisdom, not through the egotist's eyes, who sees naught but his own little doings and petty emotions. What a good thing it is that we do not all feel and think exactly alike about books! But I was not intending to talk of Mary Borden's book again but to refer to an incident that happened just after I had finished reading it. A lecture engagement took me to Shropshire, Mary Webb's country. Whilst I travelled the short distance from Newport to Stafford, I listened to the conversation of two men. I wish I could reproduce their voices and the language they used. It was simply enthralling. As different from London English as the American of the New Yorker is different from Bostonian. They had one topic of conversation—LAND—and it appeared they knew every inch of the Shropshire country. Moreover, they knew the name of every farmer, and I gathered that there was to be a sale of land that day. It was good land for sheep, but it was poor for wheat, but then a man could always have pigs and poultry and cows, and the other side of the fell was right proper wheat-growing country. I sat and listened entranced, and then I said to myself, "Good gracious! I am travelling with Joseph and one of his brethren." No, I am not referring to the Joseph of Biblical times, who became Food Controller in Egypt, but to the Joseph in H. W. Freeman's story of a Suffolk farm called "Joseph and His Brethren." When I began this novel, published at the end of 1928, I simply could not put it down. It is not like reading, but like living a new life, to pursue the pages of this Saga. The only doubt I had at the end of reading this mighty piece of fiction, was whether such men really and truly could exist; men who work from morning tonight on the land, who talk seldom, and whose vocabulary was made up entirely of words connected with farming. There was no need to doubt for long, for there I was in a train, travelling with two men so like unto the characters in this novel as to make me feel that I ought to be asking for the welfare of "Nance and Little Joey."

The Scottish National Larder

ALTHOUGH since the days of the Reformation the proverbial Scot has been reared on porridge and the Higher Catechism, the Scottish national larder can hold its own with that of any country in the richness and variety of its fare. How rich and varied it is, and how clearly its ancient lore and traditions are interwoven in the thread of Scottish history, is revealed in a book which Messrs. Blackie & Son are about to publish, entitled "The Scots Kitchen," by Miss F. Marian McNeill.

In addition to the collection of old-time recipes—many of them falling into oblivion—the author traces the history of the subject from the first period of romantic semi-savagery in the Highlands and on through the period of cosmopolitan elegance in the days of the Auld Alliance — Edinburgh's Golden Age. Thence the story is carried through the sober kail and brose period which succeeded the Reformation, down to the present day. A remarkable list of Franco-Scottish domestic terms shows how intimately the Auld Alliance is still bound up with Scottish speech and bills of fare. The Stuart Sovereigns vied with their Continental contemporaries in the magnificence of their banquets, so that Knox had reason to complain that "The affairs of the kytcheing were so gryp- ing that the mynesteris stipendis could nocht be payit." Today, in the "Land of Cakes" as elsewhere, there is, of good home cooking, less and less, and many of the historic recipes which have been handed down from generation to generation are in danger of being forgotten. Hence Miss McNeill's timely collection, with its learned and illuminating notes.

Good Wear for EVERYBODY!



Where Service is hardest
GOODYEAR Heavy Duty

The World's Greatest tire
with the World's Greatest tread

Better than
most high-
priced tires

Low price, teamed with
GOODYEAR Quality

All Made from famous
GOODYEAR Supertwist Cords

THE Goodyear Selected
Dealer has Goodyear Tires
to meet every need of price
and size—from lightest car to
truck, from light roadster to
heavy limousine.

Goodyear means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



Steel Preserves the Plaster

THE menace of plaster cracks constantly threatens destruction to beautiful interiors and calls for expensive repairs. Cracks and lath streaks never appear if walls are reinforced with

Expanded METAL Lath, or Rib Lath

The room is encircled with a network of fabricated steel mesh which holds the plaster in a vice-like grip. It guarantees against damage when the building settles. You make no mistake if you demand the RED Lath made by Pedlar.

WE HAVE AN INTERESTING BOOKLET ON
METAL LATH. SEND FOR IT

**PEDLAR'S
METAL
LATH**

Ask Your
Plastering Contractor

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

Winnipeg Office & Factory, 599 Erin St.

Factories—OSHAWA, MONTREAL
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

Branches — Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto,
London, Winnipeg, Regina, Vancouver.

**PEDLAR'S METAL PRODUCTS
BUILT**

No Canadian Theatre! No Canadian Drama!

Continued from page 9

deal with Canadian personalities, or problems, or progress. Those who live in the U.S.A. are lamentably ignorant of Canada and Canadianism."

"Yes," said Jane emphatically, "just as the U.S. editors of U.S. magazines flood the minds of the reading public, in Canada as well as the United States, with U.S. progress, ideals, achievements, and stories of the United States life, so do theatrical producers give to the Canadian theatre-going public, United States drama, or foreign drama which has been translated and adapted, according to what the New York public demands. Occasionally we get English drama—but only occasionally—and even that is no more expressive of Canadianism, I think, than is the drama of the U.S.A."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Faversham, hopefully, "that, should Canada develop her own Theatre, out of which would naturally grow a Canadian Drama, her contribution to the Theatre, all over the world, would be a new note of courage, of the pioneer spirit, and, above all, of cleanliness—which is so sorely needed, to combat the present sordid trend in the theatre."

"Because the plays which have been the greatest successes of all time—yes, I mean commercially—have been decent, clean plays, I think that a Canadian Drama would be economically practicable. I think that the falling-off in numbers of the theatre-going public, (which everyone admits), is largely owing to the fact that so very many plays of today, produced either in New York or in London, appeal to only one type of person, and are offensive to fastidious and clean-minded people. Don't you think that, if Canada developed her own actresses and actors within Canadian companies, and played well-written plays upon themes familiar to Canadians, themes embodying Canadian ideals; things truly expressive of Canadian life—the public would go to the theatre, and find not only artistic pleasure, but a message which would tend, not only to a broader Canadianism, and a greater national unity, but to a bigger human understanding?"

"Why isn't it done?" asked Mrs. Faversham.

Jane replied: "Because people don't consider the subject of sufficient importance to even discuss it seriously. Why Canadian moneyed interests will cheerfully finance trans-Canada tours of English companies—but they haven't enough faith in Canadian talents, to build the foundation of a true Canadian Theatre and Drama. Perhaps they don't realize that the much-deplored emigration of Canadians to the U.S.A. may be, not only largely the result of the influence of American magazines, but the influence of the American drama as well."

"That's where the old problem of supply and demand gets in its work again," said Mrs. Faversham. "When Canada realized that my country, the U.S.A., welcomed Canadians with open arms, as those newcomers most newcomers most valuable to her development, and that our magazines were flooding Canada with 'pen pictures' which portrayed the United States as a land of golden opportunity, and that Canadians were listening to, and responding to the siren call of shorter hours and more pay, greater opportunities, and recognition of true worth—there was created in the public mind a demand for Canadian magazines, to show the truth, that no country in creation has more to offer in this day to Canadians—than has Canada. At least that is how I figure out the growth of fine Canadian publications over a comparatively short space of time. I wonder why there has been no demand as insistent for a Canadian Theatre and a Canadian Drama, which would play an equally-important part in the nations artistic, economic, and social life and progress?"

"Not to mention," added Jane, with a rueful grin, "that such a course would keep the would-be actors and playwrights at home in Canada—and some of us might do work quite worthwhile, at that! Do you realize that the organization or progressive publishing houses, and the development of Canadian magazines as they exist today is making it possible for young Canadian writers of talent to stay in Canada and yet do the work for which their talents fit them, instead of being practically forced 'across the line', as they were when Harvey O'Higgins graduated from Toronto University, and set out to be an author?"

"In journalism, at least, we have taken a great stride forward, in making it possible for Canadian writers to be Canadian writers, instead of going away, to write upon United States topics and themes and problems, for United States readers. Not so long ago, our writers, with very few exceptions, (I mean those who stayed in Canada), just had to be writers 'on the side', and earn livings for themselves in some other profession or business."

"But you can't be an actor 'on the side,'" said Mr. Faversham, "so it looks as if young Canadian Thespians must continue to emigrate. Too bad! Canadian actors generally such dashed good actors, too—"

Jane interrupted, indignantly: "Why do you make use of the term 'Canadian actors'? You know perfectly well that no such thing exists. I ask you—suppose a man is Canadian-born, and an outstanding and distinguished actor in New York or London. Did he receive the training, the experience, the opportunity which made him an artist—in Canada? You know that he didn't! He's purely a product of the English or 'American' Theatre. He may be a Canadian by birth, but he's not a Canadian actor—and you know it!"

"It makes me see red when I hear fellow-Canadians complacently bragging about the Canadianism of artists who have had to leave home to find educational facilities, and opportunities, and the fame which is the result of these things, and is the portion of the celebrated writer or actor. When we brag about it, we give ourselves away, as a benighted country with no Theatre of its own, and no Drama. I think that we'd stop boasting about these, and do something to make it possible for people just as talented to become really and truly Canadian playwrights and actors."

"Atta girl!" murmured Mrs. Faversham. "That's the spirit!"

Said Mr. Faversham: "But a Canadian Theatre for Canadians, and a Canadian Drama, while a consummation devoutly to be wished, couldn't be achieved overnight. Don't forget that it would be futile to try to exclude the drama of other countries, or the actors of other countries; as foolish as to plan that Canadian companies should play only in Canada. Art has always been an international—a well-nigh universal thing but—Canada should, if only for her own sake, contribute her share to the theatre world, and I fully agree with you that her first sphere of activity must, of necessity, be within her own borders. There are many people doing a constructive work in Canada's little theatres, working with a high artistic ideal. I should like to see their vision so far-reaching that it might embrace a scheme for a true Canadian Theatre—a commercial theatre, if you like to put it that way, for, after all, nothing can be done of national importance along these lines without a public appreciation which expresses itself in paying in hard cash for the thing which seems to them worthwhile. People must not disregard the importance of a commercial theatre if they would develop a national drama."

**"Oh, I'm Just Feeling Fine
Since I Used the Nerve Food."**

"Isn't it great to be well in the springtime—to get out into the sunshine and fresh air when all nature is renewing its youth."

"How fortunate it would be if all women, and men too, only knew about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and realized the benefits to be obtained from its use when they are tired out and run down in health, nervous, irritable, sleepless and restless."

"It is wonderful how quickly tired, languid feelings disappear when this great restorative is used."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The greatest of nerve restoratives.

"Yes, I should like to see Canada evolve a drama of her own, really expressive of her spirit; a drama which will teach other nations, in time, of Canadian ideals, and artistic impulses, and creative power. We learn more about a country through her drama than in any other way, because, as I have said, it is the most human of all literary expression, and acting, the most-human of all the arts. It deals with great national themes and qualities, in terms of human emotion—and human emotion is the thing most-universally understood.

"It would not be easy; this creation of a national drama. First you must have your theatre and its attendant opportunities and training for artists to be. I suppose," he mused, "that you would have to begin by gathering in a few of your Canadian-born artists who have learned their job elsewhere—to head the companies playing the good plays of established playwrights—not necessarily Canadian; that would have to come later. You see, the only experience of great value to the apprentice in the theatre is work in contact with true art. But how quickly would the young Canadian talent be developed! My word! And then—with Canadian actors to play before Canadian audiences, there would be a chance, very soon within Canada, for the development of Canadian dramatists, and the production of Canadian plays."

Mrs. Faversham spoke up: "Yes—politically and industrially you are a nation but, theatrically, you are a suburb and a series of one-week stands—alas! You haven't a theatre of your own because you don't demand it. You are all excited—and I don't wonder—over your amazing industrial progress,

and the development of your natural resources—but your most valuable natural resources are your children, and your development of them into a generation of people with artistic appreciation, and capable of a national creation of literature and art, is all too casual, I'm thinking! We, in the United States, sometimes feed our youngsters theatrical fare which is very bad for them, yet we have given them on the whole sometimes a drama expressive of beauty and of our country's ideals—a drama which will live, I'm hoping.

"There has been an acknowledged need for Canadian magazines, with the consequence that money has been invested in producing them. The publishers have had a stony furrow to plough, in their competition with 'American' magazines but, so long as there is a demand for the Canadian article, they will continue to produce it. What d'ye think, Favvy?"

"I think," replied Mr. Faversham, "that, if Canadians demand a Canadian Theatre, using the force of public opinion, as expressed through the enthusiasm of those now working in 'little theatres', and through Canadian organizations of progressive men and women, and with those organizations expressing their interest and faith in the only practical way—by standing in line at the box office—there will swiftly arise financial 'backers' willing to make the effort to duplicate the success in things theatrical which has been achieved in magazine production.

"But—so long as you follow the line of least resistance accept your dramatic fare, solely as crumbs from the theatrical tables of New York and London, so long will you develop no Canadian Theatre, and no Canadian Drama."

"Peanut" ~~~100 Per Cent Canadian

By Gertrude E. Walker

SHE was only four foot ten inches tall. Sparkling black eyes, and a heart . . . well, if her body had been in proportion, she would have been an Amazon. Her nickname "Peanut" came from her diminutive size.

I first saw her in the hospital whose friendly walls had sheltered her for the best part of her last three years in Canada. Not a word of complaint at the country which had received her, a strong, healthy girl, coming to meet her man and with him establish a home on the frontier. Now, a scant eight years later she was permanently crippled with rheumatism. Not a word of complaint at the long years, with the nearest neighbor three miles away, they had fought to clear and prove up on the land they had chosen.

No blame to the country that far out there on the prairie she had laid to rest the man she came to meet, her lover and husband. No thought of her own heroism.

She told us of the night he died. It was a cold night in August. About three in the morning she started across the fields to the nearest neighbor for help. Her crippled feet could scarcely stumble along. A sleety rain was falling. Still she plodded on. Somewhere along the way she stumbled and fell. She tried to pull her self up, couldn't, crept a little way farther then remembered no more. They found her there next morning, the nearest neighbors on their way over to the little shack.

No complaint, just an overflowing joy that now she was able to work and use her hands a little. That she was able to make bead flowers. How she loved the bright colored beads we brought her! Her fingers were going as fast as her tongue as she told us of the girl in the next ward who as Peanut said must soon "go on" and the importance of finishing a flower, made after a new pattern we had brought, for her lest it be too late.

Peanut's one ambition was to get well enough to be able to go out and earn her living in this, her country.

Exposure and hardship, together with the results of that awful night's journey had twisted her hands and feet until they bore little semblance to what they had been, but nothing daunted her love for Canada and her devotion to it. It was her country.

We asked her if she would like to go back to Norway. She shook her head. "No. I have no one there. This is my country."

She was proud of her English vocabulary and loved using it. She told us of a ward in which she had been with two others, a Scotch woman and another Norwegian. As soon as her fellow country-woman learned Peanut's nationality she commenced talking in Norwegian. Peanut didn't answer. We asked her why. In her own quaint way Peanut replied: "I didn't want to talk so the Scotch lady could not understand. It would give her a pain in her head." We knew Peanut meant in her heart. When three days later the Scotch lady was moved Peanut did talk Norwegian to her fellow country-woman, but, as she told us, "I tell her she must not talk Norwegian here, she must talk Canadian. That is what we are—Norwegian born, but Canadian now."

The visiting hour was soon gone. Eager to show us how well she could walk, she trotted down the long corridor with us, like an animated doll. Each nurse or sister we passed answered smilingly Peanut's greeting. We bade her "Goodbye" at the elevator door. Followed by strict injunctions to come again we descended to the main floor. As we stood for a moment on the main floor, speaking to one of the nurses we had made our farewell visit to Peanut. Already plans were complete for her return to Norway. The country she so much loved had no place for her. She must leave her beloved Canada.

We did not see her again. Somewhere in Norway there is a little body, with a great soul, who, I am sure, still has a loving word for her Canada.

FAMOUS FEET

{ how they're kept free from corns }

MARY LAWLOR'S

Famous Feet

"You couldn't 'trip the light fantastic' with a corn. The fantastic thing would be to keep the corn, with Blue-jay so easy to get," says the lovely dancing star, Mary Lawlor.

Blue-jay is the safe, sane and painless way to end corns. Self-paring invites infection. With Blue-jay you take no chances. There is just the right amount of medication to safely and surely remove the corn. The soft and downy pad stops shoe-pressure and pain at once. One Blue-jay usually ends the corn; but even the deep-seated corn seldom requires more than a second or third. At all drug stores. For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.



© B. & B. 1929

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



Pocket Ben

The Watch You Need for Work or Play

TUCK him in the pocket of your khaki shirt, of your work clothes, of your business suit, take him with you wherever you go, trudging through the woods, wading trout streams, at work in office, shop or field, you'll find Pocket Ben a loyal, trustworthy timekeeping companion.

An ideal watch in every way, a Westclox. Accurate. Precision made. Built to render a long term of satisfactory service. Costs only \$1.75, but the greatest economy is in its excellent quality and reliability. A thoroughly good watch and a good looking one, too. Finished in lustrous, durable nickel.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

Made in Canada

ASHES OF ROSES
BOURJOIS

The **POWDER**
Alluring~

To be envied for the fair freshness of your skin . . loveliness that is without a hint of artificiality . . Bourjois of Paris has created for your type, the most exquisite of all face powders . . Ashes of Roses. Fragrant as a flower-filled garden . . finer than falling dew . . Ashes of Roses face powder lends new beauty to curving lips and sparkling eyes . . the allurements of youthful loveliness.

Seek it at the better shops. Know it by its distinguished leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

ASHES of ROSES
FACE POWDER

PERFUME * ROUGES
CREAMS * LIPSTICKS

An enchanting ensemble for those who value personal daintiness.

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL



When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

Six Windows in Search of the Arctic

Continued from page 27

and the visitor came back and ours took the lead. So we reached home, one hour and a half going a mile! The snow had beaten into our deerskin garments until the fur was obliterated. The visitor had lost the trail and led us out to sea.

"WE COULD see the igloos of the Eskimos from our windows. We employed three families and the Priests and the Company employed others. The rest of the tribe follow the hunt. The igloos are built of snow blocks with ice blocks for windows, and near the coast; lamps of seal-oil are used for boiling the seal meat. Inland they eat everything raw. They wear deerskin garments, the inner one turned hair in and the outer hair out, with sealskin boots. We also wore those garments there. They have sleeping-bags made of the same material. They have a love for mechanics, fairly crooning over the engine in the motor boat. Cunningly, too, can they carve in ivory, the tusks of the walrus, following any design shown them.

"No religion has the Eskimo, unless fear of evil spirits may be so considered. For this reason there are all manner of taboos, especially for the women to observe. A young mother has to observe these for nearly a year. For this reason there is much adoption among them. The family may be starting on the hunt and the mother cannot very well remain behind, so she leaves her baby behind with another woman who is in a better position to observe the taboos. The children thus left remain in the family of their adoption and in their own family circle their place is taken by others adopted in a similar way. The Eskimo are very fond of their children, and I never saw or heard of any ill-treatment, except in a few cases where all the relatives of the child were dead; then they were treated as servants.

"Attractive little parties, these children; well-mannered, too. I never saw any quarreling among them. Curious to watch them play. It is always imitating their elders; hunting, shooting, trailing and so forth; or else they are pretending they are animals, and one never has the slightest doubt which animal it is they are impersonating. Such a clever little chap I had. "Scotty," we called him in delicate reference to his father, who had come and gone. Scotty was clever, far cleverer than his pure-blood fellows, but in appearance he was all Eskimo. It was different with Maria, my maid, whom I mentioned before. Her father was a Spaniard, who had come in on a whaling vessel and went out the same way. Maria had a lovely face and the clash of the North and South was in her veins. Pledged before her birth in marriage, as is the Eskimo custom, she had spent some of her childhood days in the home of a white woman, wife of one of our officers further south, and the white side of her clamored for that life. But she was married to an Eskimo and that was the life she must lead. Clever she was, too! Another contradiction of these people. They have no system of morals as we regard them, changing wives when "so disposed," and are proud of white blood no matter how attained, and to the disgrace of white men it is invariably through their dishonor; yet they despise the white people as of little use—having to be led in a storm, for instance. "In-weet," they call themselves: "THE People."

"Family ties (and the family includes the whole clan) are strong, but the tribes waste no love on each other. The oldest member of the clan is Lord High Everything. It is usually a Lady High Everything, for the oldest member seems so often to be a woman. Her word is law, and her wisdom bases itself upon the greatest good for the greatest number.

"I remember once a trial which my husband had, for it disclosed to me how necessary it is for us to reconstruct some of our convictions upon justice. The man had been killed by his brothers on the order of the head of the family,

the mother. Were these people then fratricides?

"The man was subject to attacks of dementia. He had had one before and had threatened the lives of his family, but his mother had not the strength to order his death. Then in the lonely igloo at night the madness had come on him again, and he arose and attacked his wife. Valiantly she fought him off and at last, with a frightful wound in her abdomen, she escaped, and, holding that wound together over six miles of frozen waste, she stumbled to the home of her brother-in-law. The family court again met and the death sentence was pronounced and carried out. Either this man must die or he would kill others. The safety of the clan demanded his death.

"The wife, by the way, recovered. These people have stamina. Every once in a while an epidemic sweeps them, however, and it is always so long before they come to the barracks for help. I did what I could, usually having first to remove the applications of the bodies of mice which had been hopefully applied. If we could only teach these people sanitation. They haven't the first idea of it. There are moments when it seems to me that that is what they need more than religion. As it is, one can see very little difference between them and the animals. Yet they have their good qualities, and it arouses my indignation when I think of how they are exploited in many instances by the white people.

"Did you know that Denmark will not allow any traders into Greenland except with a permit, and very few permits are issued? Strict supervision is accorded all such expeditions and yet we are allowing everybody and anybody into our Northland; and coming as guests, they are entirely unmindful of the obligations of guests, but go to the limit in exploiting that to which they have won such easy access. It is surely about time we took a thought to our Northern inheritance and especially to these native people, they who have pluckily come through so many generations, fighting every day and all days just to live. Still they fight on, but now has come to them the white face and they watch us, curiously, scornfully, wistfully.

"The white face always has food. Therefore, he must be great. But he does not hunt or track so well. He cannot find his way. I remember once my husband had gone on a thousand-mile patrol after a murderer. The time had come for his return and for days I rarely left the windows. Then one high day our hope took upon itself shadows of reality; then we were sure. His dog-train it was, far out on the horizon. I hurried to meet him and on coming into camp we were met by an old Eskimo, come to congratulate my husband on being a good traveller. The Eskimo had measured him and not found him wanting. That same Eskimo told us of the murder of a white man on Herschel Island, right across the continent. Our annual mail came in that week, and sure enough, there was the story of the murder. The news had travelled from tribe to tribe and reached us just before the official story, one year after it had happened.

"So I saw many things from my windows opening on the frozen seas of lands surely forlorn, six of them, six windows, and all without, the wastes of eternal snows."

She accepted a light for her cigarette and leaned back.

The firelight played its song of flame and shadow.

"But I love it, I tell you; I love it!"

WHAT A WASTE!

Two men, a Scotsman and an Irishman, were pioneering on a lone part of the Rocky Mountains. On a summit they found a lot of empty whiskey bottles.

"A Scotsman has been here first," said Jock, the Scotsman.

"Not at all," said Pat.

"Whit wey?" demanded Jock.

"A Scotsman would have taken the bottles back."

JASPER NATIONAL PARK
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES/

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

GOLF HIKE RIDE MOTOR CLIMB CANOE SWIM TENNIS DANCE

JASPER PARK LODGE
TO STOP AT
Accommodation for 600 guests
OPEN MAY 21 TO SEPT. 30
JASPER GOLF WEEK
Sept. 7 to 14
Canadian Amateur Golf Championship, conducted by Canadian Golf Association, August 19 to 24, 1929

Low FARES
ON SALE DAILY at authorized ticketing stations* from Port Arthur Ont. West

For full particulars, apply
Any Ticket Agent, C. N. Rys.
or write
Osborne Scott, General Passenger Agent
Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NATIONAL



Norman Blood

Continued from page 12

"But I'm no head-waiter, my dear chap. I don't know everybody." Amesbury opened another letter. "Mind if I run through these?" he said apologetically. He tossed the morning paper to his visitor, but Don was unable to concentrate on it. He watched Amesbury impatiently as that leisurely gentleman read and laid his letters aside.

"You seem to have a voluminous correspondence," he remarked at last.

"Only since I've come into the title, old top," Amesbury replied. "Hm-m. The Honorable Jane thanks me for my perfectly sweet wedding gift. It was so charming of me and she does so love the cunning salad-bowl. (As a matter of fact it was a pair of silver candle-sticks I sent her, but no matter—let it pass.) Ah, what's this? A missive from Dolly. She—um—has only just heard of my return from manoeuvres and when am I going to take her up in the air? Am I all better again after that horrid siege in hospital with a fractured ankle and can she send anything? No, no, my dimpled flapper. I stand in need of nothing whatever, except perhaps peace and quiet—two commodities you, I fear, cannot give. And here's a favor from Lady Anne Paget, the poetess. She is willing to come and read to me from her newest volume any afternoon that I find time hanging heavily. God forbid!"

"The ladies seem to be strong for you."

"For the title you mean." Amesbury grinned cynically, and flung himself from his bed and into his bath-robe. "Before poor old Algy was killed I was but an also-ran. Now I'm the whole works, as you colonials put it."

"I'll overlook the 'colonial'," said Don, amiably, "if you'll get a move on. We're going out to lunch, I forgot to say. So snap into some clothes."

"Not so fast. Got to tub first," Amesbury said, and disappeared into the adjoining bathroom, where there immediately followed a prodigious splashing and spluttering, indicative of ablutionary enjoyment.

Don strolled about his friend's bed-chamber and paused at last before the portrait of the deceased Algy who had met death in a riding accident earlier in the year. He was still studying it when Amesbury emerged from his tub, pulling on his clothes. The latter sighed.

"Patrician from the crown of his head down," he observed. "Algy had the Norman blood of the family. I," he added, "am only Saxon."

"It's all Greek to me, your fine distinctions," Don confessed. "But I will say you don't look much alike to be brothers." Nor did they. The elder, apparently, had been slim, elegant, almost dandified. There was even a certain vacuous expression to his face.

"Should say we weren't. Old Algy was a fit figure for the House of Lords." Amesbury had selected a pair of socks and was drawing them on. "I'm merely John Bull, stocky of form, blunt and independent of spirit and entirely non-conformist in my views."

"Forget it," advised the Canadian. "All that ails you is a younger-son inferiority complex or something." He would have descanted upon the Englishman's flying-record but some instinct told him that that would have been embarrassing to Amesbury. Instead, he returned to the subject of the mysterious girl, and for the next half-hour Amesbury became merely a listener.

ONE o'clock found the friends in a secluded corner of the Savoy grill. Everybody was reading an extra edition of a morning paper featuring large headlines, and Don opened his out and began to read with professional eagerness. For the story was the account of the phenomenal exploit of a mysterious airman who had flown to a certain European country the preceding day and returned at dawn to England, his place of landing not revealed. The mission was wrapped in secrecy, but it was hinted that large issues had hinged upon it and that it had been quite successful.

"Daredevil, that bird," commented Don, lost in admiration. "He took that tricky northern air route in the face of

head-winds. But isn't the dear old government patting him all over the back? He brought back the treaty papers, and listen to the name they've tagged on him—'air diplomat,' no less. I wouldn't mind being him—lucky stiff."

"Thank heaven you've found something to talk about besides that girl," said Amesbury, feelingly, as he examined his salad. He was particular about the dressing, always.

"That reminds me,"—and Don returned to his mutton, figuratively and literally, "she walks across the park every day about four-thirty and has tea at the Ivy Inn. You and I have got to kill some time, so suppose we crash in on a movie."

"No, no. I dislike those pictures that burst into speech at unexpected moments," declared Amesbury. "Pictures used to be tolerable, now they're intolerable. Get a brighter thought."

In the end they went to Amesbury's club. His family being on the Continent for the summer Oakham Place, he explained, had most of its rooms wrapped in linen dusters. London was a shade dull at this season, except for the tourists—who were always good entertainment—but England was England after all, and he loved her.

"Even if she is a petty autocrat in some respects," he added.

"If you'd ever been in love," said Don, somewhat patronizingly, "you'd hardly say that life was dull, here or anywhere."

Amesbury sent him a queer look but said nothing. They were dawdling over billiards.

"I've dogged her like a shadow for almost two weeks," went on Don, chalking his cue, "and I've haunted the park like an out-of-work, loafing over newspapers and ogling nursemaids. When she comes tripping over the grass—"

"Yes, yes, don't go over it all again or I'll have to ring an order to them to put an ice-bag on your head," Amesbury interrupted, wearily. "I know all the symptoms—from experience."

"You DO? Why on earth didn't you say so before? Who is she? I never saw you with a girl yet."

"She ditched me," stated Amesbury.

"Must be an unusual kind of a girl to turn down a title that goes back to what-do-you-call-it—the Conquest."

"That's why. She got wind of the Mater's objections to her as a girl of the people—one who works for a living—and so—"

"So she canned you eh? Oh, well, there are other girls," said Don, with large-minded indifference.

"Not for me," said his friend. He looked at his watch. "Hadm't we better be pushing along? This divinity of yours may be early or we late."

"No fear. Think I haven't been keeping an eye on the time too? Now listen," Don explained, as they strolled toward the park, "we mustn't make this appear too obvious. We'll hide behind the rose-hedge and I'll point her out, see? You're sure to know her, or know someone who does. Dash it, you know everybody. Then we'll follow her into the Inn. I'm leaving everything to you. I've got to meet her—that's all. She's the most adorable, the most beautiful—"

"You said all that before."

"I'm leaving it all to you, remember."

"Very generous of you," conceded Amesbury.

After all they didn't have long to wait, for in rather less than ten minutes a slim, graceful form in a pink frock with a trig little close-fitting hat—a girl carrying some note-books under her arm and obviously returning from some secretarial job—was discerned approaching along one of the paths. Amesbury felt a convulsive grip on his arm, but he finished lighting a cigarette before glancing up.

"It's she," cried Don, in a kind of hushed rapture. "Quick! Do you know her?"

Amesbury's cool grey eyes rested with a steady gaze on the young woman.

"As it happens, I do. You—you're quite sure it's the right lady? . . . Very

Continued on page 88

Like a thief in the night



Constipation steals health and vigour

ARE you wondering why you are listless—half-well? Like countless others, the chances are that constipation has caused the daily storing-up of body poisons. Many people need more roughage in their diet to combat the effects of faulty elimination.

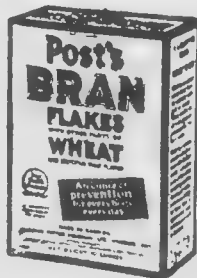
You don't have to suffer through constipation. If your trouble is caused by lack of roughage, eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. This good food helps to furnish bulk to your diet. Taken every day, here is bran in a most tempting, delicious form.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected. Start a two weeks' test now. Order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer. Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal, with milk or cream. You will find it as delicious as it is effective.

Do this every day for two weeks. We predict you will find a real difference in the way you feel, and that you have been "regular" all the time. But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for health and regularity. Post's Bran Flakes is sold by all grocers, in a wax-wrapped package. Ready to eat.

Write for free trial package to Canadian Postum Co., Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.



Cases of recurrent constipation associated with too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

FREE to Motorists!

These New Pressure Discs

They often cut tire costs \$30 a year



IF you want to save as much as \$30 a year on tires and boost your mileage 1000 to 4500 miles, clip the coupon below.

It will bring you FREE a set of these new Schrader Pressure Discs. The newest development to combat improper inflation, the cause of 80 per cent of all premature tire failures.

You get a set of discs, each stamped with the exact individual pressure each of your tires should carry. Your discs will be specially selected for your specific car. Then you attach discs and maintain pressure they prescribe.

To follow these recommendations faithfully is to utterly avoid improper inflation, thus adding thousands of miles to tire life. So fill out coupon now.

To test your tires, leading tire engineers recommend the use of the time-proven "direct-action" Schrader Gauge. A gauge dependably accurate and durable.

So obtain a Schrader Gauge today. Use it weekly in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered here.

Fill out coupon carefully. The information required is essential to get discs for your specific car. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., TORONTO, Chicago, Brooklyn, London.



PRESSURE DISCS SENT FREE

A. Schrader's Son, Inc.
P. O. Box 773, Washington & Johnson Sts.
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

Make of car.....Year.....

Body type.....
(Sedan, coupe, touring, etc.)

Model.....Tire size.....

Name.....

Address.....

Norman Blood

Continued from page 87

well, then. Let us trot out and waylay the lass." He seized his friend's arm and steered him around the little clump of rose bushes. "Come meet her, and you have my best wishes."

"Wait. Hadn't this better be done at the Inn? She—she may be a stickler for formality." Don was a shade nervous.

"I'm going to no tea-room," Amesbury now declared bluntly, "I've dawdled enough today and several important engagements have just occurred to me. So you'll meet her now or not at all. You and she can sip your brew to your hearts' content, but I must be off."

MISS JOYCE WINTERTON seemed more than a little surprised at suddenly encountering the pair. She acknowledged the introduction mechanically, but being a well-bred girl conducted herself as though chance meetings in the public park were everyday occurrences. She permitted herself to be led off by the happy Don to tea at the Ivy Inn. Once she turned to look after Amesbury in a half-puzzled way, but he had disappeared, with a brief lift of the hat, from their view.

"He's an odd egg," remarked Don, "but I like him immensely. And oh, boy, how he can fly!"

"Is he—that is, are you a very great friend of his?" the girl inquired over the toasted scones and tea. She had very blue eyes, Don now perceived, and her hair, which was a rich brown overlaid with a golden sheen, was the loveliest he had ever seen. Her skin was cream-and-roses, and she had a saucy little nose and a mouth that said she had a mind of her own and a sense of humor too—a pair of qualities that don't necessarily go together.

"Is that ace a friend of mine? I'll say so! Didn't he give me a knock-down—I mean, didn't he introduce me to you?" Don's tone was half-bantering, half-serious. "What's more, he wished me luck."

"Why?"

"Well, I've been in love with you for ten days."

Miss Winterton raised incredulous eyebrows.

"You don't say so! Since you seem interested in me, shall I tell you something?"

"Tell me anything!" Don cried fatuously. "Just so you let me look at you."

"It is only this: that you're out of luck. In fact, you may tell your friend if you wish, that he's wasting his time. By the way," she added, rather less emphatically, "I was glad to see that he got home safely, and apparently uninjured. That was a risky undertaking."

"What do you mean? Where was he? Been out of touch with him for about two weeks and he's an uncommunicative beggar. What was the risky undertaking?" Don asked.

"Others may be in the dark, but I'm not," Miss Winterton said, calmly. "It could only have been he who made that night-flight to Italy."

Don's jaw dropped in amazement.

"You mean—that Amesbury was the ace who went over for those treaty papers?"

She nodded. Her eyes shone with pride in the achievement of her countryman.

"I didn't say anything—no one really knows, but I guessed. Only he could have done it!" She paused. Then: "I think I shall tell you—something else." She did.

THE following morning Amesbury found on his breakfast tray among the usual little sheaf of perfumed missives a square white envelope addressed in the blunt hand of his friend Don.

"Dear Damon," it ran, "this is Pythias. You've offered me everything but your shirt, I guess, but I can't take your girl. She has told me everything. She is sorry for having allowed false pride to interfere, so go in and win. Thanks for giving me my chance; but I never had even the ghost of a one. By they way, they're sending me on that Russian expedition tomorrow, so this must be good-bye for possibly a good long while. Listen, bo, I think I understand now about Norman blood. And you can't fool me, you old fox. It has nothing to do with facial features or any outward symbol whatsoever. Back in my schooldays I learned something that went like this:

'Kind hearts are more than coronets'

(Get that?)

'And simple faith than Norman blood.'

P.S.—Don't keep her waiting!"

Amesbury rang for his valet.

"Boggs, I'm going out this morning—directly. I mean to say, just as soon as I swallow this breakfast. Lay out my things and you may go. But first, fetch me a red rose for my buttonhole."

"A—a red rose, sir?"

"You have excellent hearing, Boggs."

The valet was startled out of his customary calm but he obeyed these directions. He appeared in due course with the required rose.

"I say Boggs, were you ever in love?" Amesbury asked abruptly.

The valet coughed deprecatingly. He decided that Mr. Herbert had been drinking.

"No sir," he replied, disapprovingly. "Lady Ashmead has just called you on the 'phone, sir. I said you were out of town. The Misses Randall of Randall Lodge have also been inquiring for you. They have invited us down for the weekend—"

"Tell Cantle I shan't be back for either lunch or dinner," Amesbury cut in. "And I say, I believe I should like the lavender-bordered handkerchief today. Throw me those new spats too."

Boggs eyed his young gentleman curiously. Mr. Herbert wasn't usually fussy. It could only be a lady!

"Is it a special occasion may I inquire, sir?" he asked.

"Rather. Extra-special, I should say."

"Indeed, sir? Then it will be the top-hat? And when do you expect to return, sir?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, Boggs. But this much I CAN tell you: when I do get back I think you will see the happiest and luckiest blighter in all London! Don't you envy me?"

Boggs fell to whisking a coat.

"Yes, sir," he answered obediently—and sighed for the passing of their care-free bachelordom.

"THESE DUNES ARE HAUNTED"

By Martha Ostenso

(In The Canadian Nation)

O Death, come over the hill for me,
Up from the hollows, up from the sea—
Over the sweet, familiar land,
Over the blanched and blowing sand
Where yesterday I with spendthrift breath
Raced the lean, salt wind, O Death!
Follow the path of my pounding feet
And find me here in my narrow sheet.

So soon? So soon? Ah, tarry an hour:
Go down the dunes for the brave sand flower,
Sea-colored, sky-colored, brittle blue,
And mark the place where its wan roots grew.
Lay it here where my lips may press
A word on its petaled bitterness,
And let me whisper that where I go
Will only be over a dune or so.

TO A FAR LOVE

By K. Marshall

So, in the darkness, lonely, tired, wan;
Embedded in cold silence where each sigh
Whispers of desolation and of one
So very far away, and yet so nigh,
She is the soul of thoughts new-born in me.
Here, while pale moonlight floods the
dusky skies,
Let me dream once, tonight, that I can see
White eyelids closing on her shy, dark
eyes,
Her slow and gentle breath warm on my face,
Her hands like fragrant petals on my
breast;
Hear the sweet song of her low voice, and
place
My lips upon her warm, soft mouth at rest,
And feel its trembling. Dreaming! Tell
me, sweet,
Will your heart tremble also when we meet?



Send Coupon Now
for 30 Samples—
FREE

The Season's Smartest Fabrics for Sport and Outdoor Wear!

Modern... chic... Parisian... Peter Pan Prints have created a sensation almost overnight! At country clubs... garden parties... summer resorts... everywhere the smart younger set congregates, there you will see these fascinating new fabrics gaily in evidence.

Every distinctive Peter Pan design was created in Paris. For sportswear, Peter Pan is perfection itself... washable countless times, shrinkproof, absolutely fade-proof. For dainty day frocks, the newest ensembles, children's dresses... Peter Pan brings Paris to your very door. A wealth of vivid colorings to choose from... send for thirty samples free.

Peter Pan
Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS

GUARANTEE: "We will replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN if it fades."

NISBET & AULD, Ltd.

34 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free.

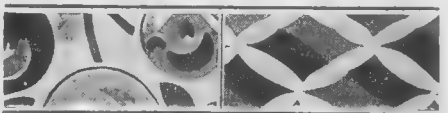
Print Name

Address

City

Dealer's Name

Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?



I've forgotten I ever had any nerves



Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes strained nerves, and how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all round. Aids digestion.

WRIGLEY'S



after
every
meal

CJ-16

Released Desires

Continued from page 11

In a moment the rug was rolled back, and Joyce was Charlestoning with Astley.

A new daring flamed up in Mary. As a child she had been taught fancy dancing. So when Peter asked her to Charleston, Mary replied that she had not yet learned, but laughingly suggested that he do a Russian dance with her. Peter accepted the challenge joyously, and when the music stopped, Peter found a Russian record, and to the general surprise he and Mary executed a rollicking peasant affair of much stamping and acrobatic whirling, doubled down on their heels, legs flying out wildly.

Dr. Churchill stared hypnotizedly. Mary's short red hair became a flame licking the rim of a spinning top.

As the music ended, Peter caught Mary to her feet.

"You're wonderful!" he whispered.

Tossing back tumbled red hair from flushed cheeks, Mary breathed shallowly. Her eyes shone into Peter's. Never before had anyone thought her "wonderful." She forgot that Peter was only a boy.

She grew bewildered under Peter's infatuated gaze. And yet—how easy it was—once you had the "power"! They just toppled over—like ninepins!

Dr. Churchill was at her side.

"You're all wrong, Miss Lambton," he said drily, "about the color of a person's hair not making any difference."

Mary raised her chin and smiled slowly into his eyes. She would have preferred to have made some clever, glib retort. But that would come—with practice. Krisnu had promised. The power would prompt her, different things for different men. So if it didn't "come" at once, Mary just smiled beautifully into the man's eyes, and waited. She knew that to make any Mary-ine remark would be fatal.

But apparently one didn't need to be so terribly clever so long as one smiled at the man as if one were remarkably interested in him.

Krisnu said that everything had its price. He had been right. Women liked her less. Harriet Day had smiled so condescendingly during the Russian dance, and Joyce Kydd stared as if at a museum freak.

And—Mary didn't care! She had the power. Joyce and Harriet had been born with it, and she, Mary, was going to have a little fun with it before she settled down. It was like pulling strings and watching puppets dance.

Her eyes met those of a tiny turbaned figure, sitting cross-legged on the desk, and her face sobered. He had said that it was fire, that she would play with it, and burn her fingers.

"I'm putting on a waltz," sang out Joyce merrily, "for you, Miss Lambton. Does it rouse memories?"

The first bars of "Beautiful Lady" sounded.

Astley stared scornfully at Joyce Kydd, turned his back pointedly on her, and walked over to Mary.

As Mary recognized the favorite waltz of fifteen years ago, she had looked at the turbaned image on the desk, her head cocked, as if listening to something they could not hear. Then she smiled pleasantly at Joyce.

"That is thoughtful of you," she said.

Eric Astley was bowing before Mary. As they waltzed, he sang softly, but loud enough for Joyce to overhear:

"To you, beautiful lady, I raise my eyes!"

And in his eyes was an admiring kindness. Joyce had helped Mary.

Happiness. Mary was not merely dancing with Eric Astley. She was floating in his arms; he was singing to her—

"Dream, dream, dream and forget! . . .

In Mary's heart something sang.

Krisnu, granter of wishes!

Was she dreaming? Would she wake up, on the Chesterfield, before the burnt-out fire, a cold in her head?

The waltz ended. They dispersed to dress for dinner.

AS MARY slipped into a new dress of cream tulle, she gave a little gasp. She did not believe that the girl in the

mirror was Mary Lambton. Mary Lambton had had nice dresses, but she had never looked like that. Mary Lambton, whatever she wore, had always been a frump.

Clothes didn't matter. Face didn't matter. It was what you were yourself that mattered.

Surely Eric Astley would find her attractive!

But, if he did, at dinner Eric Astley had no chance to mention the fact, for Mary found herself placed between Dr. Churchill and David Anstruther, with Peter Miller opposite to her, staring as at a vision.

Dr. Churchill noted Peter's rapt gaze, and smiled.

"You must do a great deal of damage, Miss Lambton," he drawled.

"Mary," said David Anstruther, surveying the effect of the candle-light on the cream tulle and coppery hair, "you make me think of fairy tales and enchanted princesses."

"Hang on to your glass slipper, Mary," Advised Harriet saccharinely.

Peter glared at Harriet.

"Cinderella was just as pretty in her rags," he said, raising his glass to Mary.

"Oh, no, dear boy," replied Harriet. "Fine feathers. Most men marry a milliner's bill."

"Clothes," announced Mary, "are like Providence. They only help those who can help themselves."

"Talking about Cinderella," cut in Joyce, "I always thought that a fool yarn. If she'd been such a knock-out, she wouldn't have needed a fairy godmother to help her out of the ashes."

Conversation revolved about the Cinderella motif and its recurrence in story and play.

"Authors," sneered Joyce, "seem to think that a visit to a clever modiste and a hairdresser will transform a frump into a Circe."

"I always pitied Cinderella," remarked Astley. "For of course the prince didn't really marry her. Princes don't. They just turn the heads of silly girls, and then they marry an ugly but authentic princess."

Harriet chuckled. "Do you remember Louise van Smythe after the Prince of Wales danced three times with her? It took her three seasons to recover."

"What's your version, Miss Lambton?" asked Astley. "Did Prince Charming marry Cinderella?"

"Yes," said Mary simply, "he married her, and they lived happily ever after. Because—" suddenly she flushed, and halted self-consciously.

"Go on, Miss Lambton," chorused Astley and Churchill amusedly.

"Because," Mary's eyes were on space, "what the fairy godmother gave Cinderella was not a change of clothes but a—a change of heart."

"You're confusing the fairy godmother with Billy Sunday," mocked Joyce.

"Miss Lambton's right," said Dick Haydon. "Cleopatra had a long nose. Any lasting charm comes from the heart."

"What, then, was the stroke of midnight that Cinderella's change of heart could not outlast?" laughed Astley.

"Midnight," replied Mary quietly, "was the hour when Cinderella abused her gift."

Dr. Churchill caught her meaning. "Just so. Cinderella winked at one of the courtiers, and, presto, she was merely a flirt."

"Well, I guess she didn't have such a dusty time at that," commented Joyce drily.

Dr. Churchill told Mary quietly what he declared to be the real meaning of the Cinderella story.

"The fairy godmother is Nature. During adolescence she comes to every girl, bearing gifts. The hour of midnight is when youth is done. Moral—snare your prince before midnight."

Provocatively, out of the corners of her eyes, Mary looked at him.

He leaned to her.

"She gave you red hair, Miss Lambton—that will turn grey."

Continued on page 90

BOVRIL SANDWICHES

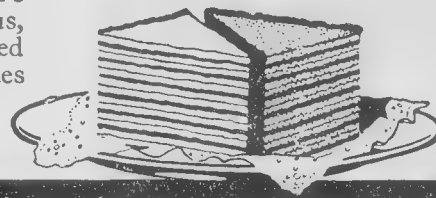
One 4 oz. bottle makes 128 sandwiches.

Bovril sandwiches made with bread and butter are delicious.

Spread the Bovril sparingly because it is so highly concentrated.

Such sandwiches are tempting, highly nutritious, and especially appreciated when hot weather makes heavy meals unattractive.

Very nice for pic-nics.



With the New Type SHOCK ABSORBER

Stop that Galloping WITH HEXDEES

More efficient, more easily adjusted and lower in price than any other Shock Absorber on the market.

\$17.75 For Complete Set of Six
\$10.75 Complete Set For Fords

One Dollar Extra West of Fort William

HEXDEES

They positively prevent galloping—they keep your car steady, and they make riding a pleasure—and all for a fraction of the cost of ordinary Shock Absorbers. Fill in this Coupon for interesting information and mail it TODAY to B. J. Coghlin Co. Limited, Montreal, Manufacturers of Springs for 59 years.

Name

Address

A Welcome Visitor

Following its long-pursued policy of improvement month by month, the Western Home Monthly will give its readers the very best literature in the magazine field during the coming months. Writers of national and international fame will be regular contributors to the columns of the

magazine. Articles and stories by eminent Canadians will be featured. These will have a particular bearing on Western Canadian matters. In other words, the Westerner cannot render a better service to himself and his family than to see that not a copy of the magazine fails to reach his home.



The most vital problem of the young wife

... is the very one hardest to discuss with ANYBODY

WHAT young wife does not experience misgivings when confronted with the problem of feminine hygiene? It is something which must be faced alone. And naturally there are disturbing doubts—and even fears—as to the correctness of her knowledge concerning this vital matter.

The truth is that countless women suffer because their information is *not* correct. Nor is this to be wondered at, for only in recent years has personal hygiene been reduced to a safe, scientifically approved routine.

Zonite has created a new hygienic standard

Physicians freely recommend feminine hygiene. But always there is the warning: Shun bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. All too well do physicians understand the risks which attend the use of these caustic poisonous antiseptics.

Fortunately women need no longer run these risks. In Zonite an antiseptic is available which is absolutely *non-poisonous* and harmless to delicate internal tissues. A germ-killing antiseptic actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Full information—free

Be sure to read the new booklet on Zonite and its place in feminine hygiene. Frank, authentic and free. See coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or tender feet. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



In bottles: 50c, 60c, \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 209
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Released Desires

Continued from page 89

Mary dropped her eyes, as she said softly:

"And she gave you—wishes."

Mary opened her eyes to see if it had worked. It had. In Dr. Churchill's eyes were—wishes. Across the table Mary met the gaze of Peter Miller. In his younger eyes were dreams. Mary sought the eyes of Eric Astley, but his she could not read. Yet he it was who had made something inside her sing.

Yet Mary looked back into the eyes of Dr. Churchill, smiling beautifully, as if all her interest lay in him.

And then Mary realized the truth. It was not she that had the power, but the power that had her. She was like Harriet and Joyce; like every other woman who could offer to men the wine of Circe. To all that came she would hold the cup—to see if they could refuse! An insatiable curiosity!

"MY DEAR Rhoda, it is a miracle!" Mrs. Haydon's voice was crisp with excitement.

Joyce might be twenty and startling; Harriet might be ten years cleverer than Joyce at her own game, but it had been Mary Lambton's house-party.

The young people were out walking, but the raw weather and the relaxation of contented matrimony had kept the two matrons by the library fire.

"If you hadn't seen it yourself, could you have believed it?" asked Rhoda Anstruther slowly.

"My dear Rhoda," ejaculated her guest, "I don't believe it! It is a miracle. And I don't believe in miracles."

"It is a miracle of love," said her hostess sentimentally. "Do you remember our discussing Mary a few days ago, and David saying she was like a beautiful lamp that wasn't lit?"

Mrs. Haydon nodded.

"Her eyes are like stars now," continued Mrs. Anstruther. "Mary is in love."

"With Eric Astley?"

"Of course," smiled Mrs. Anstruther.

"There's no 'of course,' for she flirts shamelessly with the doctor, and as to the way she has encouraged that susceptible Miller boy—well, all I hope is that we get through without a scandal."

"You don't expect Mary to throw all her cards on the table just yet," Mrs. Anstruther deprecated. "Love has taught her guile."

"Oh, I don't mind her flirting with the older men," Mrs. Haydon was prettily emphatic. "I'd enjoy seeing them wriggle, the nasty old things."

"Why, they're perfect dears! Eric may be a little spoiled—too much money—"

"I consider," cut in Mrs. Haydon crisply, "that a wealthy bachelor is an insult to our sex."

"I pity him. A rich lunatic is no less sad than a poor one."

Mrs. Haydon walked to the window.

"Astley and Mary are returning," she announced. "Oh, Rhoda, do come! Do you suppose he's proposing to her? Mary's eyes! You were right; he is the one."

Mrs. Haydon sprang sharply away from the window.

"They're coming in," she warned.

Mary's cheeks were bright pink from the cold wind, but her eyes were grave. Mary's eyes, in the old days, had always been bright and cheerily impersonal, like polished, but opaque, glass.

Mary excused herself to change for tea, and Mrs. Haydon left to write a letter.

Eric Astley sank into a big chair opposite his hostess. Rhoda smiled encouragingly. Men, she had learned, were astonishingly frank with her. She thought that it was because she neither flirted nor preened herself before them. "Rhoda," he said, "if there were more women like you, there would be fewer bachelors."

This was not what she had been hoping to hear. But she countered lightly with:

"I didn't notice any proposal from you when I was single."

He grinned.

"Oh, ten years ago! I wasn't ready to settle down then."

Rhoda's eyes were maternal.

"I shouldn't put it off too long, Eric. A man can always get a wife." She smiled. "But marriage at fifty must be a little—less—than at thirty-five."

"I don't want to put it off," he replied honestly. "I'm sick of philandering. I'm ready to settle down."

"I'm so glad, Eric."

"There's nothing to be 'glad' about yet. But find me the right sort of girl—"

She gasped.

"You have the effrontery to say that, when you are under the same roof with three delightful girls, all of different types!"

He was genuinely surprised.

"Joyce—or Harriet Day—or Mary Lambton!" His jaw dropped. "I suppose someone will marry them. That sort do marry. But—no, thank you!"

Before she could reply, he went on:

"They are flirts, all three. Their hearts are like little shops, where daintily they auction their kisses and smiles to the highest bidder. Ultimately the shop itself, by that time a muddled thoroughfare, is also auctioned off."

Mrs. Anstruther was laughing.

"You poor dear! Do you really imagine that you choose whom you will marry?"

"I had that impression."

"Bless you! Why, you poor baby, your sex do not woo or court. You are snared."

"I'm too old for that. If I weren't, Mary Lambton would have had a proposal from me."

Rhoda rose.

"Eric, I'm going to be frank. I hoped you would fall in love with Mary. David and I are very fond of Mary."

"And she is very attractive to men. But you don't deny that she is an atrocious flirt. All are fish that come to her net—myself, Churchill, that Miller boy. I just told her point-blank that unless she were willing to marry Peter Miller, she ought to be ashamed of the way she has encouraged him. If he hasn't proposed to her, he will before tonight, and I told her so."

"What did Mary say?"

"She seemed frightened. I don't suppose she meant any harm. Flirts are fools that way. No, my dear Rhoda, when I marry, I want peace. It will be a nice, sensible girl."

Rhoda laughed drily.

"The gods," she said, "must have an amusing time. But, come, take me for ten minutes' walk before tea."

HARDLY had Astley and Rhoda Anstruther left the library, before Mary Lambton entered it. Mary had changed into a simple frock of buff georgette. She wore deep cream stockings and black velvet slippers with very high heels. Draped over her left shoulder and under her bare right arm was a deep-fringed shawl of buff georgette. Her cheeks were bright with excitement. She might have been but twenty years old.

Hastily assuring herself that the room was empty, Mary walked over to the desk, and stood looking down at the tiny turbaned image.

"Oh, Krisnu, Krisnu!" It was almost a moan.

The idol made no response.

"Krisnu, I wished wrongly. Oh, Krisnu, he doesn't love me!"

Mary clenched her hands, and leaned down to the cross-legged figure.

"Krisnu! Let me change my wish! I asked for the power to attract men. I should have asked for the power to make men love me."

The image was made of bronze.

A step sounded in the hallway. Mary stiffened, as Peter Miller entered the room.

"Mary!"

"Hello, Peter."

He caught her arm.

"Where are you going?"

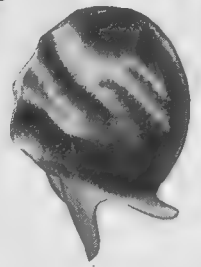
"I've a letter I must write."

"It can wait. I can't. Mary!"

"Peter, please! Do be sensible. I must write this letter."

"Mary, I love you!"

Continued on page 91



Healthy Hair

Frequent shampooing with Evan Williams "Ordinary" keeps the hair lustrously lovely and healthy.

A special shampoo for every shade of hair... at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO



A New Nip-On Cap Especially for Baby

MADE IN PLAIN SHADES—WHITE, PINK, BLUE
A silk knitted cap which is very attractive and comfortable for spring and summer wear. Nip-Ons are also made in colored patterns for the small boy and girl. Nip-O-Tams and Sporty Berets for the school girl.

ATTRACTIVE IN APPEARANCE
MODERATE IN COST
COMFORTABLE TO WEAR
AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

Made by
Houlding & Coleman Limited, Toronto
Makers of Servus Lingerie 201



...when you're looking for a new icing

HERE is an unusually tempting Mapleine icing which combines delightfully with raisin, spice and chocolate cakes.

1 3/4 c. granulated sugar 2 egg whites
1/2 tsp. cream tartar 1/2 tsp. Mapleine
1/2 c. boiling water

Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread, when dropped from tip of spoon. (or 240 degrees F). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery"
sent free on request

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
Dept. 57 Winnipeg 287 Stanley Street
Dept. 57 Toronto 57 Wellington St. W.A.

MAPLEINE
For syrup...for flavoring



A smooth fragrant powder that protects the face from blemish and adds that extra charming touch to the complexion.

Write for free sample

Chamberlain's
FACE POWDER

COLD CREAM VANISHING CREAM

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
Dovercourt Road, Toronto

For Picnic Time
Especially
GENUINE

THERMOS PAIL

HALF GALLON SIZE, WIDE MOUTH
"STRONGLAS" QUALITY FILLER

Will not break unless treated outrageously. Keeps boiling liquids hot for 24 hours or ice cold liquids cold 3 days. Useful in every farm or home. Plenty of hot or cold drinks for 5 persons



\$6.00 at your Hardware, Drug or Department Store or from

Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd.

1439 West Queen St. Toronto 3, Ont.
PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE



VELVET RUBBER SOLES

Re-sole worn shoes—double the wear of new shoes with "Velvet" Soles. Sold at shoe repair shops and in stores, or send 50c with tracing of your shoe sole and we'll send a sample pair. Easy to apply. Anyone can attach them.

Federal Rubber Products
Stratford, Ont. Dept. 4

THEY STICK ON

When answering advertisers please mention Western Home Monthly

Released Desires

Continued from page 90

Mary wrenched free her arm. Her frightened eyes stared at the turbaned Krisnu.

The power will leave you after your first proposal of marriage!

"Peter, listen to me! Listen to me! Before you say another word! Oh, Peter, please!"

"Go on."

"Peter, I am thirty-two years old."

"What is age if two people love one another?" cried Peter bitterly.

"But I don't love you, Peter. I like you, Peter, but I don't love you. I don't love you. I don't love you at all!"

"I will make you love me! Mary, marry me, and I will make you love me!"

Mary swayed. With a desperate gesture she pushed the red hair off her forehead. The color faded from her cheeks. Her body sagged into the tired lines of an older woman.

"No, no!" she gasped weakly.

Rhoda and Astley entered the room. Peter glared wildly at them, then rushed out of the library.

The situation was clear. Rhoda hurried out after the excited boy.

Mary huddled her shawl about her after the fashion of an old woman who feels the cold. Her hair was pushed back unbecomingly from her rather too-high forehead, her cheeks were drawn and white. There was nothing charming about her slouched shoulders and the way her shawl was huddled around her.

She was the old Mary Lambton again. Astley lit a cigarette leisurely. He was not looking at Mary.

"Well, that makes another nick in your gun," he remarked. "I suppose you girls get quite a kick out of such scenes."

But Mary was not looking at him any more than he at her. She had sunk weakly into a chair. Her head drooped, her arms hung limply. She was not worrying about Peter Miller. She was awaking from a dream.

She made no reply.

Astley turned and looked at her. Mary did not raise her head.

Cinderella's slippers had been made of glass. A brittle thing—glass.

Astley's tone, though still cynical, was kinder.

"I believe you're really sorry for him!"

"No," said Mary dully.

He raised his eyebrows.

"Then why all the gloom?"

"I'm not bothering about Peter. His life will be a switchback of heartbreaks and raptures."

Astley smiled.

"I believe you're right. So, we waste

no pity on Peter." His tone grew bantering. "Let's play 'True Stories.' You give me 'Confessions of a Flirt,' and I'll contribute 'Follies of a Philanderer.' Tell me, aren't you sick of the game? Own up; don't you want to settle down with some stodgy, downright man?"

"No," said Mary listlessly.

He looked sharply at her. She had not moved since she had dropped into the chair. He leaned forward, and touched her hand sympathetically.

"What is the trouble, Mary?"

Mary raised her eyes. They did not focus on him, they merely gazed vacantly in his direction. Her voice was flat.

"I have just had my first proposal of marriage—my first and my last."

Her face, posture, and voice endorsed the incredible words.

Astley looked puzzled and uncomfortable.

Mary's voice continued:

"I am thirty-two. Men have never noticed me. Men don't bother about 'nice sensible girls,' and that is all I ever was."

Astley started.

"As to Cinderella," Mary shrugged scornfully, "you were right. Of course the prince never married her. The glass slipper was broken, and Cinderella returned to her ashes."

Astley studied her.

"Why did you flirt with that boy, Peter?"

Mary sprang to her feet, turning recklessly on him.

"For the same reason that I flirted with Dr. Churchill—and YOU!"

"That does not answer my question."

"I flirted with all three of you for the same reason. Because I liked YOU!"

If this were flirtation, it was a new method of attack to him. He looked embarrassed.

"Don't be embarrassed. I am sensible now."

That gave him an easy lead to a safer triviality.

"And because you are sensible, you no longer like me?"

"I don't think about you at all." She laughed. "Sensible girls don't think about Prince Charming."

Her voice and look were devoid of coquetry. Perhaps her honesty was infectious, for his voice too became simple and frank.

"I wish you hadn't flirted, Mary. I have never been able to see anything in a flirt, but just—a flirt."

"And you have never been able to see anything at all in a 'nice sensible girl!'" He took her hand in both of his.

"Mary, will you dine with me tomorrow evening, and just be YOURSELF?"

September Three

Continued from page 15

Jane, but the old soul has gone on now, to join the rest of the Sprott family, and Jane, like myself, is "without embraces."

JANE SPROTT emphatically declares that I am the unfortunate one, in having no human responsibilities, and more money than I need. If I felt the urge to earn money, she says, particularly for someone else, I'd do something worth-while with my painting, but—I think not. The world is too full of pictures as it is, painted by people who are not artists, but, like myself, mere artisans. During my annual sojourn in the tropical lands I paint a bit, but the results don't satisfy me. Jane says that they irritate her; that they are so good that they should be infinitely better. I'm putting a bit of work on one done last winter when I was loafing about the islands of the Caribbean Sea. She said that it was the best of the lot, so I'm hoping that she will accept it.

Jane wants me to paint this North country. Ye gods! It would be like using the soul of one's mother for a model. The beauty—the spiritual beauty of it is something which defies expression. I told Jane so, and she laughed me to scorn. "It's been done," she said, "and you can

do it too—but not if you limit yourself and your talents as you do!" So I tried, and I burned the result of my efforts and said nothing to Jane about it. She'd only keep at me to "try, try again."

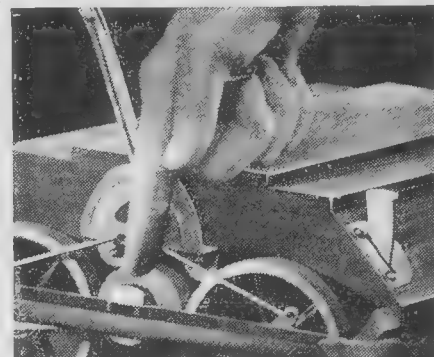
It's a strange thing about this North land and its beauty. Any other land on the face of the globe fascinates me more in prospect or in retrospect than at the time that I am a part of it, living with it—or even painting it. Coming too close to it, it loses its spell. Egypt, Tunisia—Barbadoes? Lands of romance—at a distance. At close range one becomes increasingly conscious of fleas, of bad butter, of the unbelievable soil of beggars—and of lone-travelling ladies!

But the North? The closer one comes to it; the more familiar one is with it, the greater does a chap's sense of its beauty and cleanness become. It never becomes common, however profoundly aware one is of all its aspects. Each morning, I draw a quick breath of joy when I open the door of my shack, and hear the gentle crooning of wind in the tree-tops, the song of a bird, the chatter of a chipmunk. The crash of a storm is a thrilling, invigorating thing. Sunshine is a miraculous benediction. The sunrise and the sunset are a heart-stirring tale,

Continued on page 92

The New, Better BISSELL SWEEPER has "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

Sweeps BARE floors, heaviest tufted rugs, ANY surface easier!



The new "Hi-Lo" brush control {automatic}

OUR new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control is an amazing improvement which you'll want once you try a new Bissell. It turns less effort into greater sweeping power! Just the slightest pressure now (or no pressure at all) for any surface... bare linoleum or heavy chenille rugs. Then the revolving bristles swiftly pick up every speck of dirt and lint.

Why not own the new Bissell? A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyclo" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—\$5.50 and up. At department, furniture and leading hardware stores. Ask your dealer. "The Bissell Booklet" on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory) and Grand Rapids, Mich.



Beauty That Attracts

—so enchanting and alluring it commands the admiration of all. You can possess this soft, fascinating appearance instantly thru

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

Made in White - Flesh - Rachel

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son Montreal

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD

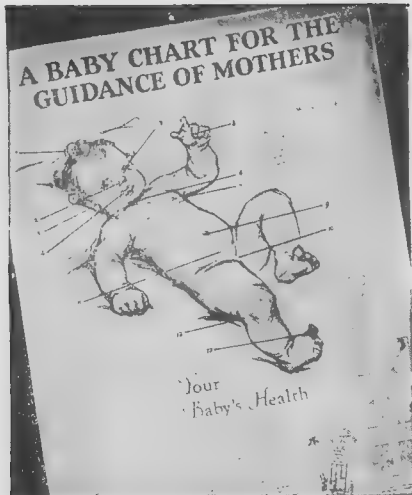
has raised three generations of babies

108

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE AND MOTHER BOOK
Nestle's Food Co. of Canada Limited, TORONTO

September Three

Continued from page 91



FREE... Mennen Nursery Wall Chart and Diagram on Baby Care sent FREE! See coupon below!

MENNEN Borated Baby Powder checks ammonia diaper

When red blotches of irritation appear on baby in the "diaper region" it is probably caused by "ammonia diaper" (easily recognized by the odor.)

You should use Mennen Borated Baby Powder at once—to quench the "fire" in baby's skin.

Most tearful, irritable babies, even though they are in the best of health, are probably suffering from the scalding irritation of "ammonia diaper."

It reddens and inflames the buttocks, thighs and back, makes baby uncomfortable, and results in frequent night awakenings.

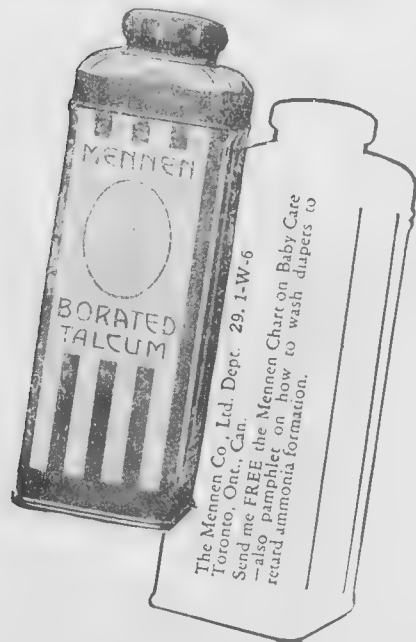
If your own skin were red and inflamed how quickly you would apply the remedy!

Think of baby and give him the benefit of the soothing coolness of Mennen Borated Talcum at once.

Only Mennen Baby Powder will do because it is scientifically Borated and Zincated in combination with a blend of purest talc.

The MENNEN Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can
The MENNEN Company, Newark, N. J.

MENNEN BORATED BABY TALCUM



oft-told, thrilling me with the glory of death and the certainty of resurrection. And so it will be until I come to die.

Let me be a part of it until that day, but ask me not to transfer it to canvas, O Jane Sprott! (Yet, knowing Jane, I also know that I shall try again—and again—and again!)

Jane's insistence is not the result of any failure to appreciate the bigness of the North. It is just that she refuses to admit the littleness of her friend—his littleness as a man and artist. Oh, yes—this North means much to her. In its sunshine and rare air, under its blue skies, she has, in three short months, regained the exuberant vitality of girlhood. The thoughts which I have expressed about the North are her thoughts too—they are our thoughts.

WHEN I had known Jane a few weeks, I had my old canoe taken out of the boathouse at the foot of the hill. I soaked it until it ceased to leak; then I painted and varnished it, and put it at her service. I once thought that I should never get into a canoe again. When a chap has paddled the lakes and rivers that he has loved since childhood, an arm that is conspicuous by its absence makes him try to forget the rise and fall of the little craft to a gentle swell; or the glorious fight with a stiff breeze, with squall after squall, each a dark line, racing across the lake to hit the canoe with a blow that "shivers her timbers," or—the soft stroke and the lift and drip of the paddle on a calm, starlit night.

I must be growing lazy, indeed, in my old age; I've learned to love loafing in the canoe, sprawled on a rug, my head on a cushioned "lazy-back," while Jane paddles me on the serenely-flowing river for hours on end.

Sometimes, as mile follows mile, neither will speak for an hour or more. A particularly lovely bird-song will bring a smile to Jane's face, and I—lucky beggar—get the benefit of that smile, right into my eyes—but there's no need for comment—she knows I've heard it—loved it—or, perhaps, have seen the first water-lily of the year—or heard the scurrying of a chipmunk among the tall bracken on the river-bank—but she doesn't talk about these things—just smiles a sudden, radiating smile through parted lips, as her slender shoulders and bare arms, bronzed by the sun, sway to the stroke of the paddle.

Just smiles!

When Jane Sprott smiles there's a look in her eyes, sometimes, that is fairly beatific! Right into my eyes she smiles, and, to all intents and purposes, she ceases to be (so far as I am concerned) a "human soul," and is all woman. If my diving days were not long past, I should, when Jane smiles, take a deep dive right into the liquid depths of her lovely eyes, and drown myself therein, with no hesitation whatever. Waking and sleeping, I love Jane Sprott, but I love her most madly when she smiles into my eyes.

Of course I know what is it that brings to her eyes that ardent look of bliss—a fool-word, but the only one to express it—bliss. It's the uplifting beauty of the river and its high banks, wooded with maple and oak, and with silver birch and virgin pine. When I meet that shining smile, there are times when I must turn my eyes away, conscious that they are shining too, but with an emotion which is not purely spiritual. It wouldn't do to have her see that look. I doubt if she'd recognize it for what it is, but I'm taking no chances, so, at times, I turn my eyes away. For all her experiences of life, and life's suffering, Jane is unbelievably young in some respects.

I sometimes think that Jane Sprott has delved deep and found in me, too, a spirit of youth which even I knew not of! She emphasizes her recognition of that quality when she scolds me as if I were a lazy (because rather tired) small boy. Scolds? Yes—but there's no scorn in her scolding; there's never the faintest suggestion of discord in her attitude toward her own familiar friend. I have

never known such harmony with any living soul. How I wish that it might always go on—and on—just like this. I should ask no more, and try to want no more—

I shall be going away in six weeks from tomorrow; to the South again. Life is too complex in my little shack in the intense cold of Northern winters, so I fly south with the birds. My plans were made before I ever met Jane. Barbadoes again this year, for no particular reason except that the hotel there is comfortable. People rave of the glorious sky-searching palms, and the azuarina (if that's how you spell it?) delicately traced against the sky like a giant maiden-hair fern; the tropic nights when the moon and stars seem so close that an uplifted hand might touch them.

I remember one night of glory alone on the sand dunes on the North shore—and the moon a great silver ball shining on the sea—oh, yes, it was a night for poetry and dreams—or for aching loneliness. How I wish that I might share it, such beauty, on such a night, with Jane Sprott. How her eyes would beam like the stars above us, seeming so close, but as surely out of reach as Jane's eyes, and the soul of which they are the shining windows.

Why shouldn't Jane come along with me this winter? Would she come. I wonder? Well—why shouldn't we go together? We're practically spending this summer together, up here, aren't we? But then this wasn't pre-arranged, and so—is quite proper. How curious are the mental processes of Mrs. Grundy! Oh, to show Jane Sprott the islands of the South Seas!

But no—it wouldn't be feasible. I wonder if Jane might not travel alone and meet me down there—as my guest, of course; the dear woman couldn't manage the expense of it on her own? But would she? No—it wouldn't do; for all her gentle dignity and her silver hair, she'd be a woman travelling alone in the tropics, and thereby subject to disagreeable comment by men and women alike. (Haven't I seen it again and again?)

Jane Sprott, my dear, reading your book over there, are you reading of the "shining palace, built upon the sands"? I am dreaming of one. You told me that, if I wrote down my thoughts, I might get hold of an idea, and work it out to a definite conclusion. Well, the idea has presented itself, and I conclude that there is no solution to the problem which it embodies.

But—let me see—IS there any way in which this shining palace can be given a firm foundation? How can I take Jane Sprott to the Caribbean sea? Of course, under ordinary circumstances, the obvious reply to that question would be: marry Jane Sprott; make it a honeymoon. That, however, is out of the question. I, half a man, cannot risk seeing the distaste—to put it mildly—which would enter into any woman's eyes, at the bare suggestion. And, apart from that, Jane values my comradeship by virtue of the fact that I have offered her that and nothing more. I am a "human soul" to her; I make no mistake about that.

Marry her anyway for the comradeship's sake, and that it may persist for always? I wonder if she would consider a simple ceremony by taking my name, for convention's sake? Why not? We're both so confoundedly alone in life, and I'd ask nothing of her but to take my name. But—would it be fair to ask so much when my very heart cries out for so much more. And having won so much, am I a strong enough man to play the game—a game in which I should be cheating if I did not confess quite frankly that I love her—give her fair warning.

A man can't know how strong or weak he will be. Would Jane understand that? Would she trust me, or, would she know enough of man-nature to realize that she would be taking the risk of having on her hands a man who might, some day, beg and implore for what she could not give? How in the world could I make her understand?

Continued on page 93



Hair Goods

that add to

Your Attractiveness

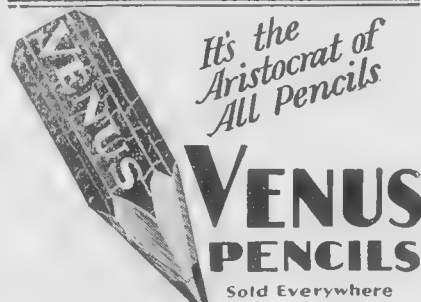
Today the well dressed woman does not let gray, thin or broken hair detract from her appearance. She regards the purchasing and wearing of a transformation in the same manner as the buying of a hat or dress.

Pember's transformations are a source of endless satisfaction and add both to your comfort and beauty. They are absolutely non-detectable for they are made with natural partings. We also have wigs and toupees for men. Write for our illustrated booklet.

The W. T. Pember Stores, Limited, are also sole Canadian distributors for Inecto Rapid, recognized as the standard hair dye. Sold at hair goods stores, drug stores and department stores, or write to us direct.

The W. T. PEMBER STORES
LIMITED

129 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.



THERE is just the right VENUS PENCIL for everybody's every need among the 17 black degrees and 3 copying.

Send \$1.25 for sample box of a dozen assorted styles

AMERICAN PENCIL CO.
502 Venus Bldg. Hoboken, N.J.

Goddard's Plate Powder For Polishing Silver



Used throughout the world
Sold in boxes: 25 cents

AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & Co.
270 LaGauchetiere Street, W., Montreal

September Three

Continued from page 92

Over the top! I've never feared to tell Jane anything before. My love will come as a shocking surprise to her, but when she realizes it, and thinks the situation over, she may see that my plans are quite sensible, and would work out ten-to-one, in an eminently satisfactory way. My hat! She's paddling back! What shall I say to her? How shall I put it? Let me see — "Jane Sprott — I want to show you a number of places on earth, and, first, I think that you might be interested in the Caribbean sea by moonlight. To make this thing possible, and to simplify the situation generally, I suggest that you take my name. Sprott does not suit your individuality, and Warburton is better. I am asking you to marry me, solely so that our comradeship may be uninterrupted; I shall not ask more than you have already given me, of friendship and companionship. I feel that it is only fair to warn you that I am in love with you, but I assure you that I shall do my best to remain, always, a perfectly polite, considerate comrade—I mean, I'll always make every effort to refrain from making love to you. It is for you to judge if I am to be trusted—for I am none so sure, myself—but I am warning you, Jane—that I love you—I love you—"

She's reached the bank—a moment and she'll be here—O Jane Sprott—there awaits you the surprise of your life!

SO SUDDEN!

The teacher asked little Abie Weinberg to give a sentence using the word "diadem." After much effort, Abie turned in the following:

"People who drive onto railroad crossings without looking diadem sight quicker than those who stop and look."

Little Freddy was preparing to go out calling with his mother. Suddenly he called to her in a rather startled voice:

"Mamma, is this bay rum in the brown bottle?"

"Gracious, no, dear! That's mucilage."

"Oh," said Freddy after a pause. "may-be that's why I can't get my hat off."

He: "They laughed when I sat down at the piano."

She: "But when you started playing, did the laughter die on their lips as if by magic, and did you hear gasps of amazement?"

He: "No; as far as I know they're still laughing."

Husband—Well, dear, today I went and got my life insured.

Wife—You would, you big walrus—always thinking of yourself.

"Well, I go home to my downy cot."

"Downy?"

"Yeah, the kind you let down from the wall."

"I don't like the looks of that mackerel."

"Well, madam, if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy a goldfish?"—Tit Bits.

"How long in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"And you know nothing whatever about religion?" asked the missionary.

"Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here," said the cannibal.

First Farmer—"I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."

Second Farmer—"I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night."

Comedian—"I won't go on right after that monkey act."

Stage Manager—"I guess you're right. They may think its an encore."

She: "Where is your chivalry?"

He: "I turned it in for a Buick."



Gray Hair! all gone

Think of the thrill that's awaiting you—to see yourself so improved in appearance! Not a single gray streak to mar the beauty of your hair. Want to know how to accomplish this? Kolor-Bak is an open secret with thousands of men and women. This clear, colorless liquid imparts the desired color to gray hair. The same bottle is right for all shades—whether blonde, auburn, brown or black. Not like the crude, messy preparations that give hair a dull, artificial look. Kolor-Bak is beneficial. Sold with money-back guarantee.

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

PARENTS! Start your boys and girls collecting stamps... the hobby which teaches and amuses at the same time

Lists of albums, outfits, etc. with illustrated "Introduction to Stamp Collecting" FREE on request.

STANLEY GIBBONS LIMITED

By Appointment to H. M. King George V.
Dept. 98, 391 Strand, LONDON, Eng

Please Remember

That notice of change of address must reach this office one month previous to issue date.

The
Western Home
Monthly

Winnipeg, Manitoba

WANTED

Earn upwards of \$25 weekly growing Mushrooms for us, in cellar or other waste space. Deliver to our nearest branch. Light pleasant work for either sex. Illustrated booklet sent anywhere, for stamp.

DOMINION MUSHROOM CO. TORONTO



Health first

Then Comfort, Convenience, Economy

Four Reasons Why Doctors Recommend Kotex To All Women

KOTEX, the scientific sanitary napkin, has the stamp of highest medical approval.

1. They are safe to health. Home-made napkins are unsanitary.
2. They are comfortable—shaped to fit; deodorize to prevent embarrassment. Highly absorbent to give perfect assurance.

3. Convenient—easy to adjust just as you wish them. Discard easily (see directions in each package).

4. Economical. In the long run the few pennies more Kotex costs is well worth it.

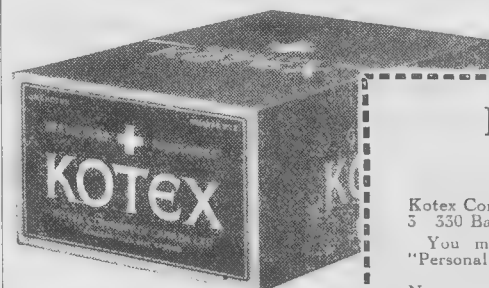
Improved health—peace-of-mind—comfort, result from using Kotex. Buy a package today at any drug, dry goods or departmental store.

Mail Coupon now for Sample of Kotex, and valuable book on women's hygiene—Free.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS



Regular Size 60¢ a Dozen
and
Super-Size 75¢ a Dozen

Free Sample of Kotex

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited,
5 - 330 Bay Street, Toronto 2.

You may send me sample of Kotex and book "Personal Hygiene" in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City Prov.

Your Child...



happiest on regular routine

The same old schedule, day after day. An hour for this. A regular time for that. It sounds deadly monotonous. But children simply thrive on this regularity. Surprising, too, how soon they get used to it.

"Why, by the time my baby was just a few months old," declared the modern young mother, "she knew just what was expected of her. Her little body functioned like clockwork. Coax her? I should say not. I found that a spoonful of Nujol every day was far more effective than coaxing. Saved me a lot of time and trouble, too.

"Mothers used to take it for granted that even a healthy baby would be upset when he was teething. Or when he was taken on trips with change of air and water and food. But with Nujol there's no reason why children should ever be thrown off schedule."

Nujol keeps everything natural and normal, under all conditions. It can't possibly upset or disagree with even a tiny baby. For it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's just a pure natural substance. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York. Nujol not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal.

Start your baby now—*today*—on this priceless habit of regularity. Every bottle of Nujol you buy for him, is so much money invested in his future health. Actually, a bottle of Nujol costs no more than a simple little toy that he might play with a few days. Isn't it worth trying?

Or you might want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. It's more economical in the long run. More convenient, too. In sealed packages only.

ROBY'S PRODUCTS LIMITED

WINNIPEG MONTREAL

For forty years Roby's Products have been first favorites throughout the British Empire. Now a branch of this well known British industry has been established in Winnipeg to serve the Western Canadian trade. Roby's manufacture—

Floorite A fire-proof, water-proof and sanitary flooring with guaranteed lasting qualities and strong economic value. It is unequalled for industrial and public institutions as well as the average home. It can be laid in any color or pattern. It is in the form of plaster and trowelled into a perfect, smooth and seamless covering. It is well nigh indestructible.

Other Roby Products Are: Roby's Patent Fabric Roofing. Roby's Liquid Roofing Compound, Roby's Paint and Varnish.

Roby's Products are not affected by climatic conditions.

Correspondence is invited and additional information will be cheerfully given. Several of the leading industrial institutions of the city of Winnipeg have already laid Floorite and we will have pride in showing you through these establishments should that be of interest to you, or we can refer you to them.

Roby's Products Limited

Whyte Avenue
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Exquisite Fabrics Created in Canada

Fifteen New Celanese Materials Designed Last Season—Gowns, Wraps, Shoes, Bags and Lingerie—Also Accessories for Men

THAT Canada is now taking her place among the style creators of the world was being vividly shown at a recent exhibit of Celanese fabrics given by Canadian Celanese Limited.

Perhaps the most striking thing about these new Celanese fabrics is the wide variety they achieve in texture, color and weave. In the past season some fifteen new materials have been designed. There are lustrous heavy satins for evening cloaks, rich, softly gleaming moires for the formal gown and its smartly matching slipper, delicate ninette for dainty undies and luxurious negligees, closely woven crepes with the approved dull surface for sports frocks and beautiful drapery fabrics. These are but a few of the many charming products of the Canadian Celanese Company.

For the evening the woman of taste might choose a graceful wrap of Luna satin, one of the most beautiful of the Celanese fabrics. The model displayed was in the new lily cream tone, which is one of the smartest of the off-white shades. The high sheen of its surface provides a fascinating play of light and shade from the ripples of its wrap-around drapery. The lining of this wrap is hand-painted ninette, and it is so fashioned that its wearer may reverse either satin or ninette as the outer fabric.

THE sports and informal mode occupy a very important place in the feminine wardrobe during the warm out-of-door months, and Celanese crepes with their interesting color range, their smartly dull surface and their cheery adaptability to tubbing provide the perfect answer to the question of what they shall be made. Celanese crepe dulaire may be obtained in all the most

approved shades and in a luminous opaque white which has been equalled by no other fabric. A very swagger tennis frock in this material is made in the sportsmanlike sleeveless style with a pleated skirt that is a splendid partner.

An outstanding feature of the Celanese dyes is the perfect harmony with which they are blended. This is particularly pleasing in a season where Dame Fashion decrees combination and contrast. A charming example of such treatment is seen in a good-looking, three-piece suit in beige and green flat crepe which emphasizes its excellent line by a narrow piping of these tones and lavender. Celanese silks also adapt themselves to the vivid, dashing beach ensembles which are more popular than ever this season.

THE uses to which these materials can be put are not limited merely to clothes, however. The exhibit also included the most alluring parasols. One in moire has a border printed in rose pattern, while another in green and white crepe shows a smart modernistic design. Among the many other interesting pieces on view were satin shoes and overshoes, moire handbags, scarves, exquisite undies, nighties and negligees.

Nor have the men been neglected. One corner of the exhibition room was devoted solely to masculine attire including a very comfortable and elegant dark red brocaded moire dressing gown, silk scarves, handkerchiefs, neckties, shirts and pyjamas.

The showroom itself was decorated in Celanese fabrics with drapery taffeta upholstering the wicker furniture and draping the windows, and some of the finer fabrics forming the sash-curtains and the lamp shades.



The Butterfly

By William Thompson

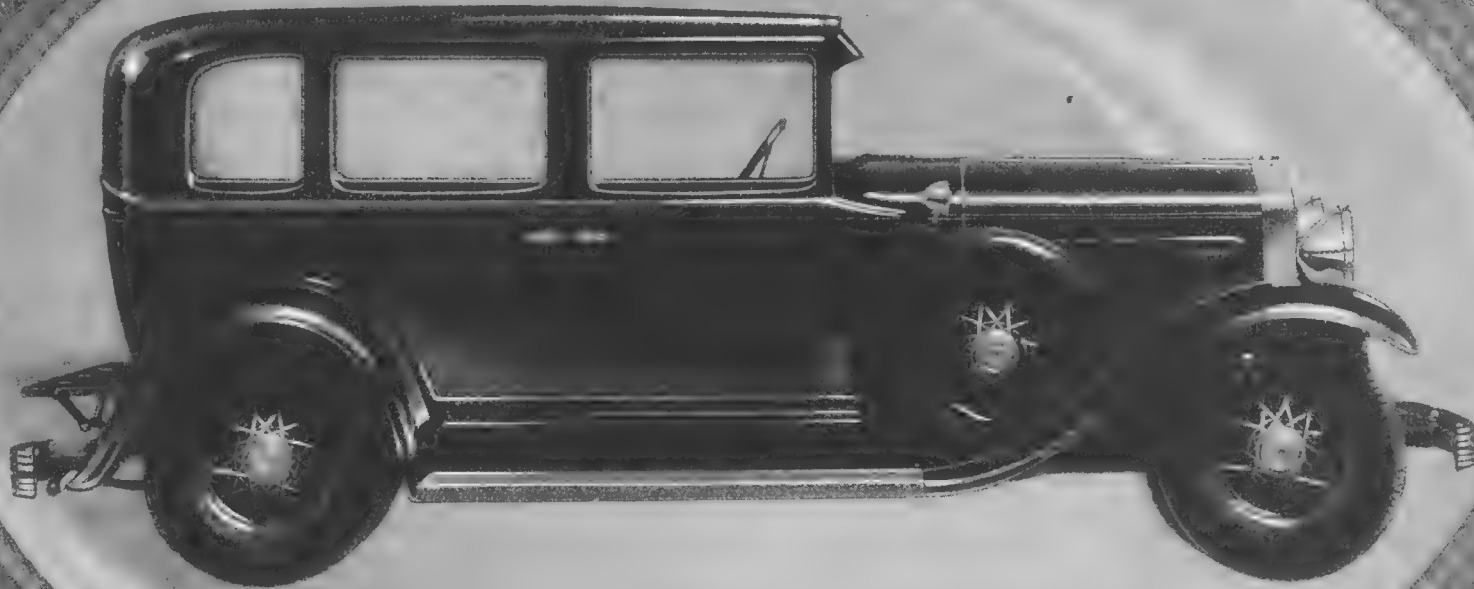
Illustrated by Flora White

All Rights Reserved

Oh Butterfly! You wondrous thing,
With tints of opal on your wing.
I wonder from what mystic realm
You pointed your aerial helm.
And sailed to earthly woodland bowers

Where ports of call are buds and flowers
Perhaps when Nature smiles in Spring
You may to us a message bring.
Pray, when you sleep, where do you lie
To dream you are a Butterfly?

The New WILLYS-KNIGHT "70 B"



VIRILE, VELVETY POWER CLOAKED IN REFRESHING STYLE

The new-style Willys-Knight "70-B" was created by the industry's foremost style authority—a man with a world-wide reputation for designing "custom-built" models.

But beauty is only one feature. There is comfort... roomy, well-upholstered seats that cradle your body like a lounge-chair. Effortless ease of handling that makes this car a restful pleasure to drive.

There is power... smooth, silky, whispering power, abundance of it for lightning getaway, hard pulls, steep hills and speed opportunities.

A great automobile—a great engine—no valves to grind, no costly carbon removing. And to these advantages add the fact that this car holds top place in resale value because, in terms of years, its usefulness is far beyond that of the average car.



WILLYS KNIGHT

Willys-Knight 70-B Sedan \$1545, Coach \$1420, Coupe \$1420, Roadster \$1420, Touring \$1325. Willys-Knight 56-A Coach \$1220, Sedan \$1345. Prices F.O.B. Factory, Toronto, taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



THE waves are creeping up the rock
On which I love to sit,
But very soon I'll have to run
For they will cover it.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Lady's Slipper

Who passed this way and left a trace
Of beauty, in so wild a place,
To stir our souls with marvelling
At so incredible a thing?

Who sent this living miracle
In the deep Northern woods to dwell,
Where only hermit thrushes come
And the shy brown bear makes his home?

Of whose the impulse, thus to bless
The rough untrodden wilderness?
Deep in our hearts glad tidings say,
Beauty herself came by this way.

And with a wisdom older far
Than alphabet or calendar,
Cast off her sandal as she sped,
Lest we should miss the way she fled.

And so forever we pursue
The shadowy trail of Beauty's shoe,
Wherever the long way may lead,
To keep the trail is all our need.

If only so we may behold
Dear Beauty's self, ere we are old.
—Bliss Carman in "Far Horizons"

Bliss Carman, our own Canadian poet, wrote this beautiful verse. Did the beauty of our wild flowers ever give you thoughts like this? I am sure you will always remember after this, that the Lady Slipper is "Beauty's Shoe." Bliss Carman has looked all his life for beauty, and found it everywhere. You can too, even though you are not a poet.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Dear Cosy Corner:

JUNE—a lovely name isn't it? It's a key name, and it opens the great door that has across it the magic word "HOLIDAYS." You've been looking at that name for a long time. At first it was a great way off and you could only see the shadowy outlines of the door—then week by week, and month by month, you came nearer to it. Then you could see the door, then that there was a word on it, then as you got nearer you could spell it out—H-O-L-I-D-A-Y-S; then you found it was written in gold and had decorations of stars on it, and birds, and around it grew rose trees and fruit trees and behind the door faintly and far away you could hear bird songs, and the ripple of water over stones, and boys whistling, and the patter of feet as girls skipped, and the creak of oars in a boat, and all sorts of other pleasant sounds. Oh it was hard going the last few miles before you reached that door though—there were mountains of examinations to cross, and rivers of ink, and fields of gardens to be raked, and dark caves of studying to be visited at night; but June is here, the magic door is in sight, every day the golden word glows brighter, and soon, soon, the great door will open, and there you will be, out in the fields and woods and lakes of Holiday Land. On rainy days though don't forget to come into the Cosy Corner and visit your old friends, and bring back to the Corner presents from the land of holidays, and help to make us all happy, and win a prize for yourself. We'll tell you all about that farther down on the page. And we won't lose the presents you bring this time either!



FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We've got a great idea for you this year, it will keep you busy in odd moments, it will be a great pleasure to the other Cornerites—and it will be fun, and at the end of the summer, you may win either a Brownie camera, a fountain pen, or a collection of the poetry of your favorite poet, or a book by your favorite author. And there will be the lovely gold Cosy Corner buttons for those who do not quite win the prize, but who do well. Now what's this all going to be about? Well—we're going to call it "Quotations," and this is what you do. Each week, from June 15th to August 25th (and that is ten weeks), find something outdoors that interests you. Write the name of this down at the top of your page, and then underneath that write a quotation, either poetry or prose, that says something about this thing. Suppose for instance, you saw on June 15th a little field mouse running away from you as fast as it could with fright—make your entry like this: June 15th—Saw a field mouse in the river lot.

I found that the Scotch poet Robert Burns once wrote a poem about one—and this is one verse:

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be lathe to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

Or supposing on August 10th, you see a tired old horse resting in a pasture. I am sure that in "Black Beauty" you would find something that would just suit your thought about that tired old horse. Do you see what I mean? Each "Quotation" should have a page of its own, and neatness and care, and thought, will all count in awarding the prizes. Sharpen up your pencils, keep your eyes open, haunt the bookshelves and the library, and you will find you are a prize winner in October.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A lot of jolly letters from Cosy Corner readers. I'll try and tell you about them.

Rigmar Bjornstad of Camrose, Alta., is very young, and sends us a weestory she has written. Rigmar would like to have girls and boys write to her. From her name I am sure she belongs to that great Scandinavian race, the Icelanders, whose homes were once in that far-away island, and many of whom have settled in Canada and helped to make it the great country that it is. The Vikings who sailed the Atlantic ocean in days of yore, were the forefathers of the fairhaired English, the Norwegians, Swedes, Icelanders and Danes, and now all these people meet in Canada to become Canadians.

Betty Lowe, of The Manse, Rounthwaite writes a delightful letter. Her family have just begun to take The Western Home Monthly, and so she is a stranger to our Corner. I hope some of you old timers in the Corner, will write and make her welcome. Betty writes poetry, and I hope she won't wait till the next contest to send us in some, we shall be glad to have verses at any time. Badges are awarded, Betty, for things well done in the Corner. If you sent us a verse we liked well enough to publish, we would send you a button, or if you got Honorable Mention in a contest you would win a button. Betty is evidently quite a reader, and enjoys, as I hope you all do, L. M. Montgomery's books, L. M. Alcott's books, Eleanor H. Porters' and O. Douglas' books, all delightful and well worth reading.

Katie Lewis of Medicine Hat, whose verse was published in the April Corner, writes to know how you win a button. Sometimes buttons are given for Honorable Mention, so you might have won for your verse, but we didn't think the verses were quite good enough to win a button this year. Try the June or the Summer competition and see if you can't win one.

Katie would like Cornerites to write to her.

Ruth Scouler of Vancouver (1610-10th Ave. E.), who won a prize for her Treasure Hunt diary, would like other Cornerites to write to her.

Evelyn Morden of Chaplin, Sask., sends us in a verse, and would like to become a member. You are a member Evelyn, see everyone smiling at you! Cornerites from B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia, all welcome you. Try a competition for a button or a prize soon.

Louisa M. Jamieson, of Salmon Arm, whose lovely pussy willow drawing won a prize last month, writes such a nice letter. Out in her part of the country, they make a specialty of apples, and have them nearly all the year round. Louisa likes her gold button that she won a long time ago before the Pussy Willow competition. She sends her best wishes to all the Cornerites.

Elisabeth Henstridge of Exton Farm, Ladstock, Sask., sends us a poem which she composed. It is written in what is called blank verse, that is it does not rhyme, but parts of it are very nice, and we will give you some of it here.

April

April is here!

Can't you hear the twittering birds

Down in the wood?

Where the rosy red moss cups grow,

Where the sun is melting the snow?

The crocuses on the hill,

Have opened their shy faces,

To the sun.

The farmer whistles a merry tune

As he follows the jingle of chains;

The horses too, seem to know 'tis Spring

As they answer the call to the reins.

And the plough turns the furrows one

by one—

For this is the way that the work is done.

The gopher and ground squirrel

Come from their holes in the ground—

And look around,

Wondering why everything looks so gay;

And then they will see the crow on the

tree,

And know 'tis a new Spring day.

—Elisabeth Henstridge

(Age 12)

Too Late!

Too late—what sad words, especially to Myrtle Trotter of Chilliwack, B.C., who sends in a fine pussy willow painting, for which we will however send her one of the handsome gold buttons we all like so much. And sad words too to Ellyn Rutherford of Tisdale, Sask., who sent us in a very nice painting. It's not good enough to win a button Ellyn, but try again next year.

Violet Edwards of Shining Bank, Alta., writes us a long letter. Is Shining Bank as lovely as its name we wonder? Is it a "bank where the wild thyme grows?" or does it shine with golden sand or silver wolfe willow? Anyway Violet is planning her summer garden, and has her ear listening for the bird songs, and knows so many of the birds of her neighborhood. She reads a great deal, but I think she should have glasses if her eyes feel as "if they were full of sand." Be careful of some of your little words Violet, I notice that "I have not saw" and "crows has not come" and such little mistakes have crept into your nice letter. Violet is a lonely little girl, and I know she would like to get letters. Do write to her you Nova Scotians, and Manitobans and British Columbians!

Several would-be-poets sent in their contributions on spring too late for the competition—among these were Agnes Born of Winkler; Margaret Shappert, MacNutt, Sask.; Agatha Harns, Renata, B.C.; Mary M. Bennett, Summerberry; Joy Scouler, of Grouard, Sask. (who wins a button).

The Clouds

There are storm clouds,
Which have not got a light;
There are fleecy clouds,
So soft and dreamy white.
But I like best of all
The ones that are small,
With gold-fringed frills
Which I see down by the hills.
—Joy Scouler

The verses sent in by Agatha Harns are good but need some little changes, and I am going to show you what they are, to help you all with verses for the future:—

Her first verse is good—

When spring comes back and plans to stay,
The snow of winter melts away;
And pretty birds begin to sing
To show all living things 'tis spring.

The second verse—

And April has its part of rain,
And has its carpet of grass again;
A lot of gardens have a flower ring
To show all living things 'tis spring.
Wouldn't that be better this way?

And April has its part of rain,
It's carpet green of grass again;
And gardens in their flowering,
Show all the living things 'tis spring.

The third verse—

A lot of flowers grow along the lane,
All different kinds, wild and tame;
The flowers' sweet scent they bring,
To show all living things 'tis spring.

Doesn't this sound better?

So many flowers grow along the lane,
So many different kinds, both wild and tame;

And sweet the scents these flowers bring,
To show all living things, 'tis spring.

I want you Agatha to have a gold button, for your verses are very nice, and if you understand what I have done to them in the changes, you will write better verse in the future. You see there is rhythm in verse as in music, and your rhythm was not quite right, do you understand?

Mildred Wurster of Lathom, Alta., is an old reader of the Cosy Corner. Her mother runs the post office, and they have a radio and a car, but Mildred enjoys the radio best she says. Mildred has nine brothers and sisters, a fine jolly family I should think.

Lauretta M. Salberg, of Herbert, Sask., writes a charming letter to thank us for her Fairy Story prize, a copy of "Little Women and Good Wives." Lauretta says she thinks our gold button (which she won in a previous contest) is one of the daintiest and prettiest she has ever seen. She says "It makes me think that our Cosy Corner is something worth belonging to." It is Lauretta!

A Brain Wave

Do you know what that is? It's slang of course, and I am sure that Bobby Burke has no business to use it, no really proper editor would, but it's just what I got the other day, so what else can I call it? Do you think anyone will be very shocked about it? If you think they will be, don't tell them. And now what do you think about this? We've got members in the Cosy Corner from every province in Canada. Some of you live on the prairies and have never seen the sea; some of you live on the shores of the Pacific, some of you watch the ships come in from across the Atlantic. Some of you know the Great Lakes, and the mines of the north; the orchards of British Columbia, the wheat fields of Saskatchewan. Now what I think we'll do is this—beginning with December next, we'll have a page each month for a different province, and everything on that page will be written either by Bobby Burke or someone from that province. You'll be warned two months ahead when your time is coming, and then everyone will have a chance to send something in. There will be gold buttons for the best things, and we'll have a wonderful page from each province, and then when it's all over you shall vote on which one had the best page, and the one that wins shall have the name printed at the top of the Cosy Corner for the next three months. How do you like that? We'll have provinces in alphabetical order so there'll be no jealousy:

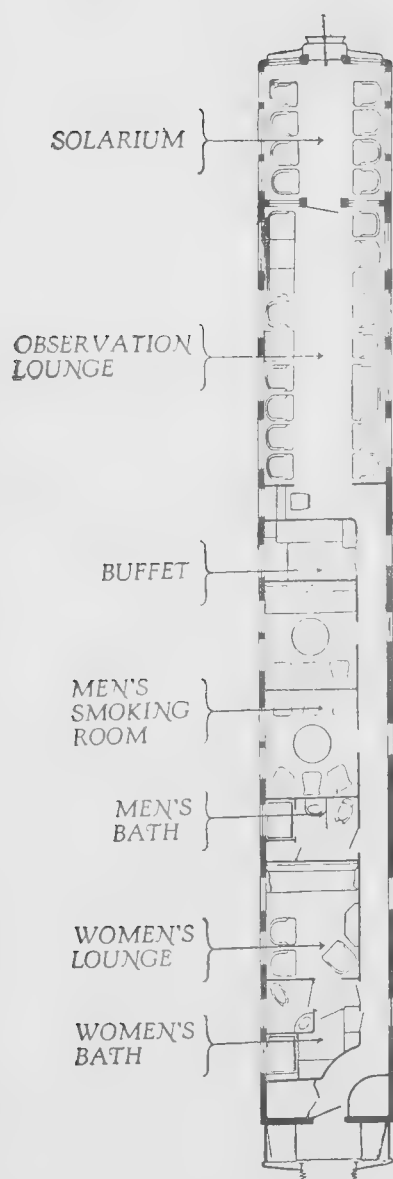
1. Alberta.....December
2. British Columbia.....January
3. Manitoba.....February
4. Nova Scotia.....March
5. Ontario.....April
6. Quebec.....May
7. Saskatchewan.....June



THE NEW SOLARIUM-OBSERVATION-LOUNGE CAR

A "Permanent Way"

to sunshine and health!



THE charm of the unusual brings you under its spell the moment you step across the threshold into this spacious new Solarium-Observation-Lounge car of the Canadian Pacific.

From first to last you are conscious of an entirely new sensation in railroad travel. Over and above the general running smoothness of a well-kept roadbed or "permanent way," is the joy of basking in the sunshine of its travelling Solarium . . . There are two Bath and Shower Rooms to refresh the Traveller . . . one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen . . . And adjoining the one for ladies, there is an exclusive Dressing Room and Retiring Lounge to ensure privacy and invite relaxation . . . for the men, a Private Smoking Room in which to indulge in a good cigar, pipe, or cigarette along with light refreshments ordered direct from the Observation Buffet.

But of all the comforts of this superbly equipped car, none can compare with the tasteful Club-like appointments of the General Observation Lounge, where men and women foregather in amity to while away the fleeting hours between Cities or between Oceans . . . amidst the splendid scenery of the road and the seductive influence of its equipment.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EQUIPMENT *de Luxe*

C A N A D I A N P A C I F I C



Women's Wear and Men's

AT THE banquet in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade lantern slides of scenes on the streets of Winnipeg in the 1870's were shown. What would the Winnipeggers of the 1870's have thought if they could have looked at moving pictures of a busy afternoon on Portage Avenue in this summer of 1929? Unquestionably they would have been shocked beyond expression by what they would consider the scanty clothing of the women of today, which is, in truth, the most conducive of health, the most comfortable, the most becoming and in every way the best that women have worn since the golden age of ancient Greece. It is only the clothing of the men that can now be rightly described as shocking. Men are dressed in 1929 as they were dressed in 1879. Women have made wonderful progress in improving their clothes. Men have made no progress at all.

Birthdays

THE PHILOSOPHER, on the occasion of his birthday last month, found himself wondering why we should let these divisions of time dominate our thoughts. We can trust to the active little seconds to keep nibbling away at our lives, and the hours to keep piling up into days, and the weeks into years, without our keeping track of the process. Why should we have birthdays? Something no young person can understand is that old people can feel young; that is, they can really feel as young people would feel if some witchcraft made them imagine themselves old. One of The Philosopher's boyhood memories is of an old darkey who, when he was asked about his age used to smile and say he did not know. He did not care. And wasn't there a good deal of enviable philosophy in his not caring?

Canada and the World

OUR rapidly-growing Dominion could not escape growth in its international relations, responsibilities and obligations, as well as opportunities." No Canadian public man ever spoke truer words than these of the Dominion Premier in a recent speech. Three thousand years ago China had the most advanced civilization in the world. To preserve it, the Chinese built a wall 1,200 miles long, which stands still, mostly in ruin, as the most stupendous work of man. Inside that wall the Chinese, ignoring the rest of the world, lived in more or less security for a thousand years. But the time came when the Chinese found their isolation broken down. Now all the nations have to recognize that they form part of a world civilization, which must hold together.

The Pleasure of Tears

SEVERAL readers have sent letters expressing different opinions in regard to some remarks made on this page about a movie-tone film which had been described as a producer of plentiful tears. What The Philosopher meant to say was that surely we should stand on our guard against sentimentalism. Even in so great a writer as Dickens, that wonderful genius in whose books there are many powerful passages of true emotion, there are some overdone emotional passages. In the masterpieces of literature there is to be found many a passage of true emotion, such as David's cry over the death of Absalom and Lear's mourning over Cordelia. But a singing comedian's catch in his voice in singing a sentimental song is something very different—it is simply a trick to produce easily-shed tears, just as his grimace is a trick to produce laughter. It is mere entertainment. But, of course, a person has as much right to cry as to

laugh or be excited. If he finds it pleasant to cry when there is really nothing particular to cry about, why should he not cry until he has to wipe the tears from his face? This is a free country.

Peculiarities of Human Garb

IT IS interesting to note, in considering the healthful, sensible and altogether admirable way in which women clothe themselves now, that they have adopted a few things which were originally features of men's apparel, just as wearing the hair short was originally a male fashion exclusively. More than a century ago sailors found it comfortable to open their collars and leave their necks free, and so developed the "jumper," with its broad, easy collar. This is now so completely a girl's style that any boy would object to wearing a girlish "middy." The Highlanders, who originated the rolled stocking as well as the short skirt, were assuredly not sissyish persons. But what boy would consent to wear either? When will there be started a Men's Rights movement for more sensible apparel for men?

Causes and Effects

SEVERAL recent tragic happenings recorded in the newspapers can hardly have failed to prompt thought about the great amount of money and trouble devoted to effects rather than to causes. Suppose that instead of waiting until a crime is committed and an innocent victim sacrificed, somewhat more of the organized efficiency of civilization were devoted to preventing the growth of any condition productive of such crime? It is better to eliminate the cause of trouble than to have the trouble to contend with. Progress is being made in this direction. But are we intelligent enough yet to realize what we might do in this way by effort which too many of us are too ready to dismiss the idea of as being visionary and impossible?

Is Life Really Changed?

WAS there ever before, it is often asked, a time in which people old enough to be grandparents, looking back across the years through which they had lived, found themselves living in a world so greatly changed from the world of their childhood and youth? This has always been a world of shifting conditions, it is true, but surely never before in human history, we often say, was there such a change in its conditions as has come about in the past two-score years, within the memory of people still living and active. After all, however, has there really been any change in anything essential? It is not probably altogether true that there was no more virtue and no less evil in those vanished good old times."

Life and Achievement

A LIFE lived on a remote farm or in a prairie village can be a life of more reality and worth than the life of many a great personage who bulks large in newspaper publicity. All human lives that are lived faithfully are lives of real achievement, though they may not be recorded as great by writers in newspapers, magazines or books, which, after all, are perishable things, the best of them. They are kind, thoughtful men and women whose names will never be known to the world at large, but whose lives accomplish more good in the world than many of the lives of persons whose doings are chronicled for millions to read about. In most communities there is tangible proof that a resolute, persevering determination to achieve a worthy purpose can achieve that purpose, though it may take years. We do not know the true values of life until we have learned to weigh realities against mere glittering appearances.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	98
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	100

Fiction

THE GENTLEMAN KING (Fourth Instalment)—Russell Davenport.....	6
RELEASED DESIRES—Gertrude Macaulay Sutton.....	10
NORMAN BLOOD—E. G. Bayne.....	12
OLD STUFF—Marion Isabel Angus.....	13
SEPTEMBER THREE—Bev Struan.....	14
A TUFT OF RED HAIR—Robt. Watson.....	16
WITHIN OUR GATES—Evah McKowan.....	17
THE PSALM OF LIFE—Mary R. Funk.....	22
"PEANUTS"—100% CANADIAN—Gertrude E. Walker.....	85

Articles

THE WEAK SPOT IN WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS—Nellie L. McClung.....	5
NO CANADIAN THEATRE! NO CANADIAN DRAMA!—C. B. Robertson.....	9
SIX WINDOWS IN SEARCH OF THE ARCTIC—K. M. Haig.....	27
HAVE YOU A PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY—Douglas Batterbury.....	36
THE ASSINIBOIA PLUM—H. Hassard.....	48
JUST CLOCKS—Oliver S. Arata.....	56
MUSIC IN THE HOME—F. S. F.....	73
FLOWERS THAT BLOOM ON THE PRAIRIE—H. H. Pittman.....	77

Regular Departments

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I.	26
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN READING?—Sheila Rand.....	28
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	58
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	60
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	96

Women and the Home

SEWING WITH FLOUR BAGS.....	54
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	62
FASHIONS.....	71
THE MODE AS DECLARED IN THE RECENT FASHION SHOWS—Martha Kyle.....	74
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.....	79

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR



\$1075 AND
UP

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario,
including standard factory equipment.
(freight and taxes extra)

DE LUXE COUPE
(with rumble seat) \$1120 f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario
Special equipment extra

DESERVING ITS REMARKABLE POPULARITY

De Soto Six excels in all that distinguishes the newer and finer. In the field of low-priced sixes it has no equal in brilliant performance—in flashing get-away—restful riding—supple ease of control and smooth operation at all speeds.

No other car at so moderate a cost offers so true an interpretation of all that is modern in style

and smartness, in new and tasteful color combinations, in richness of appointments and in attention to all the details of finish.

De Soto Six is vigorous, alert, staunch and dependable. No car offers more to inspire prideful ownership. None has won its way more rapidly and surely into the favor of a motor-wise public.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

What the World is Saying

What the World is Saying

It is not motor-driven opportunity knocks but once.—Ottawa Journal.

But It's Mostly on the Wax

Dancing, according to some reports, is on the wane.—Vancouver Sun.

Steps of Watchful Quickness

What steps should the pedestrian take to protect his rights?—Toronto Globe.

We're Glad That's Settled

President Hoover has asked everybody to obey the Prohibition Law.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Who, Then, Started Raising Cain?

It is the opinion of Dr. Charles Gore that Adam and Eve never existed.—London Spectator.

There Are Many More Than Ten

It would be interesting to have a list of the ten worst novelists.—London Saturday Review.

We'd Like to Run a Bank One Day

A London banker says he would enjoy running a newspaper for just one day.—Montreal Gazette.

And Isn't That When He Needs It?

No man is likely to become much of a philosopher until he has become baldheaded.—Moose Jaw Times-Star-Phoenix.

Lots of it in U.S. Not Being Used

"What Germany needs is Prohibition," says Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, of New York.—Victoria Colonist.

Explains Why They Didn't Do Them

When grandmother was young, girls never thought of doing the things they are doing now.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

If They Can Wait Up That Late

Parents, writes Kathleen Norris, the novelist, should always say "Good night" to their children.—Toronto Telegram.

A Case of C.O.D.

Seven silver coins were found inside a codfish caught not far from St. John's, Newfoundland.—Quebec Soleil.

So is the Average Mosquito

"The average man is already to sit down and take a little nourishment," says a woman writer.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Florida Real Estaters Gone South?

Americans touring Brazil were chased by some wild men who sang, shouted and danced.—New York World.

What an Affectionate Woman!

A man suing for divorce out West charges that his wife kissed him only when she wanted money.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Telephones Often do This Now

It is claimed that a gramophone has been invented which reproduces sounds inaudible to the human ear.—Kamloops Sentinel.

An Editorial Conclusion

We gather from the illustrations of feminine fashions that clothes may be worn this year.—London Humorist.

Helpful to the Early Bird

A Baltimore scientist claims to have discovered that earthworms sing, particularly the syllable "Do."—Duluth Herald.

The Land Where Colleens Are Bawn

Birth statistics for Ireland show that for the island as a whole there are more female than male births.—Ottawa Citizen.

Why Not Something New Like a Dance?

A new dance "something like the Charleston" is

announced. Let us hope it will not be too like the Charleston.—Niagara Falls Review.

Only a Few Ex-Husbands Invited?

A film star at Hollywood who is seeking a divorce has announced that she wishes the affair to be a quiet one.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Another Debate on the Address

A postman in court the other day described the writing on an envelope as being so bad that it took four postmen to decipher it.—Glasgow Herald.

An Idea from Burma

In certain parts of Burma, according to a correspondent of the Times, a man's wife can be seized for debt.—Dundee Courier.

Shouldn't Be Allowed Even Matches

Howard Ryan, a four-years-old boy of New York, is reported to smoke three cigars and a package of cigarettes a day.—Kitchener Record.

And Lake Winnipeg Russian Caviar

Bermuda and Spanish onions from Texas are about due to join Swiss cheese from Wisconsin and Smyrna figs from California.—Minneapolis Journal.

But Our Senate Can't Be Dissolved

King Alexander, of Yugoslavia, has dissolved the Skupstina. Sounds like a good name for our Senate.—Calgary Herald.

It Does Sound Incredible

A baby-washing-and-dressing competition for husbands is to be held in Ayrshire. This, incredible as it sounds, is connected with the Child Welfare movement.—Brandon Sun.

Sweet Adeline's Hat Was Like That

Who remembers when a woman's hat looked like a clover pasture in daisy time, with doves nesting on the boundary line?—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Reach for a Vitamin

It is most remarkable that some of those resourceful concocters of advertising matter have not yet discovered that some brand of cigarettes or other is full of vitamins.—Edmonton Journal.

Civic Scenters, So To Speak

It is said that some of the bootlegging establishments in New York which enjoy a large patronage impart an alcoholic perfume to the surrounding air.—Toronto Star.

A Movietone Problem

The talking pictures aren't going to get very far, it seems to us, until they can be developed to outtalk the girl who sat behind us at one of them last night.—Wetaskiwin Times.

And Against Other Cars

A dazzle-light for tigers is part of the equipment of a Rajah's new hunting car. The same device has, of course, been used successfully against pedestrians.—London Daily Mail.

Nothing Secret About Them Nowadays

We notice in one of the magazines an article with the heading "The Secret of Slim Ankles." But we did not learn anything much from it that we didn't know already.—Lethbridge Herald.

No Chance

They call woman the weaker sex, but did you ever

hear tell of a barber talking one into a shampoo when she came in to get only a haircut?—Hamilton Spectator.

Lady Mosquitos Prefer Blondes

Among the curious facts about mosquitos which have been ascertained by the experimenters at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, one is that the female mosquito stings fair people most.—Neepawa Press.

But Why, Then, Does He Do It?

George Bernard Shaw says that there is not much wrong about a man who can, and does, laugh at himself. Undoubtedly there can be no better proof that a man is all right than that he laughs at himself.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Very Well, Then, We Won't

"The idea that relativity disposes of ether is only true mathematically in the sense that you do not have to talk about it," says Sir Oliver Lodge.—Vancouver Province.

If They Could Spare All That Time

According to a weekly journal, two persons playing dominos ten hours a day and making four moves a minute could continue for 118,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game.—Manchester Guardian.

He Should Get a Faster Car

According to a despatch from Vancouver, a fruit-canning manager states that a sea-serpent kept pace with his car for more than a mile near the banks of Lake Okanagan.—London Daily Express.

How True!

A member of the Manitoba Legislature, Mr. Ivens, said in a debate that man always has an advantage over woman. Well, there is something to be said for that. For instance, when the hot weather comes, a man can discard some of his clothes.—Quebec Evenment.

We Hope He'll Think Again

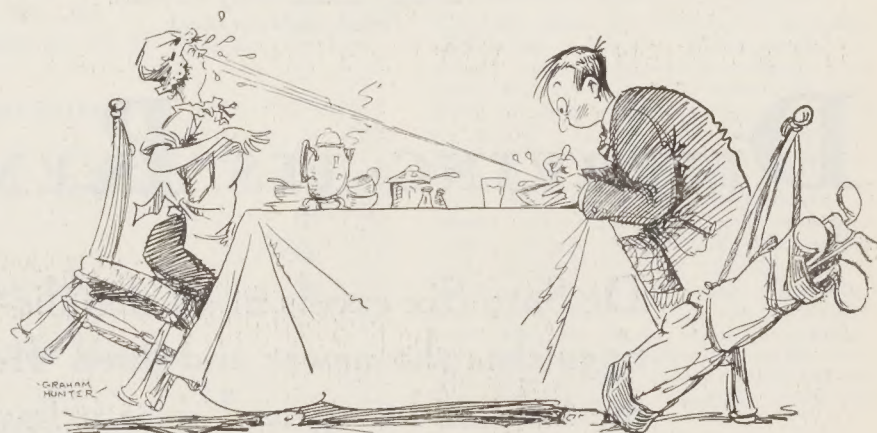
"I think it altogether likely that men will be wearing suits of yellow this summer," says a writer in an English tailors' and haberdashers' trade journal. Let us hope that if they do, they will not be imitated in this country.—Indian Head News.

Did Eve's System Crave Vitamins?

"The small boy's appetite for apples—green or ripe—is due to a biological craving for vitamins," says a



If some dressed according to their mental age



Golf Term—"A spoon shot"

writer in New Health. This may throw light on the oldest inheritance of the human race.—Medicine Hat News.

What Did He Expect to Find—Ink?

A correspondent writes to the Toronto Evening Telegram complaining that when he went to write a postcard in the post office in that city he found in the inkwell a discarded wad of chewing gum. He thinks something should be done about it. But what?—Peterboro Examiner.

Couldn't the Doors be Widened?

According to a physiognomist, persons with large ears are lacking in certain qualifications necessary for success in public life. They cannot expect, on the basis of the researches made by this expert in physiognomy and cranial measurements, to get into the House of Commons.—London Opinion.

What Sunday morning proves



NEXT Sunday morning, fathers, note how long it takes the family to finish with the bathroom. You have your shower and shave. Then come the children. Then mother. You all take your time—and a lot of time it takes—but you all feel better for it.

Now consider the week days. You get your shower and shave, but the morning baths of the others usually are omitted. There isn't time, they say—but fact is, there aren't sufficient bath facilities. If you remained home, you would see that congestion in the bathroom often forces neglect of vital health habits by members of your family.

To prevent bathroom congestion is not expensive. In many homes the attractive bathroom shown above would be adequate for every need. Others require an added lavatory, shower, toilet; still others want one, two, or three extra bathrooms.



Get the suggestions of the largest manufacturer before you plan your bathroom, kitchen, and laundry plumbing equipment.

Write for Catalogue. It gives prices, and explains how to get the most comfort in the least space. Sent gratis on request.

Your Plumber can supply "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures and Fittings for the arrangement best suited to your home. And the facilities he supplies are truly health facilities.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Limited
Toronto, Canada

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Ample bathroom facilities are not a luxury

Brownies



*the world's most popular
cameras ... now come in
five attractive colors*



AND now the Brownie—maker of good snapshots for millions the world over—is wearing Joseph's coat.

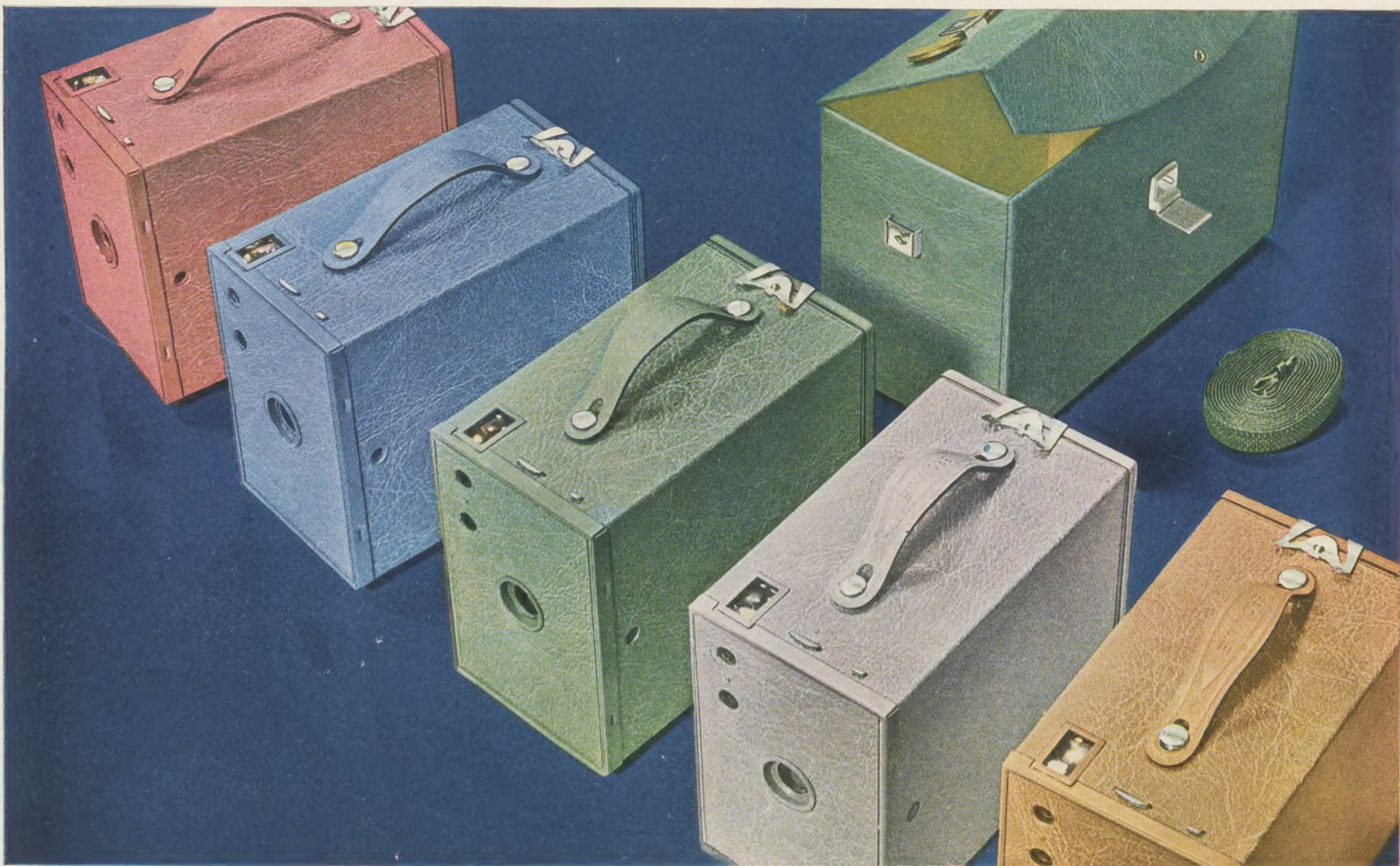
So save up your best "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration. Save them for the moment when you first see these little soldiers of photography in their brilliant new uniforms. Have your appreciation all ready to stand at attention

when the Kodak dealer shows you the lovely leather cases supplied to match each color.

From the smallest children to the biggest grown-ups every one capitulates to the new Brownies—they are so good to look at, so smooth and pleasant to the touch, so light and strong and compact, and such efficient picture-makers. There are five colors—each

in the most approved shade. The Brownies are Models 2 and 2A, making pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ respectively. Put down on your list of things to be done today or tomorrow—"See the colored Brownies." Priced as low as \$3.25: Smart cases, including handy shoulder strap, at small extra cost.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.



RED... *A marvelous shade of it. Never will you have to ask, "Look at the camera, please." A veritable magnet for approving eyes.*

BLUE... *What color could be more fitting for an outdoor, under-the-clear-sky companion like the Brownie?*

GREEN... *Part and parcel of summer verdure, the grass of lawn and fairway, the foliage of wooded hills.*

GRAY... *A warm, friendly tone reminiscent of the first sky-tints of a July dawn. A gray that makes itself agreeable to neighbors of any color.*

BROWN... *Achieved by cleverly mixing together the deeper tints of the hazelnut with the tan of well-bronzed complexions.*